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PIANISTS OF THE PAST.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY THE LATE CHARLES SALAMAN.

[Since this paper was written, and before he could revise it for the press, we have had to lament the death of the gifted pianist and composer, some of whose reminiscences, which link the present with the great musical figures of the past, are recorded in it.—Ed. B. M.]

Probably there are few living besides myself who can establish what I may call a personal link with the actual beginning of pianoforte-playing, as modern musicians understand it. I have a distinct remembrance of the great Muzio Clementi, the "Father of the Pianoforte," as he was called, the earliest of the classic composers for that instrument, and the author of that pioneer work, the "Gradus ad Parnasum," which laid the foundation for all subsequent study of the art.

Born in 1752, four years before the birth of Mozart and seven before the death of Handel, Clementi was an old man of seventy-five when I saw him at a Philharmonic rehearsal at the Old Argyll Rooms on the morning of May 25, 1827. The venerable appearance and benevolent expression of the bald-headed veteran, and the deference shown to him by all in that select assembly, attracted my attention, alert with boyish enthusiasm; and great was

my delight when my master, Charles Neate, whom I had accompanied to the rehearsal, spoke to him, and then, turning to me as the old man kindly patted my head, said, "This is Muzio Clementi, a very great pianist and composer." I can well remember my excitement on learning that I was in the presence of the famous Italian musician who had practically founded and developed the art of pianoforte-playing, while the harpsichord was still the instrument of general use. Keenly did I watch the aged Clementi's face as, with intense interest, and his brilliant dark eyes glistening, he followed the marvellous performance of Hummel's now cruelly-neglected Concerto in A minor by a pale-faced boy of fifteen, the afterwards world-famed Franz Liszt. Of Clementi's playing and his "pearly" touch I can only speak from hearsay, for although he lived another five years he had given up performing in public at the time I first saw him, and I believe he afterwards played to an audience on only two special occasions. But though I was never fortunate enough to hear the "father of the pianoforte," I had seen him seated at the instrument. His last public appearance was as conductor of the opening concert of the Phil-

harmonic season of 1828, at the rehearsal of which I was present, and saw the grand old man for the second and last time. He sat at the piano—as conductors used to do in those days—waving his right hand rhythmically as he followed the score in front of him, while one of the first violins, acting as “leader” for the occasion, beat the time with his violin bow—not always synchronizing exactly with Clementi’s wave! This practice, by the way, must have become obsolete very shortly afterwards, for certainly I remember Mendelssohn, in the following year, standing at a desk, facing the orchestra, and directing the performance with a *baton*, according to modern custom.

It is from the year 1824, however, that I date my earliest recollection of a great pianist. This was John Baptist Cramer, a pupil of Clementi, and at that period the most renowned pianoforte-player in Europe, whose ascendancy in his art few would have been bold enough to dispute. He was fifty-one years of age when, as a boy of ten, I was taken to play to him, and never shall I forget the kindly encouragement with which he listened to my juvenile efforts, and the tremendous impression he made upon me by his own playing. I remember on that occasion his recommending that I should have his “Studies”—a recommendation which I found of infinite value, and one I would transmit to every pianoforte student, even in these days of elaborate systems of “technique” and dumb gymnastic pianos! He also advised my father to let me enter as a candidate at the approaching competitive examination for studentship at the then recently founded Royal Academy of Music; and shortly afterwards he was one of my judges, together with Sir George Smart, Cipriani Potter and others, though I never took advantage of my election. Of course I heard Cramer many times in those distant days and conceived a great admiration

for his purity of tone and his distinguished classical style. As a musician he was of the school of Mozart, whose compositions he constantly interpreted with true enthusiasm and perfect sympathy; and it was beautiful to hear him speak of Mozart, with whom he was contemporary for the first twenty years of his life. In appearance Cramer was dignified and elegant, with something of the look and bearing of the Kembles; and well can I recall the tranquil manner in which he displayed his mastery of the instrument, so different from the exhibitions of restless exaggeration and affectation one so often sees at the modern pianoforte recitals. It was a pleasure to watch the easy grace with which John Cramer moved his hands with bent fingers covering the keys.

Another famous pianist I can remember as far back as 1826 was Ignace Moscheles, then thirty-two years of age, the inventor of the *bravura* style of playing, the teacher of Mendelssohn and the friend of all the great musicians of his day. In that year I went to his residence in Upper Norton Street, Fitzroy Square, to play to him, and I recollect that, after some complimentary remarks, he warned me against flattery, and the belief that I had not still a great deal to learn—sound advice enough to a boy of twelve! Moscheles had taken Europe by storm, and initiated his great reputation by his wonderful performance of the extraordinary *bravura* variations he had written on the popular French piece, “The Fall of Paris,” a copy of which he gave me, together with his “Studies,” on the occasion of my first visit to him in 1826, which I still possess. So completely did this style captivate the popular taste, that he soon had a following and became recognized as the founder of a school which continued in fashion for some years. Later on, however, Moscheles emancipated himself from the *bravura* style, which

gradually played itself out, and he developed into a classical pianist and composer. I heard him often in the later twenties, the thirties and forties at the Philharmonic, his own and other concerts; and more than once I had the honor of appearing in the same program with him. I always admired his masterly command of all the resources of his instrument, and the genuine art of his playing, but I confess that he seldom quite charmed me, never deeply moved me. Of course I can only record my own personal impressions, and I never remember feeling, in listening to the accomplished performances of Moscheles, that a temperament was speaking to mine through the medium of the pianoforte, as I felt with Mendelssohn, with Liszt, with Chopin, with Thalberg, and later with Rubinstein. But if Moscheles seemed to me somewhat lacking in the power of expressing emotion, the art of the pianist was always consummate and beyond question. He was undoubtedly a master, indisputably a classic.

By the way, in 1862, just thirty-six years after I had been taken to play to Moscheles as a boy, a youth of twenty came to me with a letter of introduction and hearty commendation from the veteran in Leipzig. This was young Arthur Sullivan, who had just left the Conservatoire, bringing his beautiful "Tempest" music with him. After going to hear this at the Crystal Palace, I immediately proposed to the Council of the then flourishing Musical Society of London that we should give it at our next concert, but my suggestion was strenuously opposed. "Who is Sullivan?" they asked contemptuously. "We never heard of him." "But you will hear a good deal of him," was my reply; and I carried my point, which gave Arthur Sullivan his first public hearing in a London concert-room. I have still in my possession a letter from the brilliant and

modest young composer, dated April 16, 1862, asking if there was any foundation for the rumor that his work was to be performed, and adding, "I almost fear it is too good to be true!"

Another *bravura* player of European fame and popularity in the second decade of the century was Henri Herz, whom I first heard in 1828. In June of that year I had made my public *début* at a concert, and in August I visited Paris in order to take some lessons from Herz on his own popular compositions, for the most part airs with interminable variations, some of which I was to perform in London during the next season. As this celebrated pianist was in great demand as a teacher, and his time was fully occupied, I was obliged to go to him for my lessons at his residence, No. 5 Rue de Faubourg Poissonnière, at five o'clock in the morning, the only hour he could possibly spare me. How I used to enjoy my walks through the silent, unpaved, though not too sweetly smelling streets of Paris at that early hour! By the way, I remember the diligence journey from Calais to Paris had occupied two days! Herz was very charming in manner and conversation, his playing wonderfully brilliant and facile in the execution of difficult passages. In his study was an eloquent testimony to his industry as an executant, in the form of a grand pianoforte, the ivory keys of which he had worn away by incessant practising! Herz came to London in 1833, and played at the Philharmonic and at one of the concerts of the Società Armonica—a charming society with an amateur element, whose concerts at the Freemason's Tavern and King's Theatre Concert Room I attended regularly. Every one played Herz's music in those days; who plays it now?

Of a very different school was John Field, who, although an Irishman, was known as "Russian Field," from his

thirty years' residence in the land of the Czar. He was a really great player, his style, like his compositions, romantic and poetic, as if interpreting some beautiful dream, while in the singing quality of his touch, the infinite grace and delicacy of his execution, his emotional expression, he was unrivalled in his day. One might call him the forerunner of Chopin; for not only was it he who invented the Nocturne, a form of composition which Chopin out of his own poetic temperament magically developed, but the extreme refinement of expression, and the magnetic charm of Field's playing were recalled to me by the playing of Chopin, as I listened to the famous Pole sixteen years later. Field was fifty years of age when I heard him in 1832 at a Philharmonic rehearsal. Many eminent musicians were present, and, owing to the European fame he had won during his long absence from England, they gave him quite an ovation, which his subsequent performance amply justified. Afterwards he dined with us at my father's house, and played exquisitely several of his own compositions, which being things of beauty and no fashion, are among the living classics to-day. In personal appearance Field was rather coarse and awkward looking, and in habit he was a thoroughly intemperate Bohemian; but, as a musician, the poet, the artist, the Celt in him combined to express unmistakably the man of genius. He died at Moscow in 1837.

The most eminent English pianist of those days was Charles Neate, the pupil of John Field and of Woelf, the confidential friend of Beethoven, many of whose works he was the means of introducing to the English musical public. As a performer he was of the classic school of John Cramer, as a teacher he was unrivalled.

It was in 1826 that I became his pupil, and we remained on terms of affectionate friendship until his death in

1877, at the great age of ninety-three. Neate understood and taught as comparatively few teachers and performers of the present time seem to do, the great importance of a system of correct and elegant fingering. His admirable "Essay on Fingering," by the way, he dedicated to me in after years. His intimate personal knowledge of Beethoven and his works was of immense value to his pupils, for we thus imbibed the true traditions of the Master. When I was studying Beethoven's sonatas and concertos with Neate, he would, by practical illustration, show me how their composer himself interpreted them, giving me Beethoven's own *tempi* and ideas of expression. But alas! how few of the true traditions find their way into the modern concert-room; a Beethoven sonata or concerta now travels by express, in accord with the general hurry of the age. Neate did not rush his pupils into the works of Beethoven, as many teachers unwisely do without measuring the intellectual as well as the musical capabilities of their pupils. He gradually prepared them to appreciate the illustrious Master by a long apprenticeship in the more simple schools of pianoforte music. Countless were the talks we had about Beethoven in those early days, and innumerable the anecdotes Neate related of his friend—anecdotes which have now become history, but at that time were intimate *causerie*, with the fascination of the personal link. How well I remember the death of Beethoven in 1827 and the universal grief, but especially the great sorrow of my master for the loss of his friend. The last anecdote of Beethoven Neate ever told me, he told me in his ninety-second year, the last time I ever saw him. He had had it from Beethoven himself, and I repeat it because it was characteristic of that extraordinary genius. "I am writing an opera," said Beethoven. "'Fidelio?'" asked Neate. "No; another opera. I had composed

a song for Herr —" (Neate had forgotten the name, but remembered he was a very distinguished vocalist); "but he did not like the song, and he asked me to write another. I was very angry, but I promised, and I composed a new song. Herr — came for it, tried it over, and took it away apparently pleased. The next day I was as usual writing at my desk when a knock at my door disturbed me. It was Herr — returned to say the song did not suit him. I was furious. I threw myself on the ground, and began to kick about as if I were mad. I would listen to no argument, and vowed never to write another song for him. And when he had gone I told my servant never to admit him again."

At Charles Neate's house in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, I used to meet all the distinguished musicians of those days, and would occasionally play at his memorable quartet parties. I still have a note of invitation from him, dated June, 1830, in which he says, "I shall want pianoforte-players, as I shall only have Hummel, Moscheles, Ries and your humble servant, C. Neate." Imagine hearing intimately in a drawing-room on one and the same occasion four such pianists as the great Johann Nepomuk Hummel, Ignace Moscheles, Charles Neate and Ferdinand Ries, the famous pupil of Beethoven! How clearly his iron moulded face comes back to me!

Mention of Hummel reminds me of the first occasion of my hearing that great pianist and composer. This was at a Philharmonic rehearsal in 1830, when he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the usual select assembly. His previous appearance in London had been, I believe, in 1791-92, but in the meanwhile he had become very famous. I remember going with my father to Hummel's lodgings to purchase tickets for the three concerts he was to give in the great concert-room at the King's Theatre—the programs of those concerts I have treasured to this day.

The master himself opened the door to us, without his coat or cravat—a man of ungainly and slovenly appearance, his face, if I remember rightly, pitted with the smallpox. He was then fifty-two years of age, but his coarse outward appearance was quite at variance with the refinement and elegance of his musical genius. At his first concert on April 29, 1830, he played among other things his beautiful new MS. Concerto in A flat, while each concert concluded with an amazing example of improvisation upon a theme noted down at the suggestion of one of the audience, and handed up to the pianist on the platform. I shall never forget Hummel's wonderful interpretation of his incomparable "Septuor" in D minor at the first concert. By the way, Carl Czerny told me in Vienna, in 1838, that when that great composition was first heard in the Austrian capital—in those days a great musical centre—it created such a remarkable sensation by its novelty of construction, its beauty of melody, original harmonies and brilliancy of invention, that men would stop each other in the streets to talk about it as they would about some great national event. Hummel was a pupil of Mozart, and also of Clementi. With ease and tranquil concentrated power, with undeviating accuracy, richness of tone and delicacy of touch, he executed passages in single and double notes and in octaves of enormous technical difficulty. Above all, his playing possessed the indefinable quality of charm. His pianoforte lessons were greatly in demand during his stay in London in 1830, and his terms were from two to three guineas a lesson! So great was the esteem in which Hummel was held in those days by his brother musicians, that I remember Moscheles saying to me in '26, "Whenever I hear the name of Hummel I bow my head."

More than once I have mentioned the Philharmonic rehearsals. These unique functions were held on the Sat-

urday mornings preceding the eight annual subscription concerts, and were attended by the artists engaged, the directors of the Society, of whom there were seven, who took it in turns to conduct the concerts at a remuneration of five guineas, the members and associates, the eminent foreign musicians who happened to be in London, the leading musical critics—Ayrton, Alsager, Hogarth, Chorley, Gruneisen, John Parry, senior, and the rest—and a privileged few specially introduced by the directors. I was one of the last-named class until my election as associate in 1837. Among the distinguished visitors in the twenties and thirties, I particularly recall the old Duke of Cambridge, whose *obligato* accompaniment of loud talking was often out of time and tune with the musical performance; Lord Burghersh, afterwards the Earl of Westmorland, a most accomplished musician, who founded the Royal Academy of Music; and tall John Liston, the comedian, whom Charles Lamb has so delightfully immortalized, with his very short wife. "Of all evils he chose the least," they used to say of him.

It was at the rehearsal on May 25, 1827, already referred to as the occasion of my first seeing Clementi, and, I may add, hearing that grand singer of the great Italian school, Madame Pasta, that I saw and heard Franz Liszt for the first time, although he had played in London three years previously. "Young Liszt from Vienna," said Charles Neate to me, as the slim and rather tall boy ascended the steps leading to the platform. "He is only fifteen—a great creature!" His playing of Hummel's concerto created a profound sensation, and my enthusiastic admiration made me eager to know the wonderful young pianist, my senior by a couple of years. Very shortly afterwards—just before Liszt's morning concert, for which my father had purchased tickets from his father—we became acquainted. I visited him and

his father at their lodgings in Frith Street, Soho, and young Liszt came to early family dinner at my home. He was a very charmingly natural and unaffected boy, and I have never forgotten his joyful exclamation, "Oh, gooseberry pie!" when his favorite dish was put upon the table. We had a good deal of music together on that memorable afternoon, reading several duets. Liszt played some of his recently published "Etudes," op. 6, a copy of which he gave me, and in which he wrote specially for me an amended version of the sixth study, "Molto agitato."

In the year '28 I paid a visit to Le jeune Liszt, as he was still called, in his Paris home, where he received me with open arms. Of course I asked him to play to me, but he treated me to such an interminable prelude of scales and five-finger exercises, when I was longing to hear him interpret masterpieces in his own inimitable style, that my patience was sorely taxed. This display, however, was interesting as an example of the manner in which he was ever practising to increase that manual power and digital flexibility which made the piano keys his very slaves, to the admiration of the world. He was still unspoilt by homage and adulation, and I do not remember that he shook himself all over the piano as he did in later days, to please the crowd.

I did not hear Liszt again until his visit to London in 1840, when he puzzled the musical public by announcing "Pianoforte Recitals." This now commonly accepted term had never previously been used, and people asked, "What does he mean? How can any one *recite* upon the pianoforte?" At these recitals Liszt, after performing a piece set down in his program, would leave the platform, and, descending into the body of the room, where the benches were so arranged as to allow

free locomotion, would move about among his auditors and converse with his friends, with the gracious condescension of a prince, until he felt disposed to return to the piano. The manner of the man was very different from that of the charmingly simple boy I remembered in 1827-28; the flat-tery of the world had apparently not left him untouched, and he had developed many eccentricities and affectations. But as pianist the wonderful boy was father to the wonderful man; his genius had matured, and during that season of 1840 and the following when he again visited England, he performed almost miracles upon his instrument. At the Philharmonic I remember his astounding performance, with his own variations and additions, of Weber's "Concert Stuck," Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" (in association with the famous Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, a very fine player), his own "Marche Hongroise," and Hummel's "Septuor" in D minor. Yet, magnificent as was Liszt's playing, the works of such great masters as Beethoven, Weber and Hummel needed no such embellishments as the pianist introduced. I suppose, however, that these excesses of virtuosity belonged to Liszt's flamboyant personality; his temperament compelled them. He was rarely content with the simple work of art; he must elaborate it and "arrange" it, often indeed to extravagance. Even a fugue of Bach became more complex in his hands.

I attended all Liszt's recitals in those seasons of '40 and '41, and, among other things with which he astounded and enraptured his hearers, I have the most distinct reminiscence of his marvellous pianoforte arrangement—a legitimate one—and performance of Beethoven's A major Symphony; it gave one the impression of being executed by at least four hands instead of two. At this time Liszt's powers as a pian-

ist must have been at their height. The word difficult apparently had no meaning for him; he revelled in the "impossible," seeming to invent unimagined difficulties for the mere pleasure of overcoming them. He could touch the keys with gossamer lightness, or shake the grandest Broadwood or Erard with titanic power. Like all great pianists, he expressed in his playing every mood of his temperament; under his magic touch the piano became, as it were, a passionate human thing.

Great, however, as in their several ways were these famous pianists of whom I have been speaking, my memory holds in dearest affection the incomparable Felix Mendelssohn. Here was a case of artistic attraction such as I have rarely if ever experienced in a like degree. From the very first Mendelssohn realized my ideal of a musician, and although more than seventy years have passed over my head since the memorable occasion of my first seeing him and watching him conduct his own music, I retain the most vivid impression of the enthusiasm he aroused in me, and the personal spell he exercised. It was at the rehearsal for the Philharmonic concert of the 25th of May, 1829; Mendelssohn, just twenty years of age, had but recently arrived in England, and when he appeared among the assembled musicians and privileged notabilities, every one was struck to admiration by his beautiful countenance beaming with intelligence, and his grace and buoyant charm of manner. He made an immediate conquest by his personality and his genius, and when he conducted the performance of his first Symphony in C minor, he was at once recognized as worthy to rank with the great Masters. I shall never forget the overwhelming applause which greeted the wonderful *Scherzo* from his string octette, which for some reason

had been substituted for the minuet and trio originally composed for it; to such a pitch of enthusiasm were the performers excited, that with one accord they clamored to be allowed to repeat it. I was also happy enough to be a witness of that memorable incident at a Philharmonic rehearsal on April 24, 1832, which Mendelssohn himself has so charmingly chronicled in one of his letters. The orchestra had just played through Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, when Mendelssohn, who had been listening in a box, but was not expected that day, appeared in the body of the hall. "There's Mendelssohn," cried some one in the orchestra, and immediately the instrumentalists gave him an extraordinary ovation, shouting, clapping hands and beating the backs of violins for some minutes. It was a superb welcome; one glad emotion seemed to thrill the assembly, and Mendelssohn, pleasantly embarrassed at first, beamed with happiness as he mounted the platform and spoke a few words of gratitude. "Never can I forget it," he wrote a few days afterwards, "for it was more precious to me than any distinction, as it showed me that the musicians loved me, and rejoiced at my coming, and I cannot tell you what a glad feeling this was." Something to this effect, I remember was his impromptu little speech on this occasion.

At the rehearsal of a later concert in that season of 1832 I first heard Mendelssohn as a pianist—the first time, in fact, that he was heard in public in this country. He gave a superb performance of his then recently written Concerto in G minor, and stirred and fascinated his hearers by his impassioned and exquisite playing, as well as by the extreme beauty of the work itself. Soon afterwards I was privileged to hear Mendelssohn play part of this Concerto in private. This was at one of Charles Neate's

quartet parties on a summer afternoon. It was an unusually numerous gathering, including several of the most distinguished foreign and native musicians then in London. Moscheles was there, I remember, and John Field; Cipriani Potter, the celebrated and much admired pianist and composer, who in that year succeeded Dr. Crotch, my old harmony-master, as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music; also Neate's crony and angling companion, George Eugene Griffin, another esteemed English pianist and composer of the good old school, whose Concerto, played by every one in those days, was then perhaps the most financially profitable composition of that class yet published. Above all, there was Mendelssohn. I forget who was the leader of the quartet on that occasion—I only remember that the versatile Mendelssohn played the viola, and Neate the violoncello, on which he was almost as excellent a performer as on the piano-forte. I can see Mendelssohn before me now, fiddling with keen enjoyment. After the quartet he was begged to play part of his G minor Concerto, which, since its triumph at the Philharmonic, had been the musical topic of the hour. He acquiesced with his usual amiability and at once sat down to the piano. I remember standing close behind him, all eyes and ears for my musical hero. In that sympathetic company he played like one inspired, and simply electrified all present. He was overwhelmed with applause and congratulations. I was almost breathless with excitement. It thrills me even now as I recall the incident. Almost seventy years ago! I heard Mendelssohn play his Concerto once again in public that same season, at the Philharmonic, and I am proud to say that I was the first, after the composer himself, to perform this immortal work. It was at the first of my series of annual orchestral concerts on May

30, 1833, and as the band parts were not yet printed Cramer lent me the MSS. which had been used at the Philharmonic. I remember Moscheles came to hear it.

That year was also specially memorable to me for the beginning of my acquaintance with Mendelssohn, whom of course I was longing to know personally. It was at the Philharmonic, and he had just finished playing Mozart's Concerto in D minor, into which he introduced his own impromptu cadences, conceived with fine taste and sympathy, splendid invention and masterly skill. I was still spellbound by the inexpressible charm of the pianist, when that fine old musician, Thomas Attwood, the favorite pupil of Mozart, and organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, knowing my intense admiration for Mendelssohn, led me up to the Master, and presented me to him as the young pianist who was, in a few days from then, to perform his G minor Concerto. The simple charm and easy cordiality of his manner, his graceful modesty in face of my obvious homage, quite captivated me. Shortly after this I had a very agreeable surprise. Sometimes Neate and I would play duets for pianoforte and 'cello, and one evening at his house, after playing Beethoven's Sonatas in G minor and F, Neate, saying, "Now for a contrast!" took up a concertante duo by Bochsa and Dupont, a light but elegant thing, and suggested that we should run through it. We were in the midst of it, without much enthusiasm, when we were startled by a loud double knock. "A visitor," cried Neate, "who can it be?" The door opened, "Mr. Mendelssohn," said the servant. "Oh, he mustn't find us playing such music," said my old master, as he flung the copies into a corner. Mendelssohn's entrance brought charm at once into the room. He seemed pleased with Neate's hearty welcome, laughed

over his confession about the Bochsa music, and was soon at home with us, chatting familiarly on a variety of subjects, of both passing and enduring interest. How delightful was his talk, whatever the topic, how animated his manner, how fascinating his smile as the playful mood danced over the earnest thought! He seemed to understand everything, and to feel rightly about everything, to be so wise in his enjoyment of life. We had no music during the hour or so that Mendelssohn remained with us. His talk had melodies of its own.

It was not till the year 1842 that I again saw and heard Mendelssohn. Hitherto he had conducted only his own works at the Philharmonic, but this season, at the seventh concert I think it was, he appeared for the first time as conductor of an entire concert. That occasion was specially memorable for the first performance of his Symphony in A minor—the famous "Scotch Symphony." There was an unusually brilliant audience, and when Mendelssohn took his place at the conductor's desk that evening, he was accorded a welcome such as a victorious general, even the Duke of Wellington himself, who was present, might have been proud of, while the enthusiasm after the Symphony was immense. I was at both the rehearsal and the concert, and, sitting in my usual place on a side bench near the orchestra, was able to observe the expression of Mendelssohn's face, constantly changing, according to the manner in which the orchestra satisfied him in the interpretation of his work. His face was always a study when he was conducting, it reflected so perfectly the play of his emotions. Mendelssohn was a wonderful conductor—the joyous magnetism of his nature seemed to hold the orchestra in thrall. He inspired such confidence, he could do absolutely what he liked with it, making it play

as perhaps no orchestra had ever played before. At rehearsals he would take infinite pains to make the performers at one with him in the interpretation of a work. He flashed his intelligence like a search-light over the orchestra, and so acutely sensitive was his ear that often he would have a passage repeated again and again when to the expert ear it seemed already perfect. He could be content with nothing less than his own ideal of perfection. Perhaps the violins did not entirely satisfy him in their shading of a passage, after several repetitions; then he would leave his place and go to Mori and Spagnoletti or François Cramer and Weichsel at their desks and discuss the passage animatedly with them; and so to Nicholson or Willman, if the flutes or clarionets fell short of his ideal by the breath of a tone; or to Mariotti, who led the trombones, or to Platt, the horn leader, or Harper, the trumpeter, or Sherrington, leading the violins, or Grattan Cooke, the irrepressibly facetious, who, in his pathetic oboe's intervals of rest, would dash off funny caricatures. With Cooke, Mendelssohn, who loved fun, would occasionally relax his artistic earnestness to exchange witticisms, but he could be very sarcastic when he chose. Towards the veterans Lindley and Dragonetti, the Damon and Pythias of the concert-world, however, he invariably showed a tactful deference, even when at issue with them, which was seldom, for they were great artists. What a superb body of instrumentalists was the Philharmonic orchestra of those days! It was unique then, and I doubt if it has been surpassed, if equalled. One instance of Mendelssohn's extraordinary power over the orchestra I particularly recall. He was conducting a rehearsal of Weber's Jubilee Overture, and had, perhaps intentionally, allowed the players to lapse into comparative tameness.

Suddenly, as if by magic, with amazing energy, he seemed to inspire them with his own awakened enthusiasm, so that, roused to a pitch of artistic excitement, they played with such accumulating vigor and brilliancy, and such a unity of effect, that we in the auditorium, quite electrified, having risen at the National Anthem, with which the overture concludes, instead of resuming our seats, remained standing and applauding for some minutes. This was in 1844, a very memorable Mendelssohn year. Most interesting to me also in that year was the Master's rehearsal of his "*Erste Walpurgis Nacht*," which I heard also on its first public performance at the concert. At the rehearsal, however, I felt on more intimate terms with that great work, for there was Mendelssohn interpolating his directions and suggestions to the performers; and I shall never forget how the musicians themselves applauded the almost whispered chorus, "*Disperse, ye gallant men*," and the tremendous chorus, "*Come with torches brightly flashing*." How we all congratulated Mendelssohn, and how unaffectedly he showed his pleasure!

One other memory of Mendelssohn as a conductor. It was at the fifth concert of the season 1844, the same at which we heard for the first time the hitherto unperformed portions of the exquisite "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" music. Mendelssohn was conducting a performance of Beethoven's violin concerto, and the violinist was Joseph Joachim, then a wonderful boy of thirteen, making his first important appearance in the concert world of London. During that marvellous display of youthful genius Mendelssohn's countenance was a joy to watch. Where I was sitting I could note his frequent bright smiles of approval; and among my musical memories no incident is more fragrant than that of the

immortal Mendelssohn patting on his back and shaking heartily by the hand the boy Joachim, who was to become the master violinist of his age.

But to return to Mendelssohn as a pianist. I remember vividly his playing his own D minor Concerto at the Philharmonic on June 21, 1842, when also he conducted his "Hebrides" overture. He played the lovely slow movement with intense passion, and the joyous rondo with fairy-like lightness and rapidity, but with unerring accuracy. The applause which followed was extraordinary; Mendelssohn himself has described how "they clapped their hands and stamped for at least ten minutes." It was an exceptional privilege to hear Mendelssohn interpret Beethoven. I remember his playing Beethoven's Concerto in G with an impromptu cadence which he varied each of the three or four times that he tried it over with the orchestra at the rehearsal, so inexhaustible was his improvisation.

A more reverential, sympathetic and conservative reading of the older master's text I have never heard, while at the same time the interpretation was unmistakably individual—Mendelssohn's, and no possible other's! His touch was exquisitely delicate, and the fairy fancies of his "Midsummer Night's Dream" music seemed ever to haunt him in his playing, lending it a magic charm. His "*Lieder ohne Worte*" (the first edition of which, published at his own expense, I still treasure) were rightly named, for, as he played them, those beautiful pieces were veritable songs that his fingers sang as they rippled over the keyboard. He never invented passages for the purpose of developing technical difficulties, although his own manual agility was remarkable. His fugue playing was strictly classical, and based on Bach; his handling of octave passages was magnificent, and, as I

have said, his power of improvisation boundless. To exemplify this I recall an interesting incident at a morning concert, given in June, 1844, in honor of that gifted and most pathetic of famous violinists, Heinrich Ernst. Bach's triple Concerto in D minor was played by Moscheles, Thalberg and Mendelssohn—what a trio of giants! and each performer was to play an impromptu cadence. Moscheles, a famous improvisatore, led off with a fine cadence. Thalberg followed with perhaps even more brilliant effect. Then Mendelssohn, who had been leaning listlessly over the back of his chair while the others were playing, quietly began his cadence, taking up the threads from the subjects of the Concerto; then suddenly rousing himself he wound up with a wonderful shower of octaves, indescribable in effect, and never to be forgotten. The audience was so excited that the applause at the end was all for Mendelssohn. At Ernst's second concert in July, the Concerto was repeated, but Thalberg's place was taken by another pianist eminent in those days, Theodor Döhler, a pupil of Czerny, and a brilliant follower of Thalberg. After Moscheles and Döhler had played their cadences, we expected a repetition of Mendelssohn's amazing performance at the previous concert. But it was not to be. When the pause came he played a simple shake in the dominant, and concluded with a few chords.

The last time I met Mendelssohn was in 1844, at a conversazione of the British and Foreign Institute, when I enjoyed a pleasant chat with him. We had hoped that he would play that evening, but, unfortunately, dear old Silk Buckingham, the traveler and first editor of the "*Athenæum*," who had founded the Institute, was, according to his wont, filling up the time with one of his interesting but long-winded extempore discourses, and nobody had

the courage to interrupt him; so Mendelssohn, who had other engagements that evening, good-humoredly waited as long as he could, and then left, begging me to make his apologies. Naturally the company was disappointed when it heard that Mendelssohn had come and gone while Silk Buckingham would "still be talking." The next time Mendelssohn was in London I was in Italy, and in that year, 1847, he died. And nowadays my memories of Felix Mendelssohn help with their fragrance to sweeten my old age.

After Mendelssohn it seems natural to speak of William Sterndale Bennett, our greatest English composer of instrumental music, and one whom even musically exclusive Germany has delighted to honor. I first remember him as a youth, not yet nineteen years of age, conducting an MS. Symphony in A of his own at a concert of the then recently founded Society of British Musicians, of which most of the budding, as well as the matured, native composers of the day were members. This was on January 5, 1835, and the concert was under the "immediate patronage of the King, William IV, and the Princess Victoria." Besides Bennett's Symphony, the new works included a Scena from the gifted John Barnett's beautiful opera. "The Mountain Sylph," a scena of my own, and an MS. overture, "The Merchant of Venice," by George Alexander Macfarren, then a brilliant young man of twenty-one, destined to fame and honor, whose close friendship I enjoyed from 1833 until his death in 1887.

I made young Bennett's personal acquaintance in connection with this long since defunct society, devoted at first to the exclusive performance of the works of native composers; and, later in that year, 1835, I was present at his memorable *début* as a pianist at the Philharmonic, when he played his

beautiful Concerto in E flat. At the rehearsal he had been very warmly received, and the members of the orchestra themselves demonstrated their appreciation and sympathy in a marked way, the young musician's boyish appearance and modest manner enhancing the general interest in his remarkable achievement. A Philharmonic rehearsal in those days, owing to the select and critical audience, was no light ordeal for a *débutant*, but Bennett passed through it with flying colors. At the concert itself his splendid performance was greeted with vociferous applause. He was at once recognized as a musician of most promising genius, whose Concerto was a masterly work in the classic school of Mozart and Hummel, yet thoroughly individual, while its rendition revealed him a pianist of a very high order. While he had imbibed the best traditions from his master, Cipriani Potter, he seemed to me to have formed his style of playing on that of John Cramer; it was, therefore, like his music, pure and classic, with all the grace, refinement and tenderness inherent in his nature. He had considerable powers of technical accomplishment, and his touch was most clear and delicate. People talked of him as a "second Mendelssohn," but he stood by himself, an English musician of original and classic genius. Bennett's fame grew steadily, but added distinction—university professorship, honorary degrees, knighthood—made no difference in his simple, unassuming manner. Conductor of the Philharmonic for many years, and a frequent concert-giver, he was an assiduous and excellent teacher of the pianoforte, while his academic influence was exerted always for the good of the musical art in this country. Bennett was ever a busy worker. I have a letter from him dated August 28, 1848, in which he said he had "scarcely ten minutes in a week" for

his own pleasure. I met him for the last time a few weeks before his death, and it pained me to find my old friend so feeble and shaky. Representing the Royal Society of Musicians, I followed him to his grave in Westminster Abbey on February 6, 1875, and felt that Sterndale Bennett was worthy to lie beside Purcell and Handel.

Back again to the thirties, to summon my reminiscences of Sigismund Thalberg, one of the most charming musicians I have ever known, one of the greatest pianists I have ever heard. It was in '36 I became acquainted with him, the year he came over to astonish and delight the expectant London public, already roused to curiosity by the reports which had travelled from the Continent of the striking individuality and extraordinary powers of the new pianist. His popularity in this country was soon assured, and he and his music became the fashion. Handsome, talented, brilliant, Thalberg was the musical lion of that season, and he supported the position with unfailing personal charm, and without affectation of any kind. The natural son of a prince, he had that simple and unassuming courtliness and dignity of manner one associates with the idea of a prince, together with the natural *bonhomie* and magnetic sympathy of the artist. I shall never forget how, one night in the summer of 1836, at a jolly gathering of artists at the house of a common friend, when dancing was proposed, Thalberg, without any assumption of the celebrated *virtuoso*, genially sat down at the piano to play the dance music—together with De Beriot, a prince among violinists. That occasion is particularly impressed upon my memory, because I had the pleasure of dancing to such unusual musical accompaniment, a quadrille with that most exquisite of singers and most fascinating of women, Maria Mallbran, whom, as Maria Garcia, a

débutante of seventeen, I had first seen and adored in Meyerbeer's "Il Crociato in Egitto" on my earliest visit to the opera in 1825. Alas! before the end of the year my gifted partner in that memorable quadrille was dead.

I saw a good deal of Thalberg in London in 1836, and conceived a great admiration for his talents and his personality. Consequently, when in October, 1838, after a month's sojourn in Munich—where, by the way, at the *Königliches Hof und National Theatre* I had played before the King of Bavaria, in addition to Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto, Thalberg's "Les Huguenots" Fantasia—I made my pilgrimage from the Bavarian capital to musical Vienna—three days and nights' constant *eluwagen* travelling in those days—I was glad to fulfil a promise to visit Thalberg. He was then living at the palace of his father, Prince Moritz Dietrichstein in the Währinger-Gasse; and I remember that the Hausmeister, a most imposing person, almost made me tremble when, on my innocently inquiring for "Herr Thalberg," he thundered out the correction, "Herr von Thalberg," and gave me a look of withering contempt for my ignorance—an incident that tickled the humor of his master when I related it. I found Thalberg at his piano, an Erard grand, and most genial and charming was the welcome he gave me. After a delightful chat I drew him again to the piano, and he played to me as only Thalberg could play. He was thoroughly in the mood and gave me of his very best. Besides several compositions that were familiar to me, he played some new Studies, and a charming Nocturne he had just written, a copy of which he presented to me with a friendly inscription. I found these new works as brilliant and melodious as the earlier ones, and as strongly marked with those special characteristics which belonged to Thal-

berg's individuality. Perhaps brilliancy and elegance were his chief distinguishing qualities, but of course he had much more than these. He had deep feeling. This I particularly realized that day I spent with Thalberg in Vienna. His playing quite enchanted me; his highly cultivated touch expressed the richest vocal tone, while his powers of execution were marvelous. Nothing seemed difficult to him; like Liszt, he could play the apparently impossible, but unlike Liszt, he never indulged in any affectation or extravagance of manner in achieving his mechanical triumphs on the keyboard. His strength and flexibility of wrist and finger were amazing, but he always tempered strength with delicacy. His loudest fortissimos were never noisy. His own compositions, which he chiefly played in public, enabled him best to display his astonishing virtuosity, but to be assured that Thalberg was a really great player was to hear him interpret Beethoven, which he did finely, classically and without any attempt to embellish the work of the master. Of course I was full of Beethoven in Vienna, and Thalberg sympathetically humored me. When we had had our full of music, Thalberg suggested a stroll through the city, and a most delightful and instructive cicerone he proved, full of interesting anecdote and information. I considered myself lucky to be introduced to Vienna by so congenial and cultured a companion.

It is, I believe, the fashion nowadays to speak of Thalberg as an over-rated composer, and even to question his claim to the highest rank as a pianist. But, though Chopin in his own day, ignoring their intrinsic merits, may have regarded Thalberg's compositions as "mere virtuoso music," Mendelssohn, on the other hand, had a most sympathetic admiration for him as a composer and executant. And,

after all, Chopin, it is said, felt coldly towards the pianoforte works of the great Schumann! I remember the late Prince Consort, one of the most accomplished musical amateurs I have ever met, a charming pianist, and a critic of fine taste, asking me, one morning at Buckingham Palace in 1841, while I was still at the piano, if I played Thalberg's music, and on my responding with the Nocturne in D flat, the Prince spoke most enthusiastically of the composer and his wonderful playing. Next time I met Thalberg I pleased him greatly by telling him this. He was one of those who *did* put his trust in princes—when they knew what they were talking about.

But let me return to Vienna in 1838. In those days it was a kind of musical Mecca, still redolent of personal associations with the great prophets of music, Mozart and Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert. The very first acquaintance I made there, on the day of my arrival was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the second son of the immortal composer. I had brought him a letter from his venerable mother—the "dear Constance," whom Mozart had so passionately loved, and who now, a widow for the second time, and nearly eighty years of age, was living with her sister, like herself a short, thin, but very bright and active old lady, at Salzburg. I had been recently visiting her, and revelling with a peculiarly sentimental fascination, in her reminiscences of her illustrious first husband—a second, after *such* a first, rather stuck in my throat!—and her cousin, the immortal Carl Maria von Weber. I still preserve the words Mozart's widow wrote in shaky manuscript in my diary. Her son called on me in the morning at the Hotel Stadt Frankfurt, and I must confess I experienced a thrill when his familiar name was announced. A middle-aged, shabbily-dressed man presented him-

self, and I need hardly say that the son of Mozart received an almost reverential greeting at my hands. But he was a disappointing person; his musical talents were not of a very high order, yet, bearing the illustrious name he did, much more was expected of him, and his career was accordingly unsuccessful. In my enthusiasm I said to him, "How proud you must be to be called Mozart!" But his answer disillusioned me. "Well, it has been rather an injury to me." It was a bitter truth. If the son had not been a musician, the father's fame would have been a glorious legacy; as it was, it overwhelmed him.

A few days after this meeting I was invited to meet Robert Schumann at dinner at the house of Johann Baptist Streicher, the famous maker of pianofortes. Schumann, who was then twenty-eight years of age, had just arrived at Vienna from Leipzig, and was lodging in the Schonlatern-Gasse. He was in hopes of finding in the Austrian capital a wider appreciation for his critical journal, the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik;" his musical compositions were not at that time very widely known, and he had not yet been recognized as one of the greatest and most original of creative musicians. The dinner at the Streichers' was of an unceremonious character, early in the afternoon. We were a small and select party. Mozart's son was also present. Schumann appeared shy and reserved, as I believe he always did in company, and I do not recall anything specially remarkable in his conversation to indicate the man of genius, though I fancied that in such a clever-looking head there must be "that within which passeth show." Mozart's son was certainly not brilliant as a talker, and he impressed me, more even than when we were alone together, as an unhappy, discontented man. Schumann and I had some sympathetic chat

about our mutual friend, Sterndale Bennett, whose gifts he admired, and whom he had just left, studying and writing hard at Leipzig. The general talk turned chiefly, as far as I remember, upon Schumann's musical journal and its chances in Vienna, the vagaries of popular taste, and the difference in the mechanism of Viennese pianos from that of instruments made in London and Paris, the former being much easier to play upon. This conversation led to an adjournment to the pianoforte saloon, where we were shown several fine new instruments, and it was suggested by Streicher that Schumann, Mozart and I should each select one of these, and severally improvise upon a given theme. I proposed Haydn's "God Preserve the Emperor," the national hymn of Austria, and in the best of humors we three sat down at the pianos we had chosen. Schumann, who had by this time thrown off something of his reserve, fell in with the playful spirit of the experiment, and began the performance with the melody pure and simple, afterwards executing an extempore variation. Mozart and I followed with our impromptus; then we three played the glorious tune in concert, indulging in variations *ad libitum*. After this irregular trio, we were each called upon for a solo. Schumann played an unpublished study of his own; but, although the composition and its interpretation interested me, I cannot remember in his playing any special quality of touch or other characteristic, even allowing for the injury to the third finger of his right hand, which had caused him some years before to relinquish the hope of making a career as a public pianist.

Another interview of special interest to me during my visit to Vienna in 1838 was with the kindly and much esteemed Carl Czerny, whose music I had often played in public, and whose

acquaintance I had made during his stay in London the previous year. I called on him one day, and found him with a black skull-cap on his head, standing, pen in hand, at a high desk on which was a copious supply of music paper, a good deal of it already covered with his manuscript. But busy as he evidently was, he readily left his work to greet me, and we were soon deep in talk. One who had been the pupil of Beethoven, and experienced the almost paternal affection of that great man, had studied with Hummel and with Clementi, and been the teacher of Liszt, was indeed a man worth listening to. He talked of Hummel, and a great deal of Beethoven and of his wonderful powers of improvisation and the effects he could produce by it; while, going to his piano, Czerny gave me several illustrations of the master's readings of his own works. This was a special pleasure to me and a valuable one. Although Czerny had long given up performing in public it was most gratifying to me to hear him touch the instrument, the resources of which his method of teaching, evolved from the principles of Clementi, had done, and was yet to do, so much to develop. Czerny's countless compositions and arrangements, fashionable as they were in those days, have long since lost their vogue, but his "Exercises" must go to the making of every pianist, for they show the way to the true *technique* of pianoforte playing. Czerny was the busiest of musicians, for, in addition to his own constant labors as a teacher, he was the most prolific producer of almost every kind of music for the popular market. By incessant practice he had acquired an extraordinary rapidity of composition, and he could write music as fast as he could conceive it. I have before me now an MS. Andante in D flat, covering ten lines of music paper, which he wrote impromptu for me in seven

minutes! I timed him with my watch as he was doing it, and it is quite a graceful *morceau*. He inscribed this: "Mr. Salaman, Esq., by Charles Czerny," and it is dated "Friday, 5th of October, 1838, Vienna."

And now a jump of ten years brings me to my meeting with the great and lovable Frederic Chopin, and the only occasion on which it was my good fortune to hear that inspired composer and enchanting pianist. This was on June 15, 1848, when Chopin, who was then visiting London, gave a *matinée musicale* at 99 Eaton Place, the house of my friend, Mrs. Sartoris—the brilliant Adelaide Kemble, whose charming society I had lately been enjoying during my residence in Rome. At that time Chopin's music, now at the mercy of every schoolgirl, was not very much known in England. It was rarely heard in a concert-room—indeed, it was only five years before that a piece of his first appeared in a public program in London. How vividly I recall his slight, feeble figure at the piano, and his long, thin fingers as they moved over the keyboard! His pale, interesting face bore unmistakable signs of the illness which for so many years had been wearing his life away, and was to kill him in the following year; but, when he began playing, there was no longer the look of the suffering invalid, for the expression quickly changed, and I only saw the dreamer, the lover, the poet, the artist, for I was hearing all four. I retain a very live impression of the most delicate and refined touch, and perfectly exquisite expression, for Chopin was not merely a dreamer of dreams and a creature of romantic fancy and emotion, but a sincere artist, with whom the right, the exact, form of expression was as important as the feeling or idea to be expressed. I was spell-bound by the wizard power of Chopin over mind as well as feeling. On the occasion of which I speak

he performed exclusively his own music—some of the Nocturnes, Mazurkas and Etudes, the lovely "Berceuse," and, I particularly recall, the Waltz in D flat. In spite of all I had heard of Chopin's *tempo rubato*, I still recollect noting how precise he was in the matter of time, accent and rhythm, even when playing most passionately, fancifully and rhapsodically. After the performance I was presented to Chopin, but he appeared so thoroughly exhausted that, with a few words of enthusiastic appreciation and sympathy I thought it kinder to leave him. Talking seemed a painful effort to him, and his feebleness was so obvious that I could quite understand his having to be carried up and down the stairs. However, I bore away with me an indelible impression of one of the most lovable and romantic figures in the history of music, and certainly one of the most original geniuses.

Another of the creative pianists whose memory lives charmingly with me was Stephen Heller, whose acquaintance, however, I did not make until a much later date. This was the Exhibition year, '62, when he came over from Paris on a visit to London. We met first in the shop of one of the music publishers—I forget which—and at once the chord of sympathy was struck between us. I recall Heller as a tall, thin man of distinguished appearance, nearing fifty years of age, with a serious, rather sad, expression of face, and a gentle, genial manner, whose unaffected conversation revealed wide culture and a simple, sympathetic and highly sensitive nature. He was, in fact, a genuine artist and a true gentleman. When I visited him at his lodgings, 1 Upper James Street, Golden Square, we soon found ourselves at the piano, exchanging musical confidences. Heller played with a delicious touch and rare sensibility some of his own compositions, of which I had al-

ways been a practical admirer, and then he pressed me to take his place at the instrument and respond with some of my own pieces. He could not stand the bustle of London life—he was too sensitive for it. Stephen Heller's retiring nature caused him at that period rather to shrink from public performance as a pianist, and his appearances at concerts in that capacity were comparatively few and far between. A very pleasant memory always for me, therefore, will be his cordial acceptance of my proposal that he should play, together with Charles Hallé, Mozart's Concerto in E flat for two pianos at the Musical Society of London's concert on April 30, 1862. It was a truly classic performance, and one not easy to forget. The charming cadences in the Allegro and Finale were of Heller's composing. Hallé's playing, usually rather cold in its classical purity and accuracy, seemed to borrow some of Stephen Heller's warmth and sympathy and to be the richer for the loan. Hallé always finely understood the musical classics, if he did not always seem to show that he felt them through his temperament. The rehearsal for this concert was memorable for the presence of the veteran Meyerbeer, who came specially to hear the rehearsing of the "Pletá" from his opera "Le Prophète," and was in a charming mood. We had quite a galaxy of eminent musicians in London that season of 1862. Besides Meyerbeer and Stephen Heller, I remember there were Verdi and Thalberg, and, I think, Auber.

I have always considered Ferdinand Hiller the last of the great German classic school of pianists and composers. He was the pupil of Hummel, and, as a boy of sixteen, I believe he, in company with his master saw Beethoven on his deathbed, when the feud between those two musical giants was

pathetically ended. What an incident for an impressionable boy to remember all his life! I had first heard Hiller at the Philharmonic about 1852 or 1853, and had corresponded with him in the early sixties, when I arranged for the first performance of his Symphony in E minor, which he dedicated to the Musical Society of London, but I did not make his personal acquaintance until '71, when he came to London and gave some concerts. He was a stout little man, with a fine intellectual head, and even if I had not been convinced of it through his works, I think I should have recognized him for a great man. Apart from his musical genius and fine culture, moreover, he was to me a specially interesting personality on account of his intimate friendship with Mendelssohn, Schumann, Spohr and Chopin, about whom we would compare personal notes. I found his conversation thoroughly congenial, while on musical matters we were quite in sympathy. Conservative of the best traditions inherited direct from the masters, he was yet justly accessible to claims of novelty and originality as long as these were not at variance with the classic principles of the musical art. Too intellectual to be superficially impressionable, Hiller had a high ideal of beauty, with a classic standard of accomplishment, and, remembering his dislike of the merely clever, and the horror of the ugly, I can fancy how he would writhe at the ingenious cacophonies achieved by some of the very modern composers in their struggles for novelty. Ferdinand Hiller's pianoforte playing had exquisite delicacy and the special charm of a pure legato style. His rendering of a fine Concerto of his own was quite in the grand manner of his master, Hummel, while nothing could have been more delicate than his playing of his elegant "Ghasiles," or more charming in its variety of significance

than his performance of his delightful duet series, the "Operetta ohne Text"—this with, I think, Madame Schumann, though I cannot be sure. However, I played the "Operetta" with him subsequently in private, and greatly enjoyed his companionship on the keyboard. Whether at the piano or in conversation, Ferdinand Hiller had the art of making you feel he was a comrade.

Genuine artistic sympathy is as precious as it is rare. In the impressionable years of youth we think we find it often; in our maturer years it becomes rarer and rarer to seek. I found this sympathy with Ferdinand Hiller as I had found it with Charles Gounod the very first time we met, when, as afterwards he often did, Gounod charmed me by the delicate expression of his playing, and also his singing, with sweet small voice, various compositions of his own. Gounod's was a temperament full of sensibility and emotion. As an illustration of our artistic sympathy, I remember one day sitting at a concert or rehearsal with Gounod, who was feeling ill and out of spirits. We were enjoying the performance of some orchestral music of his own—I fancy it was his lovely "Jeanne d'Arc" incidental music—when suddenly Gounod slipped his hand into mine, just as a girl might impulsively slip her hand into her lover's, moved by the influence of some romantic scene; and there we sat, hand in hand, two elderly men, linked by the appeal of a beautiful work of art.

But now I must be brief, although I still would gladly speak of several admirable pianists, eminent in their day—Pixis, Madame Dulcken, Jacques Rosenhain, Mrs. Anderson, Dreyshock, Jaell, Arabella Goddard, Madame Pleyel, Lindsay Sloper, Julius Benedict, and witty and talented George Osborne, my dear friend for sixty-five years.

But I have yet to name, more eminent than all these, the great Clara Schumann and the great Anton Rubinstein. I met and heard both for the first time in the later fifties—Madame Schumann at a recital she gave at the Hanover Square Rooms in '56, and Rubinstein at some private theatricals at George Osborne's, when the famous pianist good-naturedly played the overture and *entr'acte* music behind the scenes. The last time I heard Rubinstein his exquisitely toned playing of a lovely *andante* was but faintly applauded, while a noisy ovation greeted him after he had thundered out some brilliant show piece, in the course of which the passionate energy of his virtuosity had urged his body into a paroxysm, and caused his long hair to fly wildly about, after the fashion of his idol Liszt. When Thalberg, with amazing skill, made a hurricane of *arpeggios* sweep over the keyboard, he

never lost in the effort his tranquil ease of manner, he never turned a hair!

Laudator temporis acti? Well, why not? Do we not all look back with regretful reverence to the days "when Plancus was Consul?" At eighty-six I cherish with peculiar tenderness the memory of my early enthusiasms and ideals, and if, as I grow older, I find it less easy to acquiesce in every new hero-worship, perhaps the very remembrance of the great ones of the past enables me the more truly to "love the highest when I see it." I think I revere and admire Henry Irving all the more as I recall my boyhood's histrionic idol, Edmund Kean; and so remembering all the great pianists from the days of Clementi, Hummel and John Cramer helps me to a juster appreciation, maybe, of the Pachmann and Paderewski of to-day.

Blackwood's Magazine.

WIVES IN THE SERE.

I.

Never a careworn wife but shows,
If a joy suffuse her,
Something beautiful to those
Patient to peruse her—
Some one charm the world unknowns,
Precious to a muser;
Haply what, ere years were foes,
Moved her mate to choose her.

II.

But, be it a hint of rose
That an instant hues her,
Or some early light or pose
Wherewith thought renews her—
Seen by him at full, ere woes
Practiced to abuse her—
Sparely comes it, swiftly goes,
Time again subdues her.

Thomas Hardy.

MAURUS JOKAI.

Twenty years ago, while rummaging a German bookstall in search of holiday literature, I came upon a thick, shabby-looking little octavo volume entitled "Ein Goldmensch: Roman von Maurus Jokai." The unfamiliar name of the author attracted me, and when the obliging and erudite bookseller enlightened my ignorance by informing me that the mysterious Jokai was the leading Hungarian novelist of the day, I pocketed the volume, curious to discover what a Magyar's idea of a good novel might be. The book fascinated me from the first, as much by its strangeness as by its beauty. It was utterly unlike anything I had ever read before. Character, environment, *technique*—everything, in fact, was poles apart from the manner and the methods of the western or the northern novelists. And then the dramatic intensity of the plot! Never since reading the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" had I met with so enthralling a narrative. My one regret was that its six hundred pages were not six thousand, and I laid the book down, at last, full of the excitement of a discoverer—I knew that I had stumbled upon one of the masterpieces of modern fiction. In my enthusiasm I there and then determined to learn Hungarian for the express purpose of reading this marvellous book in its original tongue; nor have my pains been unrewarded, for I speedily discovered that the difficult, though stimulating, Magyar language was the "Open Sesame" to inestimable treasures. Since then I have learnt to love Arany and Eötvös and to marvel at Petöfi, Madách and their fellows; yet Maurus Jokai, though there are even greater than he in that gorgeous Aladdin's Cave of poetry and romance

which a prosaic world calls the Magyar literature, has always remained my favorite, partly, I suppose, from gratitude, as to him I owe a very full measure of the purest enjoyment, and partly also because in him commanding genius has, throughout a long, changeful and often tempestuous life, ever been tempered and humanized by a singular nobility and high-mindedness. Not without good cause is Jokai at the present moment not merely the greatest novelist but also the best-beloved personage in Hungary. I propose, in the following pages, to give a description, necessarily brief, of the life and work of this extraordinary man.

Maurus Jokai was born at Comorn, in Hungary, on February 21, 1825. His father, Joseph, a scion of the Asva branch of the old Calvinist Jókay family, was a lawyer by profession, but a lawyer who had seen something of the world and loved art and letters. His mother came of the noble Pulays. She was venerated by her son, and is the prototype of the ideal housewives with warm hearts, capable heads and truant sons, who so frequently figure in his pages. Maurus was their third and youngest child and the pet of the whole family. He seems to have been a sensitive, affectionate lad, always fonder of books than of games, but liking best of all to listen to the innumerable tales his father had to tell of the Napoleonic wars, in which he himself had borne a humble part, or of the still more marvellous exploits and legends of the old Magyar heroes. It was from his father that Maurus inherited both his literary and his artistic talents. The boy always loved study and was the joy and delight of his masters, who could not teach him

quickly enough. Both at the local grammar school and at the gymnasia of Pressburg and Comorn he always stood high in his class, and he speedily acquired a literary knowledge of English, French and Italian, beside a thorough grounding in the obligatory German and Latin. In his twelfth year little Maurus was summoned from his studies to the deathbed of his father, a catastrophe which he took so much to heart that he fell seriously ill and for a time his life was even despaired of. He recovered but slowly, and for the next five years was haunted by a deep melancholy which he endeavored to combat by the most intense application to study at the Calvinist University of Pápa, whither he was sent for his degree in 1841-42. At Pápa he made the acquaintance of Petöfi, and was one of the principal contributors, both in prose and verse, to the University Magazine. Yet, curiously enough, he displayed at this time so much skill as a painter, sculptor and carver in ivory, that many thought he would owe the future fame which every one already predicted for him rather to his brush and chisel than to his pen. In 1843-44 we find him settled at Kecskemet, the chief city of the *Alföld*, or great Hungarian plain, embowered in miles of orchards and vineyards, where fine bracing air restored the delicate young student to something like normal health. It was here that his alert, observant eye first studied the characteristics of the Magyar peasants. Forty-nine years later he was to record his impressions in the exquisite tale, "Az Sarga Róza" ("The Yellow Rose"), certainly one of the finest of his later works.

Yielding to the wishes of his friends, Jókai now resolved to follow his father's profession, and for three years studied law with his usual assiduity at Comorn and Pest. In 1846 he ob-

tained his articles, won his first action and immediately afterwards abandoned his profession forever, because he could not find it in him to disstrain for rent upon a poor widow and her orphans. Four years previously his five-act drama, "A Zsidó Fiú" ("The Jew Boy"), had been honorably mentioned by the Hungarian Academy in a prize competition. It had needed no small heroism in an ambitious youth of nineteen to submit to the drudgery of the law after such a brilliant *début*, but virtuous indignation now coming to the aid of natural bias, Jókai made up his mind to go to the capital and henceforth devote himself entirely to literature. In 1845 he arrived at Pest, whither Petöfi had already preceded him; speedily became a contributor to the leading newspapers, and, a year later, when only twenty-one, published his first considerable romance, "Hét Köznepok" ("Working Days").

The book made a profound sensation. Its amateurishness was forgotten, its crudities and morbidities were pardoned for the sake of its striking originality and exquisite charm of style. Nothing like it had ever been seen in the national literature before, and, even then, Hungarian Belles-Lettres could boast of two novelists of the first rank, Eötvös, the Magyar Fielding, and Jókai, the Magyar Walter Scott, to say nothing of a whole host of *Dii minores*. It produced much the same impression in Hungary as "Sketches by Boz" had done in England ten years previously, and indeed, on its humorous side, the genius of Jókai is close akin to the genius of Dickens. The reputation of the young author was instantly made, the most notable result of his triumph being his appointment, in the following year, at the age of twenty-two, to the editorship of the leading literary newspaper of Pest, "Eletkép," which, with the assistance of a numerous staff which he gathered

round him, including all the rising talent of the day, he speedily made the literary oracle of Hungary.

But stormy times were approaching. The invasion of Hungary by the Croats with the secret connivance of the Court of Vienna (September 11), and the murder of the Imperial Commissioner, Count Lamberg, on the bridge of Buda (September 28), 1848, by the infuriated Magyars, rendered a war between Hungary and Austria inevitable, and both nations flew to arms. Jókai, abandoning literature for politics, embraced the national cause with enthusiasm and served it with voice, pen and sword. During the March days, when the Austrian Government seemed inclined to concede all the demands of the Hungarian Liberals, Petöfi and Jókai were the protagonists of young Hungary, and the latter was sent on a political mission to the Vienna insurgents by Kossuth. In August Jókai wedded, under the most romantic circumstances,¹ the distinguished actress, Rosa Laborfalvi, a highly gifted, noble-minded, spirited woman of good family, eight years his senior, who for nearly forty years was to prove an ideal wife, an indispensable counsellor to her devoted husband.² Together they faced all the vicissitudes, all the horrors of the civil war, retreating with the peripatetic Hungarian Government from Pest to Debreczin in the winter of 1848-49; returning the following spring to Pest with the victorious Honveds after Görgei's brilliant April campaign, when the Austrians lost four pitched battles in three weeks and evacuated the fortress of Buda, and again retreating in July to Szegedin after the Russian intervention. Perceiving that the end was now approaching, Jókai first sent his wife to a place of safety,

and then accompanied the last Hungarian army in its masterly retreat to the last Hungarian capital. He was present at the battle of Arad, which led to the final catastrophe, the surrender at Világos, and was only prevented from committing suicide by the entreaties of his friends, who implored him to live on for the sake of his wife and his country. He obeyed with a heavy heart, and buried himself at Tardona, among the beech forests of Borsod. For a time his life was actually in danger. His services to the revolutionary cause had been so conspicuous that he was a marked man. It is true that in his newspapers, the "*Esti Lapok*" and the "*Pesti Hírlap*," he had at first preached moderation to the more fanatical and taken up a strictly constitutional standpoint; but, on the other hand, blinded by the delusive triumphs of April, he had openly approved of Kossuth's fatal blunder, the dethronement of the Hapsburg dynasty and of other equally radical measures, and his eloquent pen had done more than almost anything else to rally and convert the waverers.

At last, after five months of extreme anxiety, he was saved by a stratagem of his wife, Madame Jókai succeeding in getting her husband's name inserted in the list of the names of the garrison of the fortress of Comorn, which had been granted a complete amnesty on October 2, 1849, six weeks after the war was over elsewhere. Yet, even now, Jókai was obliged to efface himself as much as possible, and the first books which he published after his return to the capital, "*A Bujdosó Naplója*" ("*Journal of a Fugitive*") and "*Forradalma Csataképei*" ("*Battle-pictures of the Revolution*"),³ both of them composed in the sylvan solitudes

¹ Described minutely in the romance "*A Tengerszemű Holgy*" ("*Lady with Eyes like the Sea*").

² She is obviously the heroine of many of his romances, e.g., the Princess Anna in "*Erdelyi Aranykora*" ("*The Golden Age of Transylvania*").

³ Both of them give vivid pictures of the war, though of course the author had to write very cautiously. Jókai returns to this exciting period of his life in many of his works, notably in "*A Tengerszemű Holgy*, 1894.

of Borsod, appeared pseudonymously under the name of his dog, Sajó.

During the twelve terrible years immediately following the abortive Revolution when Hungary, robbed of all her ancient rights and privileges, was degraded into a mere appanage of the Austrian Crown and tyrannized and exploited by reactionary foreigners ignorant of her very language, Jókai, almost single-handed and in the face of appalling difficulties, devoted himself to the noble task of keeping the national spirit alive and encouraging his countrymen patiently to wait for better days.

During this period he was literally chained to his desk, turning out masterpiece after masterpiece, at the rate of seven volumes a year, and editing at the same time two literary and two comic papers, to the latter of which he contributed many of the illustrations. Much of the work thus accomplished is of permanent value and comprises some of his noblest creations, *e. g.*, the great historical romances "Erdély Aranykora" ("Golden Age of Transylvania"), with its continuation, "Török Világ Magyarországon" ("Turks in Hungary"), "Fehér Rózsa" ("White Rose"), "A Janicsárok Végnapjai" ("Last Days of the Janissaries"), etc., novels of old Magyar social life and manners, *e. g.*, "Egy Magyar Nábob" ("An Hungarian Nabob") with its continuation "Kárpáthy Zoltán" ("Zoltan Kárpáthy"), "Szomorú Napok" ("Dark Days"), and "A Régi Jó Táblabírák" ("The Good Old Magistrates"); brilliant phantasies such as "Oceania," the scene of which is laid in the capital of the lost island of Atlantis, and the beautiful collection of short tales in ten volumes entitled "Jókai Mor Dekameronja" ("Maurus Jókai's Decameron").

During the transitional period (1861-67), when the disasters of the Italian campaign of 1859 had taught Austrian

statesmen the necessity of some sort of compromise with Hungary, although they were by no means disposed to admit all her pretensions, Jókai began his political career. He sat in every Diet; immediately established his reputation as a skilful debater; founded and edited the newspaper "Hon" as the organ of the Moderate Liberal Party, and had the supreme distinction in 1863 of being condemned by the Imperial Government to twelve months' hard labor *in irons* for inserting in his newspaper a "seditious" article by his friend Count Nándor Zichy. The king, however, commuted the sentence to one month's *solitary confinement*, and Jókai himself has told us in "A Tengerszemű Hölgy" ("Eyes like the Sea") that during this month his "cell" daily was thronged with distinguished visitors.

But it was only after the composition with Austria (1867), and especially during the earlier years of the long administration (1875-90) of his friend Coloman Tisza, the Cavour of Hungary, that Jókai exercised a constant and considerable political influence both as a Parliamentary debater and as editor of the "Hon." His usual seat was on the second Ministerial bench, just behind the Premier, and whenever he rose to speak he always commanded the attention of a crowded and expectant house. More than once his eloquence extricated the Government from a tight place. Amongst his more notable speeches, most of which have been printed, may be mentioned: "What does the Opposition want—revolution or reform?" delivered in 1869; "The Left Centre the true party of reform," spoken in 1872; and his celebrated speech on the Budget of February 26, 1880. In those days he was a most ardent politician, ready, if necessary, to fight as well as talk and write for his opinions. Three times he has fought duels (happily

bloodless, and therefore unrecorded in Kaczany's "Famous Hungarian Duels") with political opponents, and on one memorable occasion he successfully contested a division of Budapest against a Cabinet Minister. But it was as the editor of the "Hon" that he rendered his party the most essential service, and in many of the political cartoons of the day, in which he figures as Tisza's faithful henchman, he is generally represented waving the "Hon" as a banner or charging with it as a bayonet. The ultra-conservative comic paper, "Borszem Janko," was particularly fond of caricaturing the consistent and courageous champion of enlightened liberalism, and his earnest, gentle face, with the honest eyes, ample beard and fierce moustache, is conspicuous in nearly every number from 1868 onwards. Thus in the number for August 23, 1868, the colored frontispiece represents Jokai as a huge, black-bearded bald head, furiously editing four newspapers at the same time, a nimble quill pen being stuck between each of the diminutive hands and feet. In 1870, when he supported the candidature of the Israelite, Herr Wolff, at Presburg, he is represented (June 26) on the hustings as the Wandering Jew, in battered hat and tattered mantle, with the banner of a Calvinist elder reproachfully wagging in his hand. His increasing baldness is also an inexhaustible subject for the raillery of this clever but not always very generous print, especially on the occasion of his dramatic jubilee at Klausenburg in 1871, when he is depicted in ancient Roman costume, with a Red Indian feather head-dress, beating a huge drum on a Greek triumphal car!

Yet amidst the stress of this intense and manifold political activity, Jokai actually between 1861 and 1886, found time to write no fewer than a hundred and forty-two volumes of novels and

romances, besides several plays and educational works! To realize what this means we must imagine, if we can, an Independent M.P., Mr. Augustine Birrell for choice, whose Parliamentary oratory, by the way, greatly resembles Jokai's, editing the "Times" and "Punch," without disparagement to his Parliamentary duties, and simultaneously composing all the novels of Dickens, Anthony Trollope and Jules Verne. And please remember that these 142 volumes, so far from being mere pot-bollers, comprise many indisputable masterpieces, and not one of them is without intrinsic merit. For to this period belongs Jokai's best social novel, "Az új Földesúr" ("The New Landlord"), the first novel of his translated into English (by Mr. A. T. Patterson, thirty-three years ago); "Fekete Gyémántok" ("Black Diamonds"); the incomparable "Az Arany Ember" ("A Man of Gold"), a German version of which first led me to study Hungarian, as already mentioned; "Egy az Isten" ("God is One"); "A Szép Mikhál" ("Pretty Michal"), that terrible and vivid tragedy of seventeenth-century life in Transylvania; "Szabadság a hó alatt" ("Freedom under the Snow"), an historical romance *temp.* Alexander I of Russia, already a favorite in England; "A Jövő Század Régénye" ("The Romance of the Coming Century"), in which Jules Verne's most daring fantastic flights are forestalled or surpassed; "Rab Ráby," and many more.

Since the death of his first wife (November 20, 1886), who had long since quitted the stage to become her husband's constant companion, Jokai has, to a great extent, quitted public life. It was feared at first that this terrible bereavement would altogether overwhelm him, but he sought and found distraction in strenuous literary work, adding between 1886 and 1899 no fewer than fifty fresh volumes to his already enormous store, including "A Tengers-

zemü Hölgy" ("Eyes like the Sea"), which won the Academy's prize in 1890 as the best novel of the year, and "A Sárga Rózsza" ("The Yellow Rose") in 1893, pronounced by the great critic, Zoltan Beöthy, to be one of the abiding ornaments of the national literature. He is still a Member of Parliament, but he never speaks now, takes little interest in politics and amuses himself while in the House by correcting proofs, displaying considerable ingenuity in dodging the whips on the eve of a division. In 1894 the whole kingdom united to do honor to the Nestor of Magyar writers by celebrating his golden jubilee as a national festival, on which occasion he received the Ribbon of St. Stephen from the king, the freedom of every city in Hungary and a check for 100,000 florins from the Jubilee Committee on account of the profits derived from a national *édition de luxe* of his works in a hundred huge volumes, illustrated by all the best Hungarian artists, which was subscribed for five times over. Jókai's second marriage, with the young actress, Miss Ida Nagy, is of too recent a date to call for comment. His latest romance, written, I am told, during his honeymoon in Sicily (1899) and entitled "Oreg Ember nem ven Ember" ("Old is Not Aged"), is a marvellous demonstration of unimpaired power and brilliance in the veteran author, who the same year celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday.

I have left myself but little space for a critical estimate of Jókai's writings, and any such estimate must necessarily be imperfect and tentative, inasmuch as I have perused but a tenth part of the great Magyar romancer's innumerable productions. Still, I may fairly claim to know more about Jókai than most people; the salient outlines of his literary character and genius lie plainly before me; and although, no doubt, his still unread mas-

terpieces may have many delightful surprises in store for me, I do not think they could materially affect the judgment I have already formed of him.

Briefly then, Maurus Jókai is by temperament a romantic idealist under the capricious mastery of an inexhaustible imagination. One must not, generally speaking, go to him for psychological depth, elaborate analysis of character, or for that objective detachment which is one of the infallible notes of the highest creative genius. From the very beginning of his literary career his warmest admirers have frequently reproached him with his excessive sensibility, his fantastic exaggeration and his penchant towards melodrama. It has been remarked more than once, with perfect truth, that most of his heroes and heroines are either angels or devils, saints or scoundrels, and it is an absolute fact that his immoderate fondness for his pet characters has led him again and again to ruin the *dénouement* of a really noble story. Take, for instance, "A Szep Mikhál" ("Pretty Michal"), where the hero Valentine, who by every canon of art and every rule of honor, should have fallen beneath the headsman's axe by the side of the girl whom he has ruined, is spirited away at the last moment apparently because the author cannot bear the thought of unmitigated disaster. Or, again, take the character of the Nabob in "A Magyar Nábob" ("The Hungarian Nabob"). Here, if ever, Jókai has proved to demonstration that, when he likes to take the trouble, he can draw character with the best. Old Kárpáthy in his unregenerate days is delightful and convincing, a sort of semi-Oriental Squire Western on a magnificent scale. The old sinner finally marries a pretty milliner to spite a profligate nephew who has sent him a coffin as a birthday present. So far good. But when the lady,

shortly afterwards, dies in childbed, and the aged Nabob, overwhelmed with grief, departs this life in the odor of sanctity, one feels that the transformation, however edifying, is too sudden to be quite natural. Moreover, many of Jókai's heroes strike one as a trifle mawkish. Unlike Dickens, indeed, he knows how to describe a gentleman, especially a wicked gentleman (*e.g.*, Bánfy in "Az Erdély Aranykora" ("Golden Age of Transylvania"), or Abellino in "A Magyar Nábob", but the best of his good young men (*e.g.*, Timar in "Az Arany Ember" ("A Man of Gold") and Zoltán Kárpáthy in the novel of the same name) are often perilously like prigs of the purest water.

Another of Jókai's defects is due not so much to temperament as to impulsiveness. It is quite plain, from internal evidence, that he has often embarked upon a long story without proper provision (in the shape of an adequate plot) for the voyage, and consequently has to invent another as he goes along, the result frequently being a series of loosely connected tableaux rather than a complete, straightforward narrative. This fault is especially noticeable in his great historical romances, "Az Erdély Aranykora" ("Golden Age of Transylvania") and its sequel, "Török Világ Magyarországon" ("Turks in Hungary"). In both these noble stories, however, the tableaux are so magnificent and the workmanship so masterly, that one readily forgives all mere technical defects and eagerly asks for more of the same sort.

Jókai's exuberant fancy is also responsible for many of his extravaganzas. He himself has told us that it was his youthful ambition that his Pegasus should fly with him to regions unexplored before, and certainly that frisky and unbridled steed has sometimes rapt its rider away to heights (and also to depths) where

mere men of this world have some difficulty in keeping their heads cool and their feet steady. Some few of his romances are perfect orgies of the imagination.

Yet, after all, these are but the inevitable defects of qualities of the highest order. Jókai's imagination is a wayward Jinn, which may have played him tricks more than once, but, anyhow, has placed him on a throne, the throne of Magyar "Belles Lettres," and subjected Past and Present, East and West, the world of nature and the world of art to his magic sway. In the pages of no other romance-writer shall you find such magnificent tableaux, such splendid coloring, such a prodigality of ornament; and also, when at his best, such ingenious combinations, such a wealth of incident and adventure, such dramatic *dénouements*. His descriptions of natural scenery have a unique charm, combining, as they do, the artist's fondness for beautiful effects and striking contrasts with the minute exactness of an alert and practised observer. He generally takes a single feature in the landscape, by the aid of which he gradually unfolds and interprets the whole environment. Take, for instance, the following picture of the Carpathians, necessarily very much condensed, taken from "Az Erdély Aranykora" ("Golden Age of Transylvania").

We are among the Hermolka mountains, in a land which no one has ever thought of colonizing. The very skirts of this wilderness are uninhabited. Only where the stream dashes down from the mountains does green-sward appear. There among the luxuriant grasses lie the fearless stags, while the wild bees build their basket-shaped nests in the hollow trees on the margin of the stream. That stream is the Rima. She alone is bold enough to force her way through this wild

rocky labyrinth. Sometimes she plunges down from the granite terraces with a far-resounding din, dissolving into a white cloudy spray, in which the sunbeams paint an eternal rainbow, which spans the velvet-green margins of the abyss like a fairy bridge. A moss-clad rock projects from the midst of the waterfall, dividing it in twain, and from the moss-clad rock wild roses look over into the dizzying, tumbling rapids below. Far away down the vagrant stream is hemmed in between basalt rocks. Here the twofold echo changes its monotonous muffled roar into melancholy music, and the transparent crystal waters appear black from the color of their stony bed, wherein rosy trout and sprightly water-snakes, like silver ribbons, disport themselves. Then, escaping from her brief constraint, the Rima dashes onward from crag to crag, angrily scourging a huge mass of rock which, once, in time of flood, she swept into its bed from a distance of many miles, and which, after the next thaw or rainfall, she will hurl a thousand fathoms deeper into the rock-environed valley. Higher and higher we mount, the oaks and larches fall behind us, the pines and firs begin, the horizon expands, the transparent mists which hitherto have veiled the heights now linger behind in the depths. The little green patches of valley are scarce visible through the opal atmosphere, and the hilly woodlands have dwindled into dark specks, the gold and lilac outlines whereof are dimly distinguishable in the brightening dawn. And before us the mountains still rise higher and higher. And now at last even the Rima has deserted us. Deep down below we catch a glimpse of a round, dark blue lakelet surrounded by steep rocks, on whose bronze-like mirror white swans are bathing in the shadows of the pines. In the midst of this lakelet the source of the Rima turns and tumbles, casting its bubbling crystal fathoms high, and keeping the lakelet in perpetual ebullition, as if

some mighty spirit in the watery abyss below were trying to raise up the whole lakelet with his forehead.

Similarly in "Az Arany Ember" ("A Man of Gold"), we have delightful descriptions of the Danube in all its moods, with exquisite little floral pieces thrown in, which could only have been penned by an enthusiastic botanist with the soul of a poet. But, indeed, picturesque detail is one of Jókai's strong points. He, the busiest of men, the most prolific of writers, is never in a hurry. He loves to linger by the way and quit the beaten track, and if it please him suddenly to break off his story in order to produce from the store-house of an immense erudition and a manifold experience treasures old and new, so much the better for you, my reader. For Jókai has a rare gift of exposition, he would have made an ideal lecturer. What could be finer, in its way, than the description of the coal mine in "Fekete Gyémántok" ("Black Diamonds")? And if you would surprise the secret of making even technicalities fascinating, just read once more the account of the coining mills in "A Szegény Gazdagok" ("The Poor Plutocrats").

Indeed, Arch-Romantic as he is, Jókai nevertheless has always been remarkable for a careful attention to detail which would do honor to the most conscientious Realist; and hence it comes about that he, who began his literary career when the old Romanticism was still in the ascendant, has survived the triumphs and the tyrannies of the Realism which supplanted it, and lived to see the rise of a new Romanticism, with which he had something in common. I mean that quite modern school of fiction whose chief representatives are the Danish and Swedish Symbolists⁴ who have grafted

⁴Johannes Jorgensen in Denmark, and Selma Lagerlöf in Sweden, for instance. The one defect of these charming writers is their lack of humor, but in

their naive sensibility and attention to detail they remind one of the great Magyar romancer.

an enthusiastic idealism on the parent stock of an empirical realism and which promises to be the dominant school of the near future. For that reason alone I am inclined to predict a long popularity for Jókai.

But, after all, Jókai possesses another quality which makes him altogether independent of the caprices of literary fashion—a quality by no means too common in these self-conscious times. I mean, of course, the saving gift of humor, that most salutary of mental and moral antidotes, for Jókai's genius is, above all things, sane, and Jókai himself strikes every one who knows and sees him as a well preserved specimen of that rapidly vanishing type—the thoroughly normal man. It is said that Ibsen, after visiting the Magyar romancer a few years ago, sighed as he left the house, "Ah! if only I were as young as Jókai!" yet, as a matter of fact, Jókai is three years older than Ibsen, and has done ten times as much work, but then, as I have just implied, Jókai regards the world from the sober, liberal, sympathetic, impersonal standpoint of the genuine humorist who is never disturbed by the vanities and the miseries of the ordinary man of letters, simply because he has learnt to know that literature, after all, is a comparatively small part of life, and that man was meant to live among men and not among the gods of Olympus. Of Jókai's humor it is somewhat difficult to speak. So much of its peculiar savor and aroma is lost in the process of translation, that those who know him only in English or German versions will scarce be able to recognize his true greatness in this respect. Dickens is the humorist whom on the whole he resembles the most, but, speaking generally, the fun of the great Magyar is wilder, cruder, more grotesque than

that of his great English compeer. His comic types seem to have less of the shirt of civilization upon them. His humor, too, sometimes is not without a touch of sardonic savagery, as, for instance, in the Callot-like picture of the drunken Cantor and the mastiff in "Szomorú Napok" ("Sad Days"), and in many scenes of that terrible story, "A Szép Mikhál" ("Pretty Michal"), which abounds with grim, not to say ghastly, pleasantry. His minor caricatures, in especial, are often strikingly Dickensian, *e. g.*, the schoolmaster in "Szomorú Napok," a sort of barbaric Squeers, and Margari in "A Szegény Gazdagok" ("Poor Plutocrats"), so strongly reminiscent of Sampson Brass, while Clementine, in the same story, reminds one of Miggs. Of the many comic types peculiar to Jókai, the best, without doubt, are the cosmopolitan scoundrels, mostly of Greek origin, of which that prince of professional blackmailers, Theodore Kristyan in "Az Arany Ember" ("A Man of Gold"), is the most consummate specimen.⁵ The odd humor of Turkish Agas and Pachas also gives a piquant seasoning to some of his most pleasant pages, and if you want to see the Roumanian peasant at his best, and the Magyar peasant at his worst, you could not go to a better guide than Jókai.

For the last forty years Jókai has been the best-known personage in the Hungarian capital. His slim, erect, elastic figure; his carefully kept beard and truculently pointed moustache; even his long, spruce, black Francis-Joseph *kabát* or *surtout*, with the invariable dark brown trousers, and the Cornelian dog-headed pin stuck jauntily into the bright neckerchief, form an essential part and parcel of the social atmosphere of Budapest. In the days when he meddled with politics

⁵ An excellent translation of this book by Mrs. Kennard, through the German I believe, was pub-

lished by Messrs. Blackwood in 1880 under the title of: "Timar's Two Worlds."

and condescended to employ his leisure hours in averting Ministerial crises, he would frequently be observed pacing the corridors of the Parliament House with head erect and hands crossed behind his back, and then every one knew that the Member for Kassa was about to deliver one of his persuasive speeches in a crowded house. But all that is over now. He has ceased to serve "that old hag, Dame Poltica," and only quits his writing-table for a couple of hours every evening to fight his old political leader, Coloman Tisza, for a few florins at the tarok table of their club. But his appetite for work is as voracious as ever. He is up every day at dawn, summer and winter, and has generally written his 30,000 words before lunch. His life is absolutely harmonious; to every hour of the day

is allotted its proper labor or pleasure, and he always has a pocket-full of witticisms and comic *aperçus* for the delectation of his innumerable friends. But his greatest happiness is to know that he has only one unforgivable enemy in the world, and that is the phylloxera, with which he wages remorseless warfare in his vineyard-garden at Svábhegy, the place which he loves the most. For Jókai, like that other great teller of tales, Hans Andersen, is a great lover of flowers, and flowers thrive in his garden as they thrive nowhere else. He also might say with the immortal Hans, "Flowers know very well that I love them; even if I were to stick a peg into the ground I believe it would grow." And Jókai's friends tell us that to see him in his garden is to see him at his best.

The Monthly Review.

R. Nisbet Bain.

OUTWARD BOUND.

(President McKinley: Died September 14th, 1901.)

Farewell! for now a stormy morn and dark
The hour of greeting and of parting brings;
Already on a rising wind yon bark
Spreads her impatient wings.

Too hasty keel, a little while delay!
A moment tarry, O thou hurrying dawn!
For long and sad will be the mourners' day
When their beloved is gone.

But vain the hands that beckon from the shore;
Alike our passion and our grief are vain.
Behind him lies our little world: before
The illimitable main.

Yet, none the less, about his moving bed
Immortal eyes a tireless vigil keep—
An angel at the feet and at the head
Guard his untroubled sleep.

The New President of the United States.

Two nations bowed above a common bier,
 Made one forever by a martyred son—
 One in their agony of hope and fear,
 And in their sorrow one.

And thou, lone traveller of a waste so wide,
 The uncharted seas that all must pass in turn,
 May the same star that was so long thy guide
 O'er thy last voyage burn.

No eye can reach where through yon sombre veil
 That bark to its eternal haven fares;
 No earthly breezes swell its shadowy sail;
 Only our love and prayers.

Edward Sydney Tylee.

The Spectator.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The hope which was felt last week of the recovery of President McKinley proved to be unfounded, his wound having been mortal. On Thursday, September 12th, just after his attendants had announced that he was out of danger, he showed signs of collapse, and early on Saturday he expired. The cheerful reports of the surgeons are still unexplained, for several of them were experienced men, and the autopsy showed that from the first the murdered President had never had a chance of surviving. The wound had paralyzed the stomach, and even if gangrene had not set in he must have perished of the exhaustion caused by the inability of the body to assimilate food. The doctors were probably deceived by the patient's apparently strong vitality, but they must have seen many wounds from revolver bullets, and it is difficult not to believe that their hopefulness was due to a great unwillingness to increase the public excitement by acknowledging the lamentable truth. The same policy

was pursued in the case of President Garfield. The public regret both here and in America is deep and sincere, and on this side it has been increased by a certain latent distrust of the character of his successor, which, it is fancied may prove too Bismarckian. The record of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who under the Constitution becomes President until March, 1905, as politician, as soldier in the Spanish War and as Governor of New York, is acknowledged to be most excellent, but there is an impression that he is unusually masterful, that he is inclined to Jingoism, that he holds to the policy known as that of the Monroe Doctrine with extreme tenacity, and that he is especially antagonistic to Great Britain. Mr. Roosevelt has made many speeches and has written much, and both from his speeches and his brochures it is deduced that he is fully conscious of the power of the United States, that he would exert that power to the utmost to prevent any extension of European territory in any part of Ameri-

ca, North or South, and that he thinks it high time that Europe should resign any existing possessions on that continent. He does not, it is said, exactly claim Canada, but he thinks that Canada ought at least to be independent. He would also cut a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, and, having cut it, would assert that it must be controlled only by the Republic, even if there are treaties providing, as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty provides, that such control should be divided. He is, in fact, it is believed, a warm advocate of the policy of expansion within the Western Hemisphere, and would take advantage of any dispute to maintain the hegemony of the United States in that hemisphere, if not their actual sovereignty over it, by force of arms.

We think the apprehension much exaggerated. No statesman is safe if he is to be bound by the rather reckless expressions of his immature years, and Mr. Roosevelt may prove, as President, to be as different from Mr. Roosevelt as Governor of New York, or as Vice-President of the Union, as a European Sovereign usually is from himself when only *Heir-Apparent*. The responsibilities of office often modify character by bringing forward a side of it previously unsuspected, and they almost always profoundly modify previously entertained opinions. It does not follow, because Mr. Roosevelt in a private capacity entertained certain very natural, if ambitious, wishes, that he is therefore prepared in order to realize those wishes, to bring upon his country all the calamities of war. He may desire—probably does desire—to see the Isthmian Canal, whether cut through Nicaragua or through Panama, a purely American waterway, but he is not the kind of man, if we read his character aright, to disregard treaties or to wish to obtain by violence what might be obtained by diplomacy. Though an exceptionally brave man,

with the material in him of a great military organizer, he has seen too much of war for that, and is too conscious that political advantages, however desirable, may be too dearly purchased. As to the West Indies, he is very unlikely even to wish to increase the colored population of the States, while as regards Canada, though every American wishes to extend the Republic to the North Pole, every American is aware that five millions of unwilling white citizens disposed to support every Secessionist party would bring no solid strength to the Union, but rather a source of weakness. Mr. Roosevelt is no Anglophobe, eager to fight Great Britain merely because she is Great Britain, but at most an American of somewhat fiery patriotism, who would gladly see his country even more influential in the affairs of the world than she is at present, when a certain primacy is conceded to her by all Europe as a depository of unbroken and nearly inexhaustible power. Even Bismarck never made war for the sake of war, and preferred hopeful alliances, as in the Austrian case, to large territorial extensions.

It is possible, too, to exaggerate Mr. Roosevelt's personal authority. He is a man of great force and dignity of character, with an exceptional hold over his people, but from the moment he becomes President he passes under the influence of the great interests of the States, the politicians, the diplomatists, the capitalists, all of whom are opposed to anything like rash or gigantic political enterprise. He will be resisted, whatever his policy, by a party nearly equal to his own, and he is as regards foreign policy, controlled under the Constitution by the majority of the Senate, which, though no doubt Jingo just at present upon the question of the Canal, is by instinct indisposed to convert itself into a mere following of the Head of the

Executive. Mr. Roosevelt would be the last man to assail their authority by any revolutionary method, and to persuade them to violent courses he must have a good case to defend, which it may be taken as certain that no European Power will voluntarily afford him. The European Powers do not wage profitless wars, and it is the special peculiarity of the American position that no Power at war with the Union can hope, even if victorious, to obtain from victory any advantage whatsoever. It might as well be fighting with the planet Mars. We regard, therefore, these alarms, of which we may by-and-bye find Continental papers full, as altogether unreal, or rather just as little and as much real as they were while President McKinley was alive. Mr. McKinley would certainly have fought for the Monroe Doctrine, and possibly for the right to cut the Panama Canal, and Mr. Roosevelt will only follow in the main in the footsteps of his predecessor. Indeed he has already promised to do so, and although all such promises are much affected by the personal equation, and by the new men whom each successive President gathers round him, still the eager approval of the promise expressed by the great Republican party must have most serious weight. The President of the United States represents, no doubt, the whole people of that great nation, but he is still the nominee, and, in part, the instrument of his own special party which raised him to power—for in the absence of Mr. McKinley Mr. Roosevelt would have been elected—and

which alone can grant him a second term; that is, can not only gratify his natural and justifiable ambitions, but can secure him the time necessary for the completion of any large or far-reaching designs. It is very rarely and under most exceptional circumstances, that the dominant party in the States completely loses all control of the President. Indeed, it has occurred only once. All the "managers" acting together could not have prevented Mr. Lincoln's second election, but, as far as we know, that situation has never occurred before, and has never reappeared.

One fact comes out very strongly in this discussion, and that is that the personality of the American President is quite as important to Europe as that of any Sovereign, and that the movements of opinion within the Republic will be watched henceforward with most eager attention. It is not only Great Britain which is interested in American policy, but the entire Continent, which, apart altogether from territorial questions, even exaggerates American control over the future economic position. The most burning question of the hour in Berlin and Vienna is whether President Roosevelt will be as completely Protectionist as President McKinley was, and whether, in promising to follow his predecessor's policy, he included or did not include the speech in which President McKinley hinted that Protection had nearly done its work, and must be exchanged for the pursuit of wider markets, which can only be secured by a policy of freer trade.

A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

V.

The flatness and unprofitableness of the present season are sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that my Log-Book for the month of June contains nothing more momentous than the Dedication Festival of St. Ursula's, Stucco Gardens. Socially, there has been even less than usual to record. Stuccovia, following the decisive example of Belgravia, has abstained from giving dances; and this, though it is hard on Bertha, has been borne with equanimity by Selina and myself. A laudable desire to counteract the extortions of the income-tax has suspended dinner-parties, and Selina and I have had several serious discussions as to the most advantageous way of disposing of the expected haunch from Proudflish Park. There is much to be said for making the fishmonger take it in part payment of his account; but, on the other hand, to present it to the Bounderleys would be a cheap and effective mode of repaying accumulated civilities. On the whole, we have agreed to defer our decision till the haunch actually arrives; for the benevolence of one's richer relations is uncertain, and Loamshire has this year shown a tendency to fail us. Our Baronets, seeing no matrimonial openings for their daughters in this clouded and abnormal season, have practiced a wise economy, and have remained at home. The head of my family, indeed, came up for the Derby, but he left his wife in the country, and it did not seem to occur to him that he might have entertained us at Claridge's, where he puts up. Selina encountered her sister-in-law, the reigning Mrs. Topham-Sawyer (for my revered mother-in-law, is alas! a dowa-

ger) at the Military Exhibition; but Mrs. T.-S. was at pains to explain that she had only come up for two nights, and was going back to Loamshire next day. So we feel that we are deserted alike by London and by the County. Whatever may have been the case in former years, the world is certainly not too much with us in 1901; and, like the repentant peeresses in Tractarian tales, we turn for consolation to the Church. Hence the unusual interest which has this year been evoked by the Dedication Festival of St. Ursula's. And here let me pay a merited tribute to the ingenuity of Mr. Soulsby. The distinguishing gift of the "Deep Church" is a singular faculty by which it discerns Meaning in the apparently Insignificant and evokes the Unexpected from the inmost recesses of the Commonplace. With this high gift Mr. Soulsby has been richly dowered. St. Ursula's was built in 1861, and for twenty years pursued an uneventful course. But then came what is called a "quickenening of Church Life." Services were multiplied, ornaments introduced. St. Ursula's "Parish Magazine" was started. A Church GUILD ("The Fishers in Deep Waters") was organized. The Dedication Festival began to be observed. Ours is a shifting population, and no one in the parish could remember the Dedication except Lady Farringford, who regards church-going as an expensive form of lunacy, and a broken-down sexton who was dismissed for tampering with the poor-box. But the quickened Church Life threw itself enthusiastically into the work of commemorating what it could not remember, and year by year, about the middle of June, Selina and Mrs. Soulsby and Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley and their

friends have lashed themselves into a fury of church-going and sermon-hearing, which the attractions of Hurlingham were unable to countervail, and from which even the Oxford and Cambridge Match was barely able to distract them. All this was well enough in ordinary times, but this year it was felt that something a little more striking was required, if only by way of foil to the social dullness of the season. It was then that the Deep Church came to our assistance, and Mr. Soulsby saw, as in a trance, the spiritual significance of a Fortieth anniversary.

A man of more ordinary mind might have been content to defer the great parochial celebration until 1911, when St. Ursula's will be fifty years old. But not so Lancelot Ludovic Soulsby. He lives in daily hope of what is pletistically termed a call to a sphere of wider influence, or a more exposed situation in the Church's battlefield. Besides, the celebration of a fiftieth anniversary had become commonplace. Everybody and everything, from Queen Victoria downward, had kept a jubilee.

The labors of a thousand preachers and ten thousand leader-writers had tabulated and moralized the happenings of half a century. But no one as yet had celebrated the Fortieth anniversary of anything; and here was an unexplored field of Significance ready to Mr. Soulsby's hand. I am not privileged (as Pennilinus says) to repair unbidden to Mr. Soulsby's study, or to penetrate into that more mysterious alcove where he receives his parochial inspiration from her whom he playfully calls his dear Egeria. But I am persuaded that one fine day Mrs. Soulsby said, "What with the war funds and what with the income-tax, the parish charities are running very low this year. I wish we could make a little extra effort at the Dedication Festival." And Mr. Soulsby instantly

replied, "Go to. Let us proclaim a Parochial *Quadragesima*." With a man of this type to conceive a great thought is to embody it in action; and he forthwith betook himself to the lively oracles of Alexander Cruden and disturbed the long repose of Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible." The result of this research was promulgated to the parish in a sermon on the following Sunday, which was reproduced in the next issue of the "Parish Magazine."

"It will not have escaped your notice, dear friends, that this summer witnesses the Fortieth anniversary of the dedication of our beloved St. Ursula's. We propose to mark the event by something of special effort, endeavoring by outward token and visible act to impress alike upon the heart and the intelligence of the truth-seeking souls who resort hitherward the little-observed but most pregnant significance of the great numeral 40.

"It is a beautiful characteristic of numbers generally that they are 'representative rather than determinate.' The learned tell us that this idea of representative numbers, so full of possible significations, so splendidly antipathetic to the dismal literalness of Cocker and Colenso, is extremely common among Eastern nations, 'who have a prejudice against counting their possessions accurately.' It enters largely into ancient systems of chronology, and it is found in the philosophical and metaphysical speculations not only of the Pythagorean and other ancient schools of philosophy, both Greek and Roman, but also in the later Jewish teachers, the Gnostic and the great Augustine himself. Those who look below the surface of what they read into the hidden depths of what the author intended will be at no loss to recall instances of numbers used representatively, or (as has been beautifully said by an exegetical writer)

'preferentially, because some meaning, which we do not in all cases understand, was attached to them.' It were superfluous to dwell on the more familiar instances of Ten (which means little) and Seven (which means less), or the result of multiplying the one by the other, which means anything you please. Let it suffice this morning when we are looking forward with chastened joy to the celebration of our great Parochial *Quadragesima*, to dwell for a moment upon the crowning mystery of 40.

"It is the special and most endearing charm of this precious numeral that, strictly construed, literally interpreted, it means nothing in particular. What, asks the man of the world, is 40 but twice 20? What, murmurs the Church, except XXXIX *plus* I? But to eyes that are spiritually opened, to ears that are properly attuned, all this nicely-calculated less or more is the merest scollism of an unawakened sense.

"No, my friends, the significance of 40 is not arithmetical but psychical. Through all literature, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, that significance runs like a silver thread. In the opulent exuberance of oriental fancy, it stands for the infinite possibilities of moral fall; and each of the Forty Thieves, could he but speak, has his separate word of warning for these perilous times. In the mordant verse of Thackeray, it is the token of ripe manhood and experienced judgment. 'Once you have come to Forty year' the errors of immaturity should be no longer yours. In the racy proverbialism of our dear native tongue she who is fair, fat and Forty, is the perfected type of the eternal feminine. In the triumphant football-chant of the soaring human boy, 'Forty years on' adumbrates the impending advent of the Golden Age."

At this point Mr. Soulsby began to

soar into sacred symbolism, illustrating his theme by the experiences of Moses and Elijah, and here it might be indecorous for the mere layman to follow him. The sermon as reproduced in the magazine runs to twenty pages; but I have cited enough to indicate the spirit in which this year we approached our Dedication Festival.

The mystic numeral was everything and everywhere. Forty (or, as Mr. Soulsby preferred to say, twice twenty) clergymen walked in the procession; Forty instruments, wind and stringed, enriched the orchestra. Five services a day during the octave produced a total of 40. The 4th, 40th, 400th and 444th hymns in "Ancient and Modern" were sung without reference to sense or subject. The Archdeacon of London blessed Forty new hassocks (a thank-offering from Mr. and Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley), and pew-rents were attached to Forty sittings hitherto free (a thank-offering to Mr. and Mrs. Soulsby).

The principal sermon on the Sunday in the octave of the Dedication was preached by my old Oxford friend, Jawkins, of Queen's. Jawkins was always a very good fellow—on pleasant terms with himself and the world—fond of popularity and the milder forms of athletic exercise; averse to mental exertion and the drudgery of the Schools, but quite sufficiently sharp to know the right thing to say about everything, and ready to enounce it, with a terrible copiousness of words, at the Union or elsewhere. But withal a genial soul, living an easy and rather jovial life, spending his money freely, and by no means averse to the modest tankard and the pipe of peace. He had, with other small accomplishments, a passable knack of rhyming; and his valedictory address to his scout was a good deal quoted at the time:

To-night I bade good-bye to Smith; he
 went, and left behind
 His good old rooms, those dear old
 rooms, where oft I sweetly dined;
 There's a new year coming up, Filcher,
 but I shall never see
 The Freshman's solid breakfast or the
 Freshman's heavy tea.

Upon this battered table, and within
 these rooms of mine,
 In the early, early morning there'll
 be many a festive shine,
 And the Dean will come and comment
 on "the most unseemly noise,"
 Saying, "Gentlemen, remember, pray,
 you're now no longer boys."

When the men come up again, Filcher,
 and the term is at its height,
 You'll never see me more in these long
 gay rooms at night;
 When the old dry wines are circling,
 and the claret-cup flows cool,
 And the loo is fast and furious with a
 fiveer in the pool.

Jawkins and I had always been
 good friends, but we belonged to dif-
 ferent colleges, and there was not
 between us that intimacy which sur-
 vives separation. So when we had
 taken our modest degrees we went our
 several ways; I to Loamshire, the Bar,
 and marriage, and Jawkins to Holy
 Orders. After he had "entered the
 Church," as press-men say, I used to
 hear of him from time to time as a
 popular curate at a southern watering-
 place, and as having won a prize at
 a lawn-tennis tournament. Then I
 heard of him established in a family
 living, and devoting his mind to the
 culture of carnations. "Poor man! He
 has taken to gardening," said the late
 Dr. Vaughan of a clerical brother at
 Doncaster, in the tone one usually re-
 serves for a friend who has taken to
 drinking. But carnations could not
 satisfy the ardent soul of Jim Jawkins;
 and, having lost sight of him for sev-
 eral years, I lately began to hear
 strange things of my former friend.

He had given up horticulture and had
 taken to reading. In his undergradu-
 ate days, he had been a bit of a Ritu-
 alist, and on Sunday evenings was
 often to be found at St. Barnabas, if
 he was not dining at the Mitre. But now
 I heard that he had begun to talk mys-
 teriously of the Higher Criticism; and
 the suspicion that he knew some Ger-
 man, combined with the certainty that
 he knew no Greek, had aroused the
 antagonism of the clerical circle in
 which he moved. The down-grade
 once touched, his descent was rapid.
 He published a small volume of unin-
 telligible sermons, and dedicated it to
 Bishop Westcott—the sort of book, as
 Dr Liddon said, which "a Little Fog
 writes and dedicates to the Great Fog."
 Very shortly afterwards he resigned
 the family living, and became a mem-
 ber of that quaint society which calls
 itself "The Community of the Mystifi-
 cation." This Society is the ark and
 sanctuary of the Deep Church. Its glory
 is to explain away everything and com-
 mit itself to nothing. It combines a
 chastened Ritualism with a prudent
 and moderate Rationalism. It keeps
 an ample stock of both commodities on
 hand, and deals them out to the pub-
 lic as the demand arises and the Jump-
 ing Cat indicates.

Its rule is admirably simple. Each
 member has to believe explicitly all
 that Canon Gore teaches, and implicit-
 ly all that he may teach in conditions
 which have not yet arisen. Each mem-
 ber must daily recite a chapter of "Lux
 Mundi" and learn by heart ten lines
 of Mr. Browning's poetry. Celibacy
 is not enforced; but each member is
 bound to follow the example of Bishop
 Ken, and make at his morning
 prayers a vow that he will not be
 married before night. A decorous as-
 ceticism, not too violently out of har-
 mony with the spirit of the age, is cul-
 tivated. Pipes are forbidden; but
 cigarettes are encouraged, with cigars

on Sundays and the greater festivals. Bicycling is condemned, but tricycling is allowed except during Lent and Advent. The associates of the community are of both sexes. What need to say that Mr. and Mrs. Soulsby are numbered among them? The social reunions of the community take place once a month, when cocoa, lemonade and mixed biscuits are consumed by a circle of elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and a paper is read by one of the members. The topics of these papers vary according to the "trend of thought" prevailing at the moment. If Rationalism is popular, they deal with "The Fairy-tale of Creation," or "Voltaire's Estimate of the Capabilities of Habakkuk." If Ritualism engages the popular mind, we have a dissertation on "Thuribles according to the Use of Bangor," or "An Inquiry into the Absence of Sky-blue from the Roman Sequence of Ecclesiastical Colors." In a community thus constituted, Jim Jawkins found himself thoroughly at home. Where his brethren were vague, he was vaguer. Where they gushed, he out-gushed the gushiest of them all. Dogma, as requiring accurate knowledge and clear thinking, was alien to his temperament; but on history—or, as he preferred to call it, Philosophy teaching by Example—he was exceptionally great. His address to a mothers' meeting on the "Social Ideals of Thomas à Becket" had a deserved renown; and when he launched his passionate argument beginning, "But you will tell me he failed at Clarendon," not a charwoman in the room but cast down her convicted eyes; not a laundress who did not quiver before the impending refutation.

Well, here was a preacher after Mr. Soulsby's own heart; and the Dedication Festival of St. Ursula's was an occasion worthy of the preacher. As he warmed to his theme, Jawkins's familiar fluency became torrential. He

protested that of all the joys of the Church's year—the full-blooded revelries of Boxing Day, the mellow glories of the Harvest Home—none were equal to the pure rapture of a Dedication Festival; and no Dedication Festival was so attractive, so imposing, as St. Ursula's. That night he went back in memory to dear old days long gone by, when he and their vicar—then two ardent and aspiring lads—had joined hand and heart in the resolve that before they died they would do something to win the soul of Christian England to a due recognition of St. Ursula, and of all that she stood for in the blood-stained annals of the Church's long crusade. And I am persuaded that for a moment he believed all this—for Jim Jawkins is an honest fellow—though as a matter of fact he had never set eyes on Soulsby till they met last year at a tea-party given by the Community of the Mystification.

A personal reminiscence of that kind always tells. The effect was instantaneous. The very choir-boys surceased from sucking peppermint and pinching one another's legs. Selina and Bertha shed tears; and the people's churchwarden, though a pork-butcher, was sensibly affected. A veritable Pactolus of copper, varied by two half-sovereigns and a five-shilling piece, flowed into the alms-bags; and we sang the 444th hymn with indescribable emotion.

Rising to the spirit of the occasion, Selina had invited Jawkins to supper after the service, and had asked a few of our more ecclesiastically-minded friends to meet him. The Soulsbys were a matter of course, but I confess that I was surprised when I heard young Bumpstead's guffaw on the stairs, and rather wondered whether our modest preparations would prove quite adequate to the demands of his extremely healthy appetite. Selina has a just objection to Sunday cooking,

and so arranges our meals on the sacred day that the cook may attend evensong or walk with the policeman, according as her inclination may prompt. Our supper was therefore of a chilly and unexhilarating type—sandwiches and salad, Paysandu ox-tongues and tinned fishes, with some many-colored combinations of jelly and jam and cake and cream, which our cook, a woman of imperfect education, described on the *menu* as "Cold Sweats." This sort of fare does very well for Soulsby, who at the best of times is no great performer with the knife and fork; and for Jawkins who is bound by the rule of his community to drink a cup of Bovril and eat three Plasmon biscuits in the vestry immediately after preaching. But I could detect a look of ill-concealed disgust on the expressive countenance of young Bumpstead, as he surveyed our elegantly-spread board and thought regretfully of the Sunday sirloin of which he had neglected to eat a third helping at one o'clock. To me courteously proffering a sound dinner Nierstelner at 13s. a dozen, he replied, almost brusquely, that he wasn't a whale at that sort of tippie, but that, if I could let him have a toothful of bitter, it would do him a treat. At ordinary times so ill-mannered a demand would have elicited from my dear Selina one of those acrid sarcasms before which the boldest quails. But now, to my astonishment, she only said: "It is so stupid of you, Robert, not to have beer always on the table; I have told you repeatedly that so many people prefer it to whisky, and I am sure it must be more wholesome than that dreadful hock of yours. Of course you will say that women know nothing about wine; but all I can say is that I finished some which you left a few Sundays ago and it made me ill for a week."

This unlooked-for rally to the sup-

port of Philistinism left me dumb-founded; and it was not till several days later that the mystery explained itself. Rummaging in what Selina calls her "boudoir" for the price-list of Harrod's Stores, I came upon a concealed copy of "Burke's Landed Gentry," which opened of its own accord at the letter B and the name

BUMPSTEAD.

"Bumpstead, John, Esq., J.P., D.L., of the Fox Holes, Hampshire. Born 1840. Married 1870. And has issue (with several daughters) an only surviving son,

John Thomas, in Holy Orders,
b. 1876."

This, as Mrs. Nickleby said on an historic occasion, came upon me like a flash of fire, and almost froze my blood. Or, if that be too vehement an expression, it is at least true to say that I now perceived a new and unexpected motive in Selina's domestic policy. Dear old Mrs. Topham-Sawyer now resides in the dower-house of The Sawbits; which is indeed the bailiff's cottage disguised with a portico and dignified with a greenhouse. Of course she is what the Irish so expressively term "An Encumbrancer," and Selina's eldest brother has been heard not seldom to grumble at the amount of his mother's jointure, out of all proportion, he says, to the income of the estate. But, even so, it barely suffices for the requirements of genteel life in Loamshire, with three weeks at the seaside in the fall of the leaf. It therefore becomes a matter of natural plety for Selina to let one or other of her unmarried sisters occupy our spare room during the season; and lately Bertha has shown an inclination to begin her visits soon after Christmas, and prolong them till we go to Harrogate. An easy benevolence is, if a man is any judge of his own character, my distinguishing quality; and I have done

my best to facilitate what I believed to be Selina's designs for her sister's happiness. Stuccovia, though it knows little of the Peerage or the Guards, is not destitute of eligible youth. The Cashingtons have a son in a Cavalry regiment, who looks like a picture on the outside of a comic song; and young Randolph Bounderley (named after a departed statesman) is on the Stock Exchange, wears a Malmaison carnation, and drives himself to the City in a buggy.

Believing that Selina would gladly welcome either of these youths as a brother-in-law, I have shown them partial civility; have given them dinners at my more expensive club; and, when they dined with us, have substituted a costly *Lanson* for the despised *Niersteiner*. Young Bumpstead, on the other hand, I have always thought it safer to keep at arm's length; and thereby have, as I flattered myself, played into the hands of

Selina, who was never tired of denouncing him. But it is difficult for man, slow man, to keep pace with the vicissitudes of feminine policy, and Selina's conduct on the occasion of our Sunday supper showed me that I was quite on the wrong tack. After supper Bumpstead was allowed to smoke on the balcony, while Bertha prattled artlessly of the collection and the parochial treat. And later, when Bertha played a Vesper Hymn of Mr. Soulsby's composing, Bumpstead turned over the music for her, and pronounced the performance "rippling," without a hint of rebuke from Selina, who normally detests slang. I once knew a lady of the highest Tory opinions who condoned the regicidal conduct of Cromwell when she found that he belonged to the landed classes of Huntingdonshire; and something of this territorial sympathy animates the gentle bosom of my loved Selina.

The Cornhill Magazine.

ÆLFRED THE KING.

Roll back, ye centuries; and thou, oblivious Time,
Lift up thine ancient veil.

Now let the stately march of sounding rhyme
Pour in our ears the tale

Of him, whom clear-voic'd Fame with trumpet-tongue
Acclaims the glorious source whence all our glories first were
sprung.

Hail, Ælfred! Like a mighty battle-tower
Set on a high uplifted signal-hill,

Impregnable in power,
Steadfast and still;—

Like a great rock, that feels the imperious climb
Of the rough beating seas
Round his unshaken knees;—

Thou stand'st to ravage and assault of Time,
O'ertopping twice five hundred cloudy years;
Ours, though ten centuries of stormy fears

Ælfred the King.

Between us roll their flood
 Of battles, toils, and blood,
 Ours, ours to-day, great King and greater Man,
 In whose large heart and brain this living Empire first began.

Dark was thine hour, O England! The wild Dane
 Swept with his wild white wings across the seas,
 And from his shrieking prey again and yet again
 Tore out the quivering life,
 Till the red blood ran fast o'er all the abandoned leas;
 And faint with its last throes

To dull despair ebb'd out that desperate strife.
 Then, in lone Athelney, Ælfred the king uprose,
 And called his scattered warriors to his knees,
 And bade them lift the Wessex standard high,
 March, fight and conquer!—not lie down and die.

Then flamed the Golden Dragon to the sun;
 Then were thy glories, England, well begun;
 Then was thine ancient strength, like a great forest tree,
 First rooted in the people's heart; for then
 Did Saxon Ælfred with his Saxon men
 Build that great building, which should grow to be
 A temple sacred to the just, the free—
 One Empire, though it stretch from pole to pole and sea to sea.

For that great heart no lust of conquest knew,
 But drave a ceaseless sword
 Against the people's foes
 Till Ethandune brought all the land repose;
 Then sheathing the red blade
 That in the battle's hottest front had made
 His enemies afraid,
 A king indeed, to his high kingship true,
 Before all men he stood,
 And like a mighty prophet, with: "Thus saith the Lord!"
 Uplifted Truth and Justice to their place;
 And building on the base
 Of God's sure law his own,
 Founded a glorious throne,
 And so established for all time a grateful people's good.

Lord of our outland foes! Tamer of heathen pride!
 Far rolls the mighty stream of waters wide,
 With full majestic course,
 That had in thee their living spring and source.
 For thou who badest stand
 Walled cities and strong gates to guard this land,
 More glorious yet than these,
 Gavest us all the seas

For highway of our greatness; fixing fast
Our empire o'er the waves, long as these widening realms
shall last.

Hail, hail to Ælfred! Hall!
Fighter of fights that made a people free,
Framer of laws that taught them what to be;
Around whose kingly name
Yet fuller glories shine,
Bright with the spiritual part of fame
That owns its birth divine.
To him the true Promethean soul was given
That burns to scale the high ascents of heaven;
Insatiate with desire
Of the celestial fire
That glows on those eternal altars fed
Where Truth and Wisdom dwell, with radiant wings out-
spread.
So was that high heart set,
His people being free, to raise them higher yet;
Enkindling in the thick obscure of night
That love of Knowledge which itself is dawning light.

Hail, hail to Ælfred! Hall
Now are the full years ripened for his praise,
Who in those far-off days
Shaping our island roughness, made it shine;
Till like a jewel from the cavern'd mine
Wrought, polish'd, carv'd and set
In a king's coronet,
Slowly, at last, it wins its bright imperial way,
Through evil days and good, to the proud place it holds to-day.

Strength of the nations, Lord our God most high!
Still make our foes to fly;
Still give within our borders rich increase,
Blessing our hearths with joyfulness and peace;
But lest our glorious name
Be blotted out in shame,
Rebuke the boasting lip, bow down the lofty head,
Now while we think upon great Ælfred dead.
So shall the land that guards that honor'd dust
Bring forth a people like to him—the Strong, the Wise, the
Just.

Ada Bartrick Baker.

BORN HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY MRS. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

Born housekeepers are not necessarily ideal housekeepers. The ideal in this kind has perhaps never yet been born into our servant-training, child-rearing, husband-humoring, dinner-ordering, housekeeping world, or has succumbed to its fiery ordeals before her possibilities were recognized.

The vocation is so trying, makes such insatiable demands on strength, temper, foresight and judgment alike, that if housekeepers, like poets, were not continually being born into a world that truly needs both—born with that mysterious impelling instinct of genius to fulfil itself which is so great a blessing to humanity—and if the supply were not thus supernaturally maintained, society would surely disintegrate into a dreary aggregation of human atoms knowing neither house nor home. No woman, I repeat, would of her own choice, and having gained years of discretion, choose to be a housekeeper—to face the trials, the discouragements, the criticism, inseparable from housekeeping—if she were not from the cradle ripening for such an arduous career. Note how artlessly the embryo housekeeper follows her instinct, and how that innocent instinct is calculated upon and designingly fostered by a commercial world. Why are dolls manufactured by the million, doll-houses contrived and furnished, tiny thimbles, sewing-machines, tea-sets, flat-irons, mangles, churns, made in such quantities as to stock numberless shops; and why are fascinating dinner-sets, with the most realistically colored roast chickens, and pink hams, and ripe oranges, and vividly-green gherkins thrown in the way of women-children if not to hedge in any wandering fancy and to rivet with pretty

fetters the little born housekeeper to her grim vocation? True, these artful lures are called toys, and sold in toy-shops, and usually presented to children by those who love them best; so foregone a conclusion is it that we must all dree our weild, and the happiness of the individual must be sacrificed for the happiness of the greatest number.

Housekeepers, then, are born with an instinct for their vocation, an instinct that may be stifled, or fostered, or—and more generally is—left to fulfil itself. Most of our housekeepers, when they begin to keep house, are amateurs, and live to rue their lack of systematic training. We have never known a housekeeper who quite realized the ideal we meet, though rarely, in books; and, before studying a series of types from literature leading up to this ideal, let us briefly—for it is an ungracious task—point out two faults to which the housekeeper is most prone.

First and best, she is too altruistic. It is demoralizing to live with a very good housekeeper. Her cares are all for others, not herself. She leaves you no chance of being provident or considerate, or of enduring hardship. She thorough-cleans, preserves, reads cookery-books, writes store-orders, supervises the plumber, is round with the butcher, is as watchful as a dragon and as patient as Job—for pleasure? No, for the benefit of others, and all this so unceasingly that, as I complain, she never gives you an opportunity of developing any of these virtues, but rather makes them more difficult for you.

Her other fault is her limited view. Too often for her the world is bounded by the walls of her house, and ought

to be controlled by her laws in all matters of expediency. She once said characteristically, when her daughter's future husband came, all radiant, to announce that the daughter in question had agreed to marry him on a certain Tuesday: "Well, I call that *very* inconsiderate of Alice. Tuesday's the washing-day!"

Our first and lowest species of housekeeper, as much a caricature as any Gilray ever drew, and yet a type, is thus contemptuously sketched by Hazlitt, apropos of its extinction in the modern process of feminine education, which he respects as little: "After visits and finery," he says, "a married woman of the old school had nothing to do but to attend to housewifery. She had no other resource, no other sense of power but to harangue and lord it over her domestics. Modern book-education supplies the place of the old-fashioned system of kitchen persecution and eloquence. A well-bred woman now seldom goes into the kitchen to look after the servants; formerly what was called a good manager, an exemplary mistress of a family, did nothing but hunt them from morning to night, from one year's end to another, without leaving them a moment's peace or comfort or rest. Now a servant is left to do her work without this suspicious and tormenting interference at every step, and she does it all the better. The proverbs about the mistress's eye, etc., are no longer current. A woman from this habit, which at last became an uncontrollable passion, would scold her maids for fifty years together, and nothing would stop her." Hazlitt was somewhat prejudiced; but such a type as he pictures no doubt did once exist, and was probably famous in her day as "a born housekeeper."

As much esteemed, and as little loved, was such a type as the second Mrs. Balwhidder, immortalized in

Galt's delightful "Annals of the Parish." After their marriage, her husband, the parish minister, relates: "We went on a pleasure jaunt to Glasgow, where we bought a miracle of useful things for the manse that neither the first Mrs. Balwhidder nor I ever thought of; but the second Mrs. Balwhidder that was, had a geni for management, and it was extraordinary what she could go through. Well may I speak of her with commendations, for she was the bee that made my honey. . . . There was such a buying of wool to make blankets, with a booming of the meikle wheel to spin the same, and such birring of the little wheel for sheets and napery, that the manse was for many a day like an organ kist. Then we had milk cows, and the calves to bring up, and a kirning of butter, and a making of cheese; in short, I was almost by myself with the jangle and din, which prevented me from writing a book as I had proposed, and I for a time thought of the peaceful and kindly nature of the first Mrs. Balwhidder with a sigh. But the outcoming was soon manifest. . . . Our dairy was just a coling of money, insomuch that after the first year we had the whole tot of my stipend to put untouched into the bank." Soon, during a visit to Edinburgh, "Mrs. Balwhidder bought her silver teapot and other ornamental articles; but this was not done, as she assured me, in a vain spirit of bravery, which I could not have abided, but because it was well known that tea draws better in a silver pot, and drinks pleasanter in a china cup, than out of any other kind of cup or teapot." Later, the poor husband is forced to groan: "Often could I have found it in my heart to have banned that never-ceasing industry, and to tell Mrs. Balwhidder that the married state was made for something else than to make napery and to beetle blankets; but it was her hap-

piness to keep all at work, and she had no pleasure in any other way of life, so I sat many a night by the fire-side with resignation, sometimes in the study and sometimes in the parlor; and as I was doing nothing, Mrs. Balwhidder said it was needless to light the candle." "Her greatest fault," he remarks after her death—"the best have their faults—was an over-earnestness to gather gear;" and he goes on dutifully to record how he was able to portion his daughter and establish his son in business more handsomely than was usual with other sons and daughters of country manes, which was all "the gathering of that indefatigable engine of industry, the second Mrs. Balwhidder, whose talents her successor said were a wonder."

A more lovable type, though certainly not such a successful engine of industry, is Mrs. Tulliver, stupid and remarkably illogical, but a comfortable, motherly woman.

Her cheese-cakes were so admirably light that "a puff o' wind 'ud make them blow about like feathers," Kezia the housemaid said, feeling proud to live under a mistress who could make such pastry. Mrs. Tulliver had been a Miss Dodson. There were particular ways of doing everything in that family; particular ways of bleaching the linen, making the cowslip-wine, curing the hams, and keeping the bottled gooseberries. When Mr. Tulliver was ruined, and bailiffs were in possession of the house, her children looked everywhere for their mother, and at last opened the store-room door. Mrs. Tulliver was seated there with all her laid-up treasures. One of the linen-chests was open, the silver teapot was unwrapped from its many folds of paper, and the best china was laid out on the top of the closed linen-chests; spoons and skewers and ladles were spread on rows on the shelves; and the poor woman was shaking her head and

weeping, with a bitter tension of the mouth, over the mark of "Elizabeth Dodson" on the corner of some table-cloths she held in her lap. Her sister Pullet said, "I'd buy-in the spotted table-cloths. I couldn't speak fairer; but as for the teapot she doesn't want to go out of the family, it stands to sense I can't do with *two* silver teapots, not if it hadn't a straight spout; but the spotted damask I was always fond on." Poor Mrs. Tulliver's wall over her china is characteristic: "There's never been a bit broke, for I washed it myself; and there's the tulips on the cups and the roses, as anybody might go and look at them for pleasure. You wouldn't like *your* chaney to go for an old song, and be broke to pieces."

Another and perhaps slightly higher type of born housekeeper is John Milton's Eve—his ideal, one must suppose, of woman and housekeeper, but how far short of what might be, in both! She has always seemed to the present writer a prosaic, dull woman, only becoming interesting in the Ninth Book. However, she had true housekeeping instincts, and when Adam warned her of the approach of the Angel, whom they ought to entertain:

With dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order so contrived as not to mix
Tastes not well joined, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change. . . .
She gathers tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed
She tempers dulcet creams.

While Adam and his heavenly guest ate together, Eve ministered to them, and their flowing cups

With pleasant liquors crowned.

My next type is King Solomon's ideal, a large-minded and capable woman, whose traits must have been suggested by some character personally known to the writer, and not wholly a creature of the imagination. This woman, of two thousand six hundred years ago, was strong, active, large-hearted, wise. She looked well to the ways of her household, and was an early riser. She ordered her food and other supplies beforehand from distant places. She knew the value of land, and her handiwork is repeatedly spoken of. She could spin and embroider beautiful garments for herself, and weave fine linen. Her children blessed her; her husband trusted her and praised her. She fed and clothed her household liberally, and was open-handed to the poor and needy; her words were wise and worth listening to; and the crowning touch is given to a very charming picture in the significant remark, "In her tongue is the law of kindness."

We have only space for two more types. The first has the interest of being drawn from life by a hand at once skilful and tender. It is Mr. Barrie's portrait of his mother, Margaret Ogilvy. "She was eight years old," he writes, "when her mother's death made her mistress of the house and mother to her little brother; and from that time she scrubbed and mended, and baked and sewed, and argued with the fletcher about the quarter-pound of beef and penny bone which provided dinner for two days (if you think this was poverty you don't know the meaning of the word), and she carried the water from the pump, and had her washing-days, and her ironings, and a stock-

ing always on the wires for odd moments, and gossiped like a matron with the other women, and humored the men with a tolerant smile. . . . She never went for a walk in her life. Many long trudges she had as a girl when she carried her father's dinner to the country place where he was at work; but to walk with no end save the good of your health seemed a very droll proceeding to her. In her younger days, she was positive, no one had ever gone for a walk; and she never lost the belief that it was an absurdity introduced by a new generation with too much time on their hands. That they enjoyed it she could not believe; it was merely a form of showing off."

The story of the six hair-bottomed chairs, with which the book opens, records one of the triumphs of this born housekeeper. No queen could take such keen delight in a new palace as did this peasant woman in these hard-won chairs. She was ill in bed, and forbidden to rise, but so fain of her great purchase that, no sooner was she left alone than "she was discovered barefooted in the west room, doctoring a scar (which she had been the first to detect) on one of the chairs, or sitting on them regally, or withdrawing and opening the door suddenly to take the six by surprise." Her attitude towards politics was thoroughly that of a housekeeper. "She could never be brought to look upon politics as of serious concern for grown folks (a class in which she scarcely included man), and she gratefully gave up reading leaders," her son records, "the day I ceased to write them. But, like want of reasonableness, a love for having the last word, want of humor and the like, politics were in her opinion a mannish attribute to be tolerated; and Gladstone was the name of something which makes all our sex such queer characters. But in the idolizing of Gladstone she recognized, nevertheless,

needle in such a way as to show she was familiar with its use; and when she wanders to seek food and shelter into the cave where her two unknown brothers live as woodmen with their foster-father, at once the charm of her character makes itself felt. The three men come home from hunting very tired and hungry, glad to remember there is cold meat in the cave:

 We'll browse on that
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

The old man, looking into the cave, says:

 Stay; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think

Here were a fairy.

Guidarius. What's the matter, sir?
By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

How the three welcome and devote themselves to this supposed boy, and how Imogen naturally becomes housekeeper to the little company, is charming.

Chambers's Journal.

ingly told. Her two brothers talk about her as they go out to hunt, in a rapturous commendation:

 How angel-like he sings!
But his neat cookery! He cuts our roots
In characters,
And sauced our broths, as Juno had
 been sick,
And he her dieter.

Would any but a skilled housekeeper, who loved the task, have contrived both dainty garnishing and sauces from the resources of a cave-kitchen? Even though we know they are mistaken, we cannot read without sympathetic heartache the regrets of the three hunters when they come back and find

 The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. . . .
 Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst
 have made.

And we sigh as they bury under a pall of flowers this "most rare boy," this born housekeeper.

ONE DAY.

A tremulous light came creeping
Into the east at morn.
While half of the world was sleeping
The little new day was born.

But one sick child was waking,
And watching with weary eyes,
For the first faint sign of breaking
Of light in the eastern skies.

"Little new day, my morrow,
What do you hold for me?
Is it delight or sorrow
Deep in your hands I see?"

"Little sick child, I carry
That which shall make you blest.
'Twill not be long I tarry,
Then—I will give you rest."

Out of the world went winging
The weary, old, worn-out day,
But the child to his hand was clinging,
And together they slipped away.

Katharine A. Brock.

THE SPECTACULAR ELEMENT IN DRAMA.*

There is one very noticeable fact about the modern theatre, and that is the popularity of Shakespearian performances. Shakespeare oncespelt ruin, now he is the handbook of prosperity. Many causes contribute to this result; for example, the spread of such education as is represented by University-extension lectures, which have taught thousands of the class for whom fifty years ago the stage would have been anathema, to go to a play of Shakespeare almost as they go to church, with the sense of accomplishing a duty and setting a good example. It is part of the ritual to read up the play before hand, and the extreme zealots like to have a copy in their hands during the performances, that they may check the actor's delivery of the text. However, these are happily a small minority of any audience, even in a provincial town during the course of a popular lecturer. The mass of people go to the theatre to be entertained; and the fact that they find Shakespeare entertaining is a triumph of stage management. Critics talk a great deal of dramatic unity; but the truth is that if you want to keep a miscellaneous audience interested for three hours or even two,

variety is the more important requisite. And the intelligent actor-manager finds that no dramatist gives such scope for varied interest as the great Elizabethan (to whom no author's fees need be paid). Apart from the variation of tragedy with comedy, Shakespeare's plays are all in the highest degree spectacular and full of lively action; they lend themselves naturally to the most elaborate mounting.

Of course, according to the creed of persons of culture, all this is rank heresy. We are continually asked to believe that it would be more artistic to produce Elizabethan plays as they are produced by the Elizabethan Stage Society; that Shakespeare, as Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Tree present him, is smothered under trappings. Such anxiety is touching, but Shakespeare is hard to smother. He can take care of himself. Undoubtedly numberless spectators enjoyed the performance of "Twelfth Night" at Her Majesty's Theatre (which is the real suggestion of this article) who would not have enjoyed it without the scenery, singing and other accessories. That is to say, it was enjoyed by many people who did not care particularly, perhaps did not care at all, about the poetry of the play. But on the other

* *The Stage in America, 1897-1900.* By Norman Hapgood. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

hand, we deny absolutely that the sumptuous setting detracted in any way from the pleasure of the poetry for those who did care about it. The lines

Oh, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence,

were none the less beautiful because they were spoken by a man who made the centre of a picture in color and grouping very like a Delacroix. In a word, it is our conviction that when Mr. Tree arranged "Twelfth Night" as a kind of sublimated variety entertainment, he did what was not merely legitimate, but artistically right; and that the public which, in going to the theatre, demands a spectacle, obeys a sound instinct. Those who think otherwise ignore the history of the art.

For, after all, what have people always gone to the theatre for? Etymology does not hesitate about the answer. They go to see, to assist at a spectacle. Any theory of the dramatic art which ignores this aspect of the truth must deplorably cramp the possibilities of the stage and deny to the spectators their appropriate pleasure. Yet, in fact, modern drama does so, thinking of all that lies beyond the footlights as the auditorium, and treating the eye as subsidiary to the intelligence. This commits the drama to a rigorous logic which is fatal to its free existence, for the eye is no logician, but you must reason with the ear. Unless, indeed, you sling to it; and if a modern audience would acquiesce in conventions as contentedly at the play as at the opera, things would go better with the drama. It is at least probable that when the drama was at its most perfect development, in the day of Sophocles, the whole performance was primarily sensuous in its appeal, and resembled a modern opera

much more than a modern play. Only, the sense specially appealed to was of sight, not of hearing.

When the Athenian cobbler got up early in the morning and hurried away to pay his two obols and take his place in the theatre to see the "Orestela" of Æschylus performed, are we to suppose that he was drawn solely by a passion for poetry? Can we believe that as those astounding choruses were chanted at him he caught all the words, or, if he did, that he grasped their meaning? For our part we cannot. He probably went out to see rather than to hear; and whatever he heard was continually accompanied by magnificent spectacle. Those who had the good fortune to see Mr. Ben Greet's company playing "As you like it" out of doors on a fine day in some beautiful garden when Mrs. Patrick Campbell, not yet famous, was the Rosalind, will not need to be reminded of the infinite charm attainable by beauty of person accompanied by beauty, freedom and eloquence of gesture in an attractive setting. But the theatre at Athens, with its huge expanse of marble and its outlook over the blue sea, must have been, on a day of festival, not merely attractive, but one of the finest sights the world has seen. There was gathered together a populace whose physical perfection is attested by a thousand statues, and who were in that stage of artistic development at which even the artisan can make nothing that is ugly. They were a people who possessed the plastic sense in a higher degree than any other people in any age has possessed it, and before them on the stage were figures trained to make of themselves living statues; while the chorus, chosen for their beauty, were drilled in all their movements by a poet in whom the sense of form was supreme. The Athenian cobbler saw all this magnificent tableau grouping itself before his

eyes, and, having the instinct of an artistic race, he rejoiced in the spectacle. Then a man came forward and spoke a speech marvellously written, and no doubt marvellously delivered. But, let it not be forgotten, the actor was before the spectators like a moving statue, destitute of facial expression. Masked, he was ridiculous if he ceased to be statuesque; he had to satisfy the sense of form as well as the intelligence. The speech ended; then came song and dance—tragic song and tragic dance—but still, song and dance, appealing to faculties other than the logical. Words, indeed, were chanted; yet words like those suddenly heard could at best only vaguely affect a normal intelligence. Dialogue followed, alternating with set speeches; then song and dance again, relieving the strain of the acted drama and weaving a kindred emotion through a different medium. Variety in unity, unity in variety was the essence of the thing, poetry and spectacle blended. But the attraction of poetry, with its appeal to the intelligence rather than to the sense, was intermittent; the attraction of the spectacle, the appeal to the eye, as continuous as the appeal of music to the ear in opera.

Mr. Norman Hapgood, a versatile and brilliant young American writer, who has made a book of his experiences as a dramatic critic, reminds us in his reflections on this subject of Aristotle's dictum:—

"Scenery," says Aristotle briefly, "has an emotional attraction of its own, but of all the parts (of a play) it is the least artistic, and connected least with the art of poetry."

In so far as this applies to the inanimate scenery, the stage properties, it is true, but it does not mean that scenery should be dispensed with. Decoration may be inappropriate, excessive,

as it was, in Mr. Hapgood's opinion, at Sir Henry Irving's performance, when "the tragic quality of Macbeth" was "smothered in magnificent adornment." But scenery, having its own emotional value, cannot possibly be too good, and we may be very sure that the Greeks made it as good as they could get it. If Aristotle really meant to say, as it is possible he would have said, that the spectacular element in drama is unimportant, it may be pertinent to observe that Aristotle lived at the time when decadence had set in, and polite comedy had begun to supersede tragedy and the grotesque poetry of Aristophanes.

Drama begins as a pageant—as a religious ceremony, representing events by action, and to a less degree by narrative. Its natural development is towards the logical evolution of a story by means of word and gesture (taking gesture in its widest sense so as to include action); and the end of this development is realism, which, so far as we can judge, means ultimately the death of all pleasure on the stage that is not the pleasure of prose comedy. There is nothing so inartistic as to apply the logical faculty where its application is irrelevant. Plato knew this perfectly, and when he set out to attack the ethical justification of art he did so by an unfair use of logic. Why does a man pretend to be in pain when he is not in pain? he asked. Why does he declare himself to be a god when we know that he is only so-and-so of such-and-such a deme? Reasoning like that makes nine-tenths of art impossible, and it is only the extreme type of a process that is natural to the human mind. Critics who wish to maintain the standard of an art are therefore bound to fight against it. They are bound to point out incessantly that the spectacle offered by the stage does not profess to be actual life, but only a representation bearing a certain con-

ventional relation to the facts of human existence. The more you concede to the claim of realism, insisting that the relation shall be drawn closer and closer, the less you can concede to the exigencies of plastic beauty, to the need for a spectacle, and the closer you clip the wings of poetry. There must always be a certain amount of voluntary illusion contributed by the spectator; the factor which determines the convention of dramatic art is the answer to the question, how much illusion the dramatist can count upon. The Greeks had their own way of answering this question, and it was an odd one enough. They insisted increasingly upon the unity of time, the concentration of action within twenty-four hours, which Aristotle formulated in accordance with the existing practice. Æschylus, as we must hold in spite of Dr. Verrall's too ingenious argument, neglected that formula in the "Agamemnon;" but public opinion was presumably against such license, as it is not taken elsewhere. The Athenian audience, which was willing to suppose the passage of hours in a space of some minutes, would not suppose the passage of an equivalent number of years. In this respect the convention of modern drama is much less exacting than the ancient, but in others the Greek theatre seems almost absurdly out of touch with life. Murder is done in the hearing of a crowd, and the crowd, exceedingly distressed, still faithfully keep their place on the stage. There are many Greek tragedies open to the satire directed against them by Mr. A. E. Housman, himself poet as well as scholar, in the delightful parody from which it is a pleasure to quote.

Eriphyla (within). O, I am smitten
with a hatchet's jaw;
And that in deed, and not in word
alone.

Cho. I thought I heard a sound within the house

Unlike the voice of one that jumps for joy.

Eri. He splits my skull, not in a friendly way,

Once more: he purposes to kill me dead.

Cho. I would not be reputed rash, but yet

I doubt if all be gay within the house—

Eri. O! O! another stroke! that makes the third.

He stabs me to the heart against my wish.

Cho. If that be so, thy state of health is poor;

But thine arithmetic is quite correct.

Nevertheless it is pretty clear that the Greeks were right, even when most sublimely illogical. They recognized the conditions of their spectacle, and they saw that living statuary could not plunge into violent action. The Japanese, the only modern race which can be compared with them in the diffusion of artistic intelligence, are said to have on their classic stage a convention based by far more largely on voluntary illusion than the Greek. But it is also at least probable that the line of criticism implied in Mr. Housman's parody was not unknown in Athens, and that, as men began to let their sense of logic play upon the Attic tragedy and draw its deductions in caustic humor, the drama of Æschylus and Sophocles gave place to the drama of Menander. Euripides was halfway to comedy in the concessions to naturalism which Aristophanes so fiercely resented. Directly he began to introduce the common passions of ordinary men and women on to the stage he altered the character of the performance, and brought in an element inconsistent with the marmoreal dignity of that spectacle. What he wrote was at its best not less admirable poetry than that of Æschylus or Sophocles, but it was probably less suited to the Attic stage.

There is one question continually asked among students—whether it is better to read Shakespeare or to see him played. We may not know as much about the Greek theatre as we could wish, but we know enough to make it impossible for that question to be put in regard to the plays of Sophocles. Even to see them played inadequately in something like their true setting throws more light on their perfect adjustment to the stage parts than a year of study. The representations in the chalk-pit at Bradfield were surprising in their revelation, but most noticeably that of the “*Antigone*,” about ten years back, because in that case the performers were happily gifted with physical beauty and dignity. And parts of the play, such as the lyrical antiphony of wailing with which the drama concludes, took on an extraordinary vitality and interest that they wholly lacked in the coldness of a printed page. If one may use the word “music” in Plato’s sense as a kind of high harmony controlling and combining all of the arts, then it is safe to say that a tragedy of Sophocles, as it was represented at Athens, was a superb musical composition, satisfying ear and eye, the sense of melody, the sense of rhythm and the sense of form, not less than the intelligence which takes its pleasure in the beauty of thought and the hidden color of words. The Athenian cobbler saw what we can never see, and it is probable that if the “*Oresteia*” had been offered to him only a piece of printed literature he would have cared very little about it. For the mass of mankind in all ages, though it may value the ballad and the epic, cares little about the highly intellectualized forms of poetry, and about tragic poetry least of all.

At Rome tragedy was always an exotic. In the literatures of the modern world the French and the English hold the first place in drama, but with

widely dissimilar products. From the outset they had in common this difference from the antique, that plays were no longer represented to the population of a whole town; and, the spectator sitting at closer quarters, masks were dispensed with, and the actor acquired a new means of expression in facial gesture. Gesture came to be criticized less and less for its plastic effect, more and more for its intellectual significance, its message to the mind, that helped out the story. But except in this, the French and English stages differed by a whole heaven. In France tragedy derived directly from the Latin and through that from the Greek. A nation possessed with a sort of passion for logic, and born amateurs of diction, contented themselves with plays whose one object was to exhaust the logical content of a given situation and its development. To everybody except Frenchmen, French tragedies of the classic type are infinitely monotonous. It was the Greek model, stripped of the interludes of song and dance, which at Athens gave the needed variety. The French comedy even when using verse confined itself strictly to the spirit of prose. But in England there arose a dramatic literature which owed nothing to Greece and Rome except the suggestion that such things as stage plays might be a form of literature; and indeed the drama was close on its climax before the persons of culture in England would admit that it had any claim to serious consideration. It grew straight from the soil, and it had its full response in the hearts of the people whom it was written to please. And, moreover, even in comedy, it was, like the Greek, essentially poetic. How, then, did Shakespeare and his fellows solve the problem of winning an audience for poetry, and especially for tragic poetry, from a crowd to whom bull-baiting presented a rival attraction?

For it must be remembered that Shakespeare was first and foremost a provider of popular entertainments. Sidney and his coterie had theories about the drama which condemned the groundlings. Even Ben Jonson had theories and ran in the teeth of public taste. But Shakespeare was a writer as deliberately popular as, for example, Mr. Hall Caine. The illustration is carefully chosen, for no one will suppose that Mr. Hall Caine conceives himself to be derogating from the highest standards by his deliberate appeal to the largest public. It is possible, though highly improbable, that Shakespeare took himself as seriously as does Mr. Hall Caine; but, at all events, he was plainly determined to entertain the people, whom, on the other hand, Lord Buckhurst with his Senecan tragedies, and Ben Jonson with his "learned sock," were quite willing to bore. How, then, did Shakespeare succeed in making tragedy popular? Are we to suppose that he relied on the intrinsic attractiveness of good poetry? In a measure, no doubt; and yet with the facts of human nature in our minds and Hamlet's speech before our eyes, are we not bound to consider that poetry as poetry would have been ranked by Shakespeare as "caviare to the general?" It seems pretty clear that what Shakespeare and the rest relied on mainly was story—a sensational presentment of exciting events. Every drama relies centrally on plot; "the plot is the vital principle," as Aristotle said. But the Elizabethan drama, as compared with the Greek, had a much greater narrative interest. The Elizabethans made themselves a help out of a hindrance, and since their performance was deficient in the spectacular element, having no scenery, they obtained variety in the construction by a rapid succession of brief scenes. Thus the Shakespearian drama was almost as unfettered as the novel, and

indeed in many respects it is nearer to the novel than to the Greek tragedy. But, even so, Shakespeare did not feel that he could hold an audience with a tale of unrelieved gloom, and, to avoid wearying the listeners or depressing them, he had recourse to comic relief.

At Athens, where unbroken tragedy was, if we can believe anything, passionately enjoyed, the general atmosphere of gloom was relieved by the plastic beauty and studied rhythmic variety of the performance. In London the Audience were cramped in a frowsy theatre, the players cramped on an undecorated stage, and the appeal to the eye could be made only by their graces of person—in a performance where boys played the women. And therefore Shakespeare, the popular playwright, whenever he could do so, wove into the fabric of his tragedy a thread of comedy. In "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet," the two best acting plays in the world, that never fall of their effect though they should be played in a barn by the lowest mummers, there is as much comedy as tragedy. In "Othello" comedy is deeply rooted; Iago breathes its very atmosphere. But in "Macbeth" comedy has no part. How does Shakespeare get over the difficulty? First by the tremendous prominence given to the witches, whose weird figures have a purely spectacular value independent of scenery; and, secondly, by the intrusion of a comic patch which is a mere concession to the groundlings. In the very height of that sublime tragic effect when the knocking breaks in on Macbeth's terrible suspense like a summons to the day of judgment, and continues through the brief words that pass between him and the woman returning with her dabbled hands—in the very height of this Shakespeare interpolates the porter's clowning; and Macduff, entering with Lennox from the clear outdoor air into this tragic

hostel, has to take part in a skipping dialogue before the true drama resumes with the new-comer's awful question to Macbeth: "Is the King stirring, sir?" Again, in "King Lear" there is not a hint of comedy; the fool in his growing fright is a personage as tragic as the King. The growing oppression of the tragedy finds a relief indeed in the two scenes where Kent assaults Oswald—scenes full of vigor and animal spirits; but, even so, Shakespeare was afraid that his audience would not stand the strain. And accordingly at the end of two scenes—first at the end of Act I and afterwards when Lear is led out of the storm by Kent—the fool takes the stage after the other characters have left, and does his best to put the pit in good humor. In all probability he danced a breakdown in addition to reciting the prophecy that "Merlin shall make."

In short the darker and more pervading the atmosphere of tragedy, the more did Shakespeare feel obliged to relieve it with mirth so irrelevant as to prove how little he relied upon even the superbest poetry to hold his audience. He deliberately weakened the effect of his art upon the nerves by providing an outlet in laughter. Now it seems to us that the resources of the modern stage dispense largely with that necessity by giving the people something to look at as well as something to hear and think about. Setting aside "Lear," which Charles Lamb rightly declared to transcend the possibility of acting, we may fairly say that in a modern performance of "Macbeth" the picturesqueness of the setting should enable an actor to omit the passage with the porter, which is no part of the play's real fabric. And it may, we think, be fairly claimed that certain plays of Shakespeare are produced now as they ought to be produced, and as they could not have been produced in his own day. These are the plays where

the story is weakest, which depend for their literary effect rather upon individual passages or characters than the drama itself. All of Shakespeare's plays lend themselves to spectacular treatment: "Romeo and Juliet" positively calls aloud for beauty of presentation. But the importance of the spectacular element should vary in proportion to the natural strength of the plot, and in such a play as either "Romeo and Juliet" or "Hamlet" the accidentals ought not to be insisted on. On the other hand, the historical plays had in Shakespeare's day an accidental attraction that now is lessened. In an age when books were few they presented a highly colored and romantic version of exciting episodes in the national history; they gratified the taste which is now provided with the historical novel; more than that they were actually lessons in history. What the theatre can do now is to give a living picture of the national life of those times, and in doing so it carries out Shakespeare's intention to illustrate the national annals. It is pleasant to be able to quote Mr. Hapgood in support of this view. Writing of the great popular success which attended the production of "Henry V," one of the least dramatic of Shakespeare's plays, he says:—

Mr. Mansfield decorated the play with such skill that the sweetness and majesty of it, the poetry, which is its whole nature, instead of being crowded aside, seemed to be only appropriately clothed. It was made as far as possible a war play; but it is also a poem and character portrait, and in this production as in the drama itself, all three were blended.

The act which proved the most popular was not written by Shakespeare. It was not written by anybody, for it contained no words. The chorus, strongly, intelligently and poetically rendered by Florence Kahn, was made by the poet to say this:—

But now behold
In the quick forge and working-house
of thought
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren, in
best sort—
Like to the senators of th' antique
Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their
heels—
Go forth and fetch their conquering
Cæsar in.

Upon that hint, Mr. Mansfield, following Kean's example, trusted, not to the quick forge and working-house of thought, but to the improvement in stage machinery and the love of visible motion which dwells within the human breast. The whole fourth act, in this arrangement, was a scene in a London street, where the populace hailed the arriving troops, marching in battalions with crossbows, pikes and lances, passing rapidly forward through an arch in the rear, and off through the crowd to the side. Now and again a soldier was joined by his wife or by a waiting maiden, and amidst the excitement of it all the harder side of war was suggested by one woman's fate; she rushed among the soldiers to ask one question, and then was carried senseless from the ranks. A dance of girls with flowers was one feature of the pageant, which ended with the entrance on the stage of King Henry on his battle-horse.

Next to this in spectacular triumph was a picture of Henry's wedding to Katherine, which closed the evening. I did not grudge the success gained by these features, since they were well executed in themselves, not inharmonious with the drama, and the means whereby thousands were led to spend an evening in the company of gorgeous language and noble sentiments.

It will not be forgotten that in the same chorus Shakespeare expressly deplores the inadequacy of the means to represent history which his "unworthy scaffold" could afford. The superior person of to-day points out

that all representation on the stage is viciously inadequate; that, for example, a sham fight can deceive no one, that a stage crowd is always too evidently a stage crowd. What Shakespeare thought on the matter is probably represented by a dialogue in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Hippolyta. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

Theseus. The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hippolyta. It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.

Hippolyta, whom it seems likely that Shakespeare sketched in a touch of pique against some great lady's sarcastic comment, is a distressing example of the superior person. In our humbler opinion the unassisted imagination does not so well realize the scene as the imagination which carries out a suggestion made as skilfully and completely as the resources of the stage will admit. There must always be the element of voluntary illusion; and those who delight in remarking the evidence of staginess which must appear in the best drilled stage crowd do not go to the theatre in the most artistic spirit.

But, of course, if an actor-manager can deserve such credit as Mr. Hapgood bestows on Mr. Mansfield for what is really a subsidiary but independent addition to the entertainment provided by Shakespeare, it is clear that he can also deserve condemnation. If he can give you the right thing, he can also give you the wrong. Mr. Hapgood says roundly that Mr. Daly habitually spoiled Shakespeare by his passion for the pretty-pretty, as well as by injudicious rearrangement of the text. Well, Mr. Daly was producing exactly the class of plays which give to the stage-manager the greatest opportunity—those light and fanciful

comedies which approximate to the masque, of which "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Twelfth Night," are examples. "As You Like It" is a less good example than the others, for it contains a great part, which Nature formed Miss Ellen Terry to play and unkind fate denied her the opportunity. But even Miss Terry could hardly have played it better, more simply, with more grace and more poetry, than did Mrs. Campbell on a stage set under a clump of great beech trees. She played it perfectly on a perfect day with Nature's actual greenery about her, and the performance satisfied eye and ear and imagination with beauty. No indoor stage can have the attraction of those waving boughs, but when Mr. Benson produced "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Globe Theatre the representation gave us a pleasure which outlasts in memory the impression produced by numberless other plays at the moment more enthralling and exciting. The thought rose up in one's mind, how Shakespeare would have enjoyed it. No doubt the small fairies spoke with a Cockney accent, but still the scene was in reality fairy-like, and the production was directed with taste by a man of intelligence and carried out by a dozen actors, none of whom showed great talent (except, indeed, Mr. Weir as Bottom), but all of whom performed adequately. Nobody obtruded his personality and got between us and Shakespeare.

That is the truth about Shakespeare in his greater plays. Mr. Birrell has put the point very strongly when he observes that behind Sir Henry Irving's Hamlet and Mr. Tree's Hamlet, or any one else's Hamlet, there is another and a greater Hamlet—the Hamlet of Shakespeare. And Mr. Birrell concludes on the whole that he does not owe much gratitude to the stage or derive much pleasure from it. For our-

selves we are more humble-minded. We can take pleasure in seeing, for example, Mr. Forbes Robertson present Hamlet, as Hamlet seems to him, without being distressed by the sense of inadequacy. But nevertheless the sense of inadequacy, if we come to analyze his performance, or any conceivable performance, is there. There is thus latent in the mind a hostile criticism, a kind of running controversy, which prevents our surrender to the purely spectacular and sensuous charm of the drama. We are not willing to let any one else's Hamlet oust from our minds what we take to be the Hamlet of Shakespeare. So, at least, we account for the fact that the Shakespearian productions which we have most enjoyed and remember best have been productions of those plays in which the characters are only vague and charming outlines.

Very high among them we should rank Mr. Tree's production of "Twelfth Night," which, as we have said already, he produced frankly as a variety entertainment. He was quite right to do so in our judgment, for intrinsically, as a drama, it is one of the weakest things that Shakespeare has left us. But what lacks in strength of plot is made up in variety. There is a certain amount of poetry, a certain amount of real comedy, a certain amount of admirable broad farce, mixed up with sentimental song, comic song and comic dance. All these things are plainly inherent in the play. It is also safe to assert that fine clothes would have been one of the attractions on the Elizabethan stage, for a player's wardrobe was a valuable asset. But if that play had been produced as the Elizabethan Stage Society would produce it, bare of scenery, does any one suppose it would have run for a week? Nowadays the poetic drama has to compete against comic opera and the music-halls, which give plenty

of bright colors and pleasant noises without any intellectual strain. Arranged as Mr. Tree arranged it, "Twelfth Night" competed triumphantly with these attractions and the huge house was packed for a long run. He gave all that could be given under the conditions of the Elizabethan stage, and to these he added backgrounds of extraordinary beauty. Simply as a series of tableaux it was delightful to watch; and yet it did not distract one from a perception of Mr. Tree's witty and finished presentation of Malvolio, nor the actual qualities of the play. For instance there is a passage—singularly well brought out by the actor—which depicts the violent dramatic affection that a man of mature age may conceive for the grace and beauty of a youth. Antonio's sudden offer of his purse to Sebastian and the wild unreason of his rush into the dangers of Orsino's Court had never impressed us before; as played that night, they seemed to throw a flash on the intellectual temper of the age that produced the sonnets of Shakespeare and Languet's letters to Sidney. Indeed, the acting was throughout enjoyable; but the essential reason, as it appeared to us, on reviewing our impressions, why we had enjoyed the performance more than any for years was that we had assisted at a representation where poetry combined perfectly with a beautiful, harmonious and amusing spectacle. We had gone to see; we had seen a good show; our mind had not been stimulated at the expense of our natural sensuous enjoyment.

The question of the value to be assigned to spectacular effect is of the greatest importance to the theatre nowadays. For good or for bad it seemed for a long time that the modern drama had finally conformed to the ideal, which limits itself to the logical development of a theme. The logic of probability was pushed to the

exclusion of poetry; what the stage aspired to show us was a "slice out of life." This at once condemned as rhetoric whatever was not the natural and normal speech of men and women in everyday relations; the play resolved itself into the exposition of a situation between certain characters by means of the barest and most telling sentences. In this sense the typical modern tragedy is Ibsen's "Ghosts," where the mother sees her son at war with hereditary tendencies to ruin, and in simple mercy kills him. Even more typical, perhaps, is "An Enemy of the People," where a man's life is wrecked and squandered because he will not perjure his soul over a question of drainage. Now, about Ibsen there is this to be said. Most competent judges agree with Mr. Haggood that the world has scarcely seen a greater master of stage-craft. His ideas, therefore, get every chance. No one is likely to do better than he the sort of thing that he does. And, further, intelligent people are agreed that Ibsen has a mind of surprising power and originality. Except Tolstoy, there is probably no man writing now whose reputation is so universal throughout Europe. The question is, then, how far the ideal of the drama represented by Ibsen's work is likely to maintain itself? In his own country, that is, broadly speaking, in the Scandinavian countries, there is no doubt of the popularity which he enjoys.

"A Doll's House" made the same sort of stir as was produced here by "Robert Elsmere," only that Ibsen's work, being intellectually far stronger, produced a more violent effect. It divided house against house, father against son, daughter against mother. It was the potent instrument of a propaganda in a community previously unruffled by such ideas. To Europe, or at least to France, Ibsen's plays have not this accidental interest. They appeal sim-

ply as works of art; and neither in France nor in England have they been widely popular. They have interested only the few—those who are interested in ideas or in theories of art. They have not pleased the public which goes to the theatre to be pleased. And, to speak for ourselves, though every performance of Ibsen's plays which we have seen has interested us and moved us, there has been none, except one of a comedy, that we have enjoyed. We have gone away with feelings not unlike those which result from an overdose of quinine—braced, perhaps, but thoroughly uncomfortable; while, by the tragedies of Hauptmann—another realist who aims (as Mr. Hapgood says of Ibsen) "to distil the poetry that there is in prose, to force elemental feelings to emerge from the material of every day"—we have been utterly and deplorably depressed. And the first duty of art is to exhilarate.

The reason for which all realistic tragedy seems to us condemned to failure on the stage is just this, that it neglects or ignores what for want of a better word we must call the music of the stage—that is the purely sensuous gratification which may compensate the intellectual pain of tragedy. Comedy can dispense with it, for laughter is naturally exhilarating. With Madame Réjane acting we can laugh at M. Henry Becque's "*La Parisienne*," a presentment of humanity about as agreeable as the fourth book of "*Gulliver's Travels*." But tragedy is another matter. The mind will not gratuitously contemplate the tragic issue of a tragic situation unless the strain is relieved by incidental beauty. Ibsen, at the beginning of his career, relied on the intrinsic beauty of verse and the abundant rhetoric of poetry. Then came a period of undiluted prose—the period of "*Ghosts*" and the rest. But even he felt the reaction, and in his later works he has open recourse

to another poetic device, the poetry of symbolism. Yet it is unavailing. In "*Little Eyolf*" or "*John Gabriel Borkman*" we have the spectacle of ugly or commonplace people manifesting sordid and disagreeable passions in an environment deliberately divested of all charm; and when the mind is invited to take refuge on imaginary mountain-peaks it refuses the summons. In the last play of all—"When We Dead Awaken"—there is an evident return to the spectacular appeal. The veiled white figure of Irene, once the sculptor's model, with her attendant the black-robed silent Sister of Mercy, make a plastic group; and the scene passes in the open among beautiful places. What this play would look like on the stage one can only conjecture; but it represents a return to beauty, and to a poetry that is scarcely disguised in prose. If it were mounted adequately it would be beautiful and not ugly throughout. Not so with Hauptmann, whose tragedy of everyday events—"Lonely Lives"—was the other day acted—and very well acted—by the Stage Society in London. We assisted at a domestic crisis passing in an interior, which was necessarily represented as ugly and inartistic, and the whole story was as sombre and as convincing as one of Mr. George Gissing's novels. But, by the fact of dramatic presentment, the physical as well as the moral ugliness was driven home relentlessly on the mind; the eye, treated as a mere servant of the intelligence, did its work only too well, and we came away with a sense that a public which did not care about this form of art had a deal of right on its side. The play was dramatic beyond a doubt; but it was tragedy treated as prose, and unrelieved by any element of beauty or gaiety, and such tragedy must always be unbearable.

It is a question whether prose tragedy can be made acceptable at all.

There is, of course, the story of Mrs. Tanqueray. But Mrs. Tanqueray's death comes as a merciful relief to so many people, herself not least, that it can hardly be regarded as a tragic solution. M. Brieux's superb play, "La Robe Rouge," offers more of a case in point. There you had, as in Shakespeare, tragedy firmly and vitally interwoven with a thread of comedy; prose tragedy and prose comedy, entirely unlike that of Shakespeare, but still resembling his in the natural inter-relation. The comic tragedy of the piece, in the manner of Ibsen's "Enemy of the People," represents the dilemma of a lawyer who has to choose between his conscience and his promotion at a time when promotion is vital to his family. But this strand of the plot is interwoven with elemental tragedy, and dignified by the greater issue; promotion can only be secured by obtaining a conviction for murder against an innocent man. The tragedy is double, for the honest lawyer sacrifices his career and his prospects, while his rival, whom no scruples trouble, and who is, besides, a blackguard, contrives in the process of inquiry to wreck the happiness of the accused by a needless revelation of his wife's past. A play could scarcely be more varied in interest, or better constructed, and no play could be better acted than was this by Réjane and her company. Yet, looking back, we feel that it was a play to see once, perhaps twice, but certainly not again and again. On the other hand, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. Martin Harvey, under Mr. Forbes Robertson's direction, were playing "Pelléas and Mélisande," with scenery designed by Burne Jones, those who enjoyed it enjoyed it perhaps more at the fourth time of seeing than at the first. There, in spite of the faulty technique, in spite of the absurd irrelevance of certain scenes, was essential tragedy presented in a fashion that de-

lighted the sense with a music of all the faculties. The pleasure which the really dramatic scenes in that performance gave was, we maintain, the pleasure proper to the stage; it sent one away intoxicated with beauty. And even when, as in the cave scene, the pleasure slipped into the spectacular rather than the dramatic, the performance erred in a direction more conformable with art than such a joyless production as Hauptmann's "Einsame Menschen" or "Friedensfest."

Our conclusion is, first, that tragedy cannot be brought back to the stage unless hand in hand with poetry; and, secondly, that an essential part of poetic tragedy is spectacle. Tragedy and poetry are coming back; so much seems clear; but it is odd that of the two men whose names are most prominent in the movement, the Englishman comes nearer to the classic tradition of tragedy. M. Rostand wrote, upon the whole, comedy in "Cyrano de Bergerac," tragedy in "L'Aiglon," but it would be easy to argue that "Cyrano" was tragic in its intention as in its conclusion, and "L'Aiglon" bitter comedy. On the other hand, there is no mistake about "Herod" or "Paolo and Francesca." Concerning the latter play, whose production on the stage seems relegated to the Greek Kalends, it is not possible to speak confidentially. But in "Herod" there was a tragedy, unhelped by comic relief, which nevertheless gained a very considerable popular success. That it did so was beyond a doubt due far more to its spectacular quality than to the magnificent poetry of the third act. In our opinion Mr. Phillips is a poet of higher quality than M. Rostand; but it seems to us that in his dramas he relies less on the rhetoric of poetry and more on the composition of action, movement and spectacle than the Frenchman. And from our point of view, he is right. In painting or music the object

is to stimulate the mind through the senses; in poetry, to stimulate the senses through the mind. But in drama the appeal is co-ordinate to eye and mind at once; and, in a sense, each faculty has a distinct claim. The modern theory of realistic drama has starved the sense of sight and ministered to it only shamefacedly, and as it were by accident, in giving fine

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clothes to actresses and the like. The true theory of a drama, which proposes to itself any pleasure but the pleasure of laughter, will recognize frankly that the theatre is a place of spectacle, and will not lacerate the feelings of spectators without affording the appropriate compensation through the sense of form, color and plastic rhythm.

TWO PRESIDENTS AND THE LIMITS OF AMERICAN SUPREMACY.

President McKinley has been struck down by another of the almost nameless neophytes of the modern murdersect at the Pan-American Exhibition, and upon the very morrow of the most important speech delivered by any American President since Lincoln. The circumstances are likely to leave their indelible mark, not only upon the imagination of mankind, but upon the actual destinies of America and the world. The political assassinations which have been the moral portent of our time, reduce the crimes of a Ravallac or an Ankerstroem, by comparison, to the character of spasmodic and meaningless eccentricity.

In the long series of tragedies during the last few decades, there is developing, more and more a sense of sinister process, of something obscure and appalling in the characteristics of an era of civilization, such as may well exert upon the historic mind of the distant future the fascination that belongs to strange and temporary forms of evil. The human spirit of an epoch has its maladies like the individual body. Anarchist murder is not a conspiracy. It is a contagion. Methods of police can always break the backbone of an organization, but they can no more grapple alone with the infection of pervers-

ed thought and sinister example, than smallpox can be fought with a bludgeon. We are no longer in presence, at long intervals, of erratic impulses like those of former assassins of rulers, from Ravallac or Ankerstroem to Wilkes Booth and Guiteau. We have to deal with a disease of society as typical of something in the moral state of a period as the poison-system of a Lucrezia or a Brinvilliers. Henceforth the acceptance of a conspicuous rulership in the civilized countries must be accounted a braver thing than exposure in battle, and every great public appearance of crowned head or Republican President a risk worthy of the Victoria Cross.

It seems but yesterday that Mr. McKinley was reproached for the pomp and circumstance of his second installation—though all democracies, as a matter of fact, prefer pomp to plainness—and was attacked with unhappy and absurd exaggeration as the Republican "Emperor." The truth is that a more typical American citizen, in the best use of the term, never held the chief magistracy of the United States, and that he has died an open sacrifice to the traditional publicity, geniality and simpleness of presidential intercourse with the people. The influence of no states-

man has ever been more powerful in death, and no crime in the previous records of political murder could compare in international significance with this. The effect of other assassinations, for all main purposes, has been null or negative. Lincoln's fate shut the complete book. Garfield's career stopped at the title page. Though the intended constitution perished with the Czar when the Emperor Alexander was killed, the consequences in this case, as in the rest, were internal. But Mr. McKinley has disappeared just as he had marked out the inevitable lines of American political development precisely with reference to the future relations of the United States with the remainder of the globe. He had declared, with a persuasiveness that no other man in America could at that moment have approached, the policy which he would have carried out if he had been spared. His death at Buffalo has given unexampled authority and impressiveness to the Buffalo program. His last speech has become a national legacy. In this sense the career of his successor must be the complement of his own, and Mr. McKinley, unlike any other American President, and to a degree for which it would not be easy to find a parallel in the modern affairs of any country, has bequeathed a complete scheme of predetermined action to an executor who is the very embodiment of the new ideas, and can hardly fail to show himself an even more decisive and thorough exponent of the Buffalo program than its author would have proved.

It has been inevitably said that William McKinley was not great as Washington and Lincoln, or even as some others between and after, were great. But it would be irrelevant to emphasize the inevitable. The important point is that if he was less memorable as a man he was not less memorable as Presi-

dent. Fundamentally sound in ability and character and full of homely excellence, he was as completely the apt representative figure of his own epoch as were even the founder and the saviour of the Republic of theirs. A consummate interpreter rather than a leader of public opinion and justly accused of "keeping his ear to the ground" with too assiduous an anxiety, he was nevertheless an opportunist chiefly in the sense that he was a most careful and sagacious judge of opportunity. But in this respect the opportunism of Pitt or Peel, of Beaconsfield or Gladstone, involved a far wider range of inconsistency. Upon the main principle of Protection Mr. McKinley was unflinching in his conviction, even in the years of distress and depression immediately after the adoption of the famous tariff, when the stars in their courses seemed to conspire against the prospects of McKinleyism. His first election to the White House was the reward not of time-serving flexibility, but of a steadfast adherence to an unpromising position such as is now seldom seen in our own invertebrate politics. After he became President, he allowed public sentiment to regulate, as we may say, the tempo of his policy—to suggest important modifications of his views, and to determine startling developments in the action of an essentially moderate man. But he never abandoned anything in the groundwork of his original principles in order to deal with a political emergency, as nearly all prominent executive statesmen since Peel have done in this country, sometimes with justification and sometimes without. Mr. McKinley's career, from the construction of the McKinley Tariff to the formulation of the Buffalo program, presents a remarkable process of evolution, but there is nothing in it that an elaborate casuistry is required to vindicate.

"I believe in the protection that leads

to Free Trade," said President Garfield. The historical importance of Mr. McKinley's career will largely be found in the fact that it was the epitome of the natural and logical but infinitely momentous transition from nineteenth-century America to twentieth-century America. It has marked in the last five years the most decisive epoch in international affairs since 1870. To inquire how far the late President was originator and how far agent of these immense developments would be premature now, and of little profit in any case. But no man not among the very greatest was ever the medium of greater thought, and his name will be always as inseparably connected with them as if he had been their creator. We have seen in five years what no man before that time could have imagined. The exclusive Republic of the isolated hemisphere has become a main and universal factor in world commerce and world policy. The war with Spain has laid the foundations of a naval power destined to be at least the second in the world. America for Far Eastern purposes has become a member of the Grand Concert, to be well reckoned with by all her colleagues. The Supreme Court has declared that the Republic may exercise Imperial power over annexed dependencies and over subjects outside the pale of the Constitution. Within a few years the United States has become the chief exporting power of the globe, has developed the mightiest economic forces that have yet been known, has supplemented her prodigious natural resources by an adequate manufacturing apparatus, and has established at last the national organization calculated in all human probability to lead sooner or later to the commercial primacy of the world. Lincoln saved the work of Washington. Mr. McKinley has transformed the work of both, and in the history of the hundred and twenty

years that have gone to the making of the United States his name will be conspicuous with theirs over all others.

The dazzling course of American supremacy has not been an aid to judicious views and sane insight on either side of the Atlantic, and has been the cause of boundless expectations in the United States that will probably prove as exaggerated as the panic of Europe. The enormous increase in the volume of American exports, the attainment of an overwhelming advantage in the production of iron and steel, the formation of the Billion Dollar Trust, the "Morganeering" of the Leyland line, the American loans to the British and German Governments, and the implied claim of the Republic to exploit the Old World in every direction while reserving a double continent for her own peculiar preserve—all these things have created an extraordinary alarm in European countries, and helped to make the "American danger" a problem overshadowing not only the Yellow Peril, but even the questions of militarism and socialism. It is sufficient for the purpose of this analysis to make the most cursory recapitulation of the astonishing statistics of America's commercial expansion. The exports of the United States, then, have risen in half a decade by something like 80 per cent., and have been as follows according to the recent report of Sir P. Sanderson, our Consul General at New York:—

1895	\$164,972,000
1896	201,168,000
1897	220,000,000
1898	251,110,000
1899	255,000,000
1900	295,600,000

A great part of this splendid result, it must be remembered, is due not to increase in the actual quantity of goods exported, but to the universal rise in

values during the last two or three years. But the spectacle of a country nearly doubling the worth of its outward trade in little more than a single lustrum remains a sufficiently imposing and unparalleled phenomenon, however it may be accounted for. Americans themselves have regarded the intoxicating process as the mere beginning of their commercial triumph. If such things were done in the green wood what should be done in the dry? If American exports could be doubled in one decade, what gigantic and unheard-of results might not be achieved in another and another? The assumption has been that the growth of United States trade would go on in geometrical progression, that other countries would be left behind by leaps and bounds, and that England once barely outstripped in the function of supplying the markets of the world, would soon become a very small second indeed. From the influence of this dream of a supremacy not simply actual but immeasurable, hardly any one in America seems to have remained exempt, since the establishment of sound business conditions, the extinction of Mr. Bryan, and the re-election of Mr. McKinley.

Senator Lodge, believing that the trade war now opened against Europe can only end with the industrial predominance of the United States over the whole earth, warns his country to be prepared betimes with forces sufficient to repel the improbable but possible attacks of desperate nations. What Senator Lodge thinks improbable a highly-imaginative but also highly able writer like Mr. Brooks Adams, apparently of the young American school, seems to think extremely probable, unless America shall look well and quickly to her armor. These are the thoughts, no doubt, of a vividly-minded minority. But we cannot wonder that they exist when we remember the sanguine com-

plexion of official language upon the same subject. To the report upon trade relations laid by the dead President before Congress at the beginning of the year Mr. Hay attached a note declaring that the United States was nearing with astounding rapidity a position which would make America the centre of the world's industrial, commercial and financial activity. Already in the message following his second installation on March 4, Mr. McKinley had foreshadowed the Buffalo speech. The President laid stress upon the vital importance of giving freer play, by the conclusion of reciprocity treaties on liberal terms, to the expansive forces of American trade. Finally in the Buffalo speech itself, upon the day before he received the mortal blow, Mr. McKinley celebrated President's day at the Pan-American exhibition by addressing a vast concourse in terms indicating that expansion and the means of expansion must be regarded as the absorbing issues of American politics. The broad features of Mr. McKinley's moral legacy to the American people are worth keeping in mind. "Our capacity to produce has increased so enormously," said the President, "and our products have so multiplied, that the problem of more markets requires urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. By sensible trade arrangements which do not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. We must not repose in the financial security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. . . . The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is a pressing problem." Then Mr. McKinley went on to outline the definite proposals of the Buffalo program:—

- (1) Reciprocity treaties.
- (2) Shipping subsidies. "We must

encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships built, manned and owned by Americans."

(3) Direct steamship lines "to fields of consumption we have barely touched," and especially to South America.

(4) An Isthmian Canal.

(5) The immediate construction of the Pacific cable.

In other words, the removal of all the obstacles and the promotion of all the aids to commercial expansion and supremacy. There cannot be the least doubt that the Buffalo program will exert an immensely increased power over American imagination and purpose in consequence of the President's assassination, and that all its main proposals will be carried out probably with greater energy and rapidity than would have been brought to bear upon the work under Mr. McKinley himself. But he could have rendered no greater service to his country in those parting words than in the tempered but sagacious quality of his enthusiasm. The popular American conception is obviously apt to regard it as something which is bound to overwhelm a helpless Europe by some vaguely tremendous and triumphant process, independent of all external forces, and in itself as natural and irresistible as Niagara.

The American press teems with articles and is covered with cartoons which suggest no other idea than one which, as a matter of fact, is wildly removed from any approach to realistic estimates, and wildly beyond the extreme limits of the possible. America has by far the most abundant and comprehensive natural resources of any single country in the world. She has the most powerful, enterprising and far-sighted directors of industry, the keenest and most inventive labor, incomparable mechanical means for multiplying the power of her labor, a

unique instinct for the methods of machine production which will probably always keep her some little distance ahead in this particular, an immense national freshness, zest and *élan* which the older countries are not likely to equal, strive as they may. America is evidently destined to achieve some species of supremacy. But the question is to what degree of supremacy she can hope to attain. When her enterprise begins to pass across the oceans all the advantages are no longer on her side, and it is still extremely doubtful whether the balance of the advantages will remain upon her side in her attacks upon the markets of the old world with respect to many at least of the departments of trade.

Upon the new President's recognition of the limits of American supremacy it is evident that the commercial and political fortunes of the world may in no little degree depend.

As young as the German Emperor, comparable with the Kaiser himself in personal force, and invested for at least three years with almost equal authority over a greater nation, Theodore Roosevelt is confronted by larger possibilities of influence, for good or ill, upon the destinies of mankind in general than have ever opened at any previous time before the occupant of the White House. Nor has there been for many years a President likely to make a bolder and more individual use of his authority. In direct power, the President of the United States, as every one is aware, is equalled, while he holds office, only by the Kaiser and the Czar alone, and the Chief Magistrate of the United States is rather more assured of the support of Congress and the nation than is the German Emperor of the support of the Reichstag and his people. It is often said that England is a veiled Republic. As regards the real processes and *personnel* of our Government it might be said, with at

least equal truth, that we are a disguised oligarchy. But if it is permissible to exaggerate on the former side, and to describe England as a veiled Republic, we should hardly exaggerate more in calling the American Presidency an elective despotism. It may be an executive institution of enormous force in the hands of a strong and popular man. Mr. Roosevelt is both. To side-track a man into the Vice-Presidency is a recognized transatlantic method of closing an ambitious career. But when Mr. McKinley's successor was forced into the Vice-Presidency against his will, no one believed that his prospects were extinguished. He was recognized by every detached observer in America as the most likely of all future Republican candidates for the Presidency. This judgment was, under all the circumstances, a remarkable tribute to a personality too striking and vigorous to be reduced to ornamental insignificance even by the arts of machine politics against which all ordinary men are impotent. But there is a new America since the Spanish war, and Mr. Roosevelt is a new type which responds to it. As a mighty hunter before the Lord and the leader of his rough-riders, he possesses the physical prowess which is the most potent of appeals to the sympathy and admiration of the average man wherever the Anglo-Saxon race has spread. His belligerent courage is a moral quality no less than a physical instinct; and, unless responsibility restrains him, he will substitute prompt and decisive initiative for Mr. McKinley's reflective caution. There is a fine suggestiveness about the fact that a descendant of the old Knickerbockers should become President of the United States at the beginning of the twentieth century. But above all these is the dynamic quality of Mr. Roosevelt's youth. We have seen what that has meant in the case of Germany, where

the Kaiser has made the whole system of the body politic tingle to the finger tips with the electric energy of his own temperament. We can scarcely conceive what youth at the head of administrative affairs might mean in this country. It has been said that a Nelson would be impossible in the navy under the modern tradition of seniority. A Prime Minister as young as Pitt or Nelson, or Napoleon when he became First Consul, or even as young as Kaiser Wilhelm and President Roosevelt are now, would seem to be still more impossible under the later forms of our Parliamentary institutions. Mr. McKinley's successor is ten years younger than the average of recent American Presidents, and at forty-three has entered upon the occupancy of the White House at an earlier age than any of his predecessors.

All these considerations alone might well warn the world to expect from Mr. Roosevelt positive things. His attitude can hardly be in doubt upon any point of the Buffalo program. He is the advocate of a strong navy. He is something like the apostle of Pan-Americanism, and only the other day told the people of the United States that if they were wise, they would warn all European interference away from South America at any cost. It follows from both these positions that he will devote himself heart and soul to the revival of the American mercantile marine. What will be the practical effect of his intention to bridle the Trusts remains to be seen. Upon the question of reciprocity treaties, we should expect him to take a more broadly political and less purely commercial view than Mr. McKinley, and to be still more in favor of them than his predecessor. Whether he will have the skill to manage the Senate, a task which would have required all Mr. McKinley's suavity and patience, is a much more doubtful mat-

ter, and in this respect the prospects of the leading article in the *Buffalo* program may be jeopardized for a time by the late President's death. But even in this respect the logic of necessity will decide the issue in favor of reciprocity before Mr. Roosevelt's term is out. Upon the Isthmian Canal, above all, we shall be wise to reckon with the certainty that the new President's point of view will be American pure and simple, unqualified by any abstract sentimentalism on the subject of Anglo-Saxon friendship. But if friction ceased to exist at that point, it is highly improbable that Mr. Roosevelt's accession to the Presidency would prejudice Anglo-American relations in any way. He is a man of set opinions, and it has been tolerably obvious that he expects international difficulties for America to arise, if at all, not from this country but from quite another side. In the present exuberant mood of America, when stimulus may be dangerous, unless Mr. Roosevelt proves something like a great as well as an able and vigorous man, it is impossible to regard without some latent sense of uneasiness the removal of Mr. McKinley's moderating hand. At what point then between the views of the late President and those of Senator Lodge should we expect to find Mr. Roosevelt's estimate of the future?

The present writer has always believed that the industrial primacy of America was as inevitable as any economic process can ever be. But he is equally convinced that no other country can hope to succeed to anything like the same degree of world-wide and unquestioned supremacy in trade that was held by England at her zenith. Even if the reasoning should not be thought finally conclusive, there may be some incidental usefulness in the attempt to show that American progress even in exports has been less remarkable than is generally thought, that the

American position in the markets of the world is still further behind the British and the German positions than is usually realized upon either side of the Atlantic, that American predominance will be far more slowly and hardly won than popular opinion in the United States conceives, and that American supremacy can never be as absolute as the extreme enthusiasts of the Republic imagine.

When we are told that the exports of the United States have increased in five or six years by practically 80 per cent., the natural impulse of older countries like England and Germany is to feel as though their manufacturing position were already swamped. The most obvious analysis of the American statistics would show how fallacious is the standard of comparison. We forget that America is for all purposes of foreign trade an agricultural country in the first place, and must remain for a long period a manufacturing country only in the second. Even the United States cannot combine both capacities forever, and if the extent of her industrial production increases in the measure she expects, the agricultural exports which still form two-thirds of her outward trade must decline. This is the singular and doubtful factor in the commercial problem of America. If her urban population is to be as rapidly increased as absolute supremacy in the export of manufactured articles would require, it is evident that she will need her corn and raw cotton more and more to feed her own workers and her own mills. After a certain point, therefore, what is at present by far the principal element in her outward trade would begin to shrink precisely as the growth of manufactured shipments developed. For this reason the total of American commerce, though it may and must show a steady rise for as long as there is need to reckon, cannot go on expanding in anything like the ratio which has

been seen in the last few years. The force of this consideration appears at once from any examination of the statistics. We may quote, for instance, a table showing the exportation of American products under the three main heads of classification between the years 1890 and 1900.

	Agricultural Products.	Manufactures.	Miscellaneous Products.
1890	£125,756,000	£31,425,000	£12,019,000
1891	146,017,000	38,720,000	11,731,000
1892	142,508,000	30,479,000	11,660,000
1893	123,810,000	35,484,000	11,653,000
1894	114,737,000	35,557,000	11,168,000
1895	109,143,000	40,230,000	12,174,000
1896	132,992,000	50,738,000	13,639,000
1897	146,059,000	55,923,000	13,984,000
1898	170,383,000	61,585,000	14,743,000
1899	156,427,000	76,157,000	18,002,000
1900	180,931,000	88,281,000	21,389,000

What we see at once from these figures is that although the increase in the export of manufactures proper is striking and important enough, the overwhelming bulk of American shipments still go to nourish the industrial energies of her competitors. Since 1895, when the great business revival began, we perceive that the exports of agricultural and miscellaneous products alone—that is to say, of food and raw materials generally—have risen by more than 70 per cent.

With regard to manufactured articles, upon the other hand, by far the

heaviest part of the increase in value occurred in 1899 and 1900, when, as Sir P. Sanderson has pointed out, higher prices worked with increase of quantities shipped to produce the extraordinary rise in total value, which we are apt to attribute to an augmented bulk of trade alone. Nor has the development of American manufactured exports, even in volume, been due mainly to the superior intrinsic force of trans-Atlantic competition. The American market was, to a considerable extent, called upon to satisfy the demand which England and Germany were too prosperous to meet. The utmost productive resources of the two latter countries have been engaged to the hilt. The difficulty has been in each case not to obtain orders, but to obtain labor. With us the unemployed problem practically disappeared. With Germany the flow of emigration has been stopped in the same way. It is not going too far to say that neither of the two great industrial countries of Europe could have been more prosperous during the very period of the apparently prodigious expansion of American exports, if the competition of America had simply not existed. It can scarcely be urged, on this head, that the German commercial crisis has been caused by trans-Atlantic success. We had our similar reactions when we had no foreign competitor to fear, and even the Chinese safeguard of the prohibitive tariff did not enable America in the early years of the last decade to avoid the inevitable sinking that follows the swelling of the wave. It is clear, therefore, that upon the true basis of comparison, taking account of the relative position of the three principal industrial countries in manufactured exports alone, there is no cause for anything like the nervous panic which has been caused by misconception of the real character of recent American progress in trade. The decline from the flood-mark of last year

has already appeared in America, as well as in England and Germany. We shall require to correct the comparatively facile results achieved on the part of all three countries during the long boom by the future figures of the corresponding period of depression, before we can obtain possession of the complete data enabling the real force of American competition to be gauged. In the meantime we cannot lay too much stress upon the fact that if American exports developed from £165,000,000 in 1895 to £295,000,000 last year, no less than £80,000,000, or more than 60 per cent. of the total increase, was accounted for by the food and raw material with which America helped to sustain the activity of her two great manufacturing rivals at the highest level of prosperity they had ever known.

We can now strike a rough but useful comparison between the relative position in foreign trade of Great Britain, Germany and the United States with respect to manufactured articles. The American exports we know were last year £88,280,000; that of Germany may be estimated with fair safety in round numbers at £170,000,000, while the British export of manufactured and partly manufactured goods, including ships but excluding coal and all non-industrial produce, amounted to £235,000,000. Nothing perhaps could bring out in a simpler and more suggestive fashion the extent of the leeway that America has to make up as universal competitor in the manufacturing market. From the pessimistic lamentation peculiar to this country, we might have judged any time during the last twenty years that our commerce was plunging to ruin as precipitately as the Gadarene swine. How slow in reality is the change in the relative commercial position of the chief competing countries is shown by the evidence of the enemy. In the latest

edition of the well-known "Annual of German Sea Interests," it is unexpected and refreshing to light upon a table of which the following is a translation into English values:—

Countries.	Total of Exports and Imports in millions sterling.					Relative percentage of trade.				
	1900	1895	1890	1885	1882	1900	1895	1890	1885	1882
Great Britain .	7,061	5,956	6,328	5,370	6,019	17.4	17.4	18.4	18.8	19.7
(British Empire)	—1	10,464	10,822	9,026	9,710	—1	30.5	31.5	31.6	31.7
German Empire	5,188	3,719	3,736	2,894	3,161	11.8	10.8	10.9	10.1	10.3
United States .	4,792	3,173	3,406	2,706	3,025	10.9	9.2	9.9	9.5	9.9
France . . .	3,437	2,873	3,317	2,906	3,400	7.8	8.4	9.7	10.2	11.1

From a table like this regarding the commerce of the world as a whole, it appears that the tenacity with which British trade has maintained its position during twenty years of foreign competition in the face of all rivalry is more than striking. It is extraordinary. During the period covered by these statistics the total volume of

1 Figures for 1900 not given.

transactions between all countries is estimated by Juraschek to have increased from £33,500,000,000 in 1882 to £40,400,000,000 in 1898. It is clear that our competitors so far have found their account in new trade which we never could have created alone, without the least substantial injury to ourselves. That the absolute increase in the worth of our commerce runs that of our rivals hard is remarkable enough, but it is far less wonderful than the fact that in spite of the enormous expansion in the economic activities of Europe, America, and the East our relative percentage has only sunk from 19.7 to 17.4, while that of Germany has increased by only 1 1-2 per cent. and that of America by 1 per cent. only. Even from the figures so far given it is evident that British predominance in the sphere of manufacturing trade, the only sphere of course in which we can compete, is quite likely as tough a nut as may well take even America a generation to crack. But the moral is clinched by the very notable and elaborate map of competitive relations in the markets of the world which has just been drawn up by Herr Wilhelm Berndt, of the Imperial Handels Museum in Vienna. Basing his estimate upon the average figures of the last three years, the compiler shows at a glance the comparative position of Great Britain, Germany and the United States in the trade of every country. From Herr Berndt's export map it appears indeed that the United States, as we should expect, is extending her predominance throughout the two Americas, with rapidity and certainty. She has 70 per cent. of Mexican trade, 45 of Canadian against our 42, 30 of Brazilian against our 22, but we on the other hand have 22 of Argentine against her 8, 54 of Chilean against her 6, and 45 of Peruvian against her 10. Even in this part of the world, therefore, honors are as yet tolerably equal,

and as the exports of South America for a long period to come must consist of food supplies, raw material and natural resources, which Europe requires more than the United States, it does not appear that even here the establishment of United States trade in a position of uniform and overwhelming supremacy will be an event of to-morrow. But in no other quarter of the globe are the conditions anything like so favorable. Distance from the great European market, far more important than all others put together as compared with Great Britain and Germany, and from the Far East as compared with Japan, is a factor which must always go far to neutralize upon both sides of the old world even the vast internal advantages of America. At present to sum up, the United States has only 10 per cent. of Chinese trade, 4 of Indian, 4 of Russian, 12 of Australian, 6 of Egyptian, 6 of South African. In Europe as a whole, exclusive of Russia, America, with all the aid of her immense agricultural export, has at the present moment no more certainly than about 12 per cent. of total trade on the average. The manner on the other hand in which British commerce has struck its old and tenacious roots far and wide, is shown by one vivid little fact on which the casual eye may light in Herr Berndt's map. In the Ottoman Empire, from the Balkans to the Persian Gulf, we still have 40 per cent. of the trade, while Germany has 1.3 and the United States 1 only. The American people are fond of maps somewhat less scientific than those of Herr Berndt, showing American exports falling in showers of the most comprehensively assorted articles upon every point of the habitable globe. Nothing is left out in these pictorial exercises but the percentages. But enough has been said to show that in the work of establishing a bare lead in the international supply of manufac-

tured as distinguished from agricultural products, America has in every part of the world, not excluding the further half of South America, an inordinately long row to hoe, and must expect to meet with many delays that can be foreseen, and some that cannot, before the end.

The American people are or will soon be the best educated in the world next to the German, but they will require almost as much time as we shall to train a school of commercial travellers equal to the ubiquitous Teutonic agent in linguistic ability. We are reminded again that Americans are also human when we find manufacturers in the United States complaining of their Consular reports, which we consider admirable and read in the New York "Journal of Commerce" a lecture to traders in the United States upon certain instances of procrastination and laxity in executing orders for Japan. When the American manufacturer is told by the precocious pessimist, who seems to have already appeared in that country, that "the German and English competitors make the most" of American dilatoriness, the German and English competitor generally may well take heart of grace. But the final reflection upon the whole subject must be that with which we began—the vital character of the distinction between the manufactured and the agricultural or otherwise non-manufactured exports of the United States. Even now America requires two-thirds of her wheat crop to feed her own people. Her present shipments of manufactured articles must be doubled to equal German trade in that particular and nearly trebled to equal British—multiplied five-fold to rival both combined, and this without counting the foreign commerce in the same particular of France, the Netherlands, Belgium and Austria. It is evident that the notion of overwhelming all Europe by the boundless production

of America is, for all the purposes likely to concern any one now living, the most fantastic figment of the imagination. By the time the United States has travelled the first stage and drawn level with Germany in manufactured exports, her own industrial population will be absorbing a larger proportion of her wheat harvest; her own textile mills will be consuming the bulk of her own raw cotton, her outward trade will sink in one scale as it rises in the other, and her net progress with shipment of American supplies in all kinds to the markets of the world will be far slower and more gradual than she is now willing to anticipate.

But the point of supreme importance remains. It is that of population. The mechanical equipment of the three great countries must become more and more nearly the same. We have nothing to learn even from the United States in textile production, and now that British and German manufacturers have begun to study the methods of America in the metal trades, her present margin of superiority in the manipulation of iron and steel will be diminished. Numbers will tell, more and more, in the ranks of industry as in those of war. When every allowance is made for the higher individual efficiency of the American worker, and this is a disadvantage, as far as it goes, which the older countries will never quite make up, under anything like the present social and mental conditions in Europe, what are the prospects of America? They would seem to be by no means so completely assured as might casually appear. In 1891 some 300,000 of the total number of emigrants to the United States were British, Teutonic and Scandinavian, and something less than 260,000 were Latin and Slav. This proportion still went far to maintain the racial basis upon which the United States had been built up. But in the decade that has since

elapsed the comparison has altered rapidly. In 1899 there were some 220,000 Latin and Slav immigrants and only 90,000 arrivals from the British Islands, Germany and the Scandinavian countries. The restriction of immigration was a plank in the last Republican platform that becomes, from this point of view, intelligible, and the fact that Mr. McKinley's assassin was a Slav does not decrease the arguments in favor of a more careful selection of the elements to which American citizenship is to be extended in the future. But the main point is that the rate of immigration is falling, that it is likely to be reduced by legislation, and that it is desirable that it should be reduced in view of the character taken by the reinforcements of the American population from abroad during the last five years. In the meantime the rate of natural increase in the new world, strangely enough, is less than that which obtains in the most prolific countries of the old. In the decade ending 1880, the average growth by reproduction annually of a population numbered at 50,000,000, in the latter year was nearly 880,000. In the next ten years' period ending 1890, while the population had risen to 62,000,000, the average natural increase yearly was only a little more than 720,000. In the similar interval closing last year, while the total number of inhabitants rose to 73,000,000, the birth rate was responsible for an average of 950,000 annual additions. It is curious and suggestive to compare the figures for the German Empire during the same thirty years since 1870. During the decade up to 1880 the German population grew at a rate of 417,000 souls a year; in the next period, ending 1890, the corresponding figure was 420,000; but in the next five years the Kaiser's subjects were increasing by 570,000 a year; and in the last five they have begun to multiply by over 800,000 a year. If that rate of accelera-

tion, or anything like it, should be maintained among a highly-trained and nearly homogeneous population like that of the German Empire, America will find even the Teutonic rival difficult enough to shake off in the industrial race before her shadow begins to touch ours. This is one of the most interesting of all the problems of the future, and it is one that President Roosevelt may have to deal with before the expiration of the term of office to which he has suddenly been called. What Germany dreads, above all, is that her population, in the next prolonged period of commercial depression, will once more begin to ebb away. She imagines, not wholly without reason, that if she can keep her people under the flag henceforth, whether at home or abroad, she has still an excellent chance, in despite of the British Empire and the United States, of becoming the first political and commercial Power in the world. To make that possible she must seize upon South America in face of the United States, or colonize Asia Minor in face of Russia. That is a grim alternative, but it may become a very real one before many years are out. Otherwise the German people will begin as before to flow to the United States at the rate of 2,000,000 a decade, and that process would do more than anything else to turn the scale in favor of the most sanguine ambitions that Americans can nurse, and against every hope for the ultimate destiny of Germany cherished by the Kaiser and his people.

For our part, nothing can be much clearer than that we should waive all technical rights that prevent America from doing what she wants to do with respect to the Isthmian Canal. If our opportunity had been used before now with grace and skill, we might have made peace guaranteed by a general arbitration treaty a fixed certainty forever between the two great Anglo-

Saxon powers. It ought not to be too late even now, and would provide the nation, were its affairs guided by virile intelligence, with a priceless opportunity. President Roosevelt is not likely to change his conviction that the Isthmian Canal ought to be built by American money and dominated by American guns. Nor, if he waives that point for the sake of maintaining continuity of policy, can he prevent it from remaining the instinctive ideal of the great mass of the American people. England cannot play with wisdom or permanent impunity, even under decorous forms, the part of the universally inconvenient power at the one vital spot of the whole strategical system of the two Americas. To say that the American Senate cannot be allowed to tear up treaties at its pleasure is one view, and there is no answer to it. But it does not change the fact that we ought to have been the first ourselves to tear up the Clayton-Bulwer treaty as a generous man sometimes throws the strict letter of his technical advantage into the fire. We jeopardized the whole of our prestige and the chief part of our interests in the Far East for a futile quibble, when we professed not to object to Russia's possession of a pure-

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ly commercial terminus at Ta-lien-wan, but opposed the fortification of Port Arthur. We shall make a similar and a worse mistake in the present case if we do not allow America to do precisely what she wishes to do with the Nicaragua Canal. The United States should hold the iron keys of the gate of the two oceans, and should have the power to close it against her enemies. That we should suffer in the end by conceding that ambition is unthinkable, while that the immediate gain to the cause of Anglo-American friendship would be enormous is clear. Nothing more would be required, in all probability, to make Mr. McKinley's successor the strongest exponent of the moral alliance between the two great branches of the English-speaking peoples. Otherwise it would be impossible to regard the future without a certain disquiet, for it is certain that if we want to be friends with America, we ought not to be found in America's way where our interests are secondary and hers are supreme. The new President becomes at forty-three the central figure of the Anglo-Saxon world, and every accent has already shown that the words of Theodore Roosevelt are the words of a man.

* * *

SIFTING THE ATMOSPHERE.

Some years ago a curious accident, which occurred at Hungerford, was the subject of much comment. A wild beast show was located in the broad main thoroughfare of the little town, when a horse that was being driven past was seized with a sudden alarm, and, bolting madly, occasioned serious mishap to the occupants of the carriage. The evidence forthcoming made it apparent that the animal had taken

fright at some lions, of whose proximity, however, it can only have been cognizant by means of its faculty of scent. At any rate there had clearly been something, apart from sight or sound, which had communicated to the horse's instinct a sense of the presence of danger, but which had not disturbed the equanimity of any other passing animals through the day.

Unquestionably there are instances

where human beings have exhibited a highly sensitive organization akin to that of the animal just quoted. There have, for example, been many individuals who could always detect the presence of a cat by some unerring sense which was neither that of hearing or seeing. Again, there are very many individuals who apparently smell the east wind. Before they have risen in the morning, ere yet the outer air can enter their bedroom by other than such meagre channels as domestic ventilation of the usual sort allows, they know to a certainty if the wind through the night has gone round to the east.

Putting this fact into other words, it would seem as if the gales blowing over the Siberian wastes have wafted across a thousand leagues a something impalpable and yet so distinct that a modicum thereof filtering through the chinks of doors and windows can powerfully influence the occupant of a closed chamber while he yet remains quiescent, and with only his nose protruding from the bed-clothes.

In another way the smell of the east is detected far and wide. In Rudyard Kipling's words, it "runs without a change from the head of the Suez Canal to Hong Kong," and few, probably, who have made that voyage will seriously question the statement. Again, it is said that the Arabs journeying across the desert can discern in the scent of the air an indication that they are approaching pine trees when yet they are thirty miles distant; while we are not without evidence that the burning of extensive pine forests will taint the gale across the whole breadth of the Atlantic.

Other kindred facts, fully established and differing only in degree, are not far to seek. In the "Höhrauch," in Germany, there is a well-known odor in the air which can sometimes be traced for a distance of 150 miles from its supposed source. It is commonly

attributed to the extensive burning of peat in North Germany, where the tillers of the soil will at certain seasons hoe up the rank growth of their fields and burn it on a large scale. A phenomenon of a very similar description has been observed in New England and Upper Canada. So, according to Livingstone, in the Barotse Valley; the cause in all these cases being assigned to the extensive burning, often at a great distance, of grass or forest timber.

But very similar and most instructive facts are also to be found at home. Sir W. B. Richmond states that in the middle of summer weather he has smelt the "peculiar stuffy odor of London smoke and dirt" from near Wantage, 64 miles from London, and the writer, who has lived for a quarter of a century within ten miles of the same spot, can assert that this is by no means an uncommon experience.

Nearly every one probably can detect by scent the neighborhood of the sea when a sea breeze is blowing. The wrack and seaweed driving on the beach, the spray that vanishes into the air with every breaking wave, load the breeze with the positive constituents of the ocean. Iodine and ozone and all sea salts are there. In all this our appropriate faculty of perception must be brought into contact with matter not only impalpable but infinitesimal in amount, and it is no new discovery that traces of matter as attenuated as those we are noticing are potent factors in the air, and may modify its nature in an extraordinary degree.

As far back as 1744 we find Bishop Berkeley writing of the air as "an active mass of numberless different principles, the general sources of corruption and generation; on the one hand dividing, abrading and carrying off the particles of bodies, *i. e.*, corrupting or dissolving them; on the other, pro-

ducing new ones into being, destroying and bestowing forms without intermission. The whole atmosphere seems alive." Later, but still a full century ago, it was clearly recognized that the ordinary tests of the chemist showed only an insignificant difference between the more obvious constituents of the purest air and those of the air of crowded towns.

A variety of researches since undertaken have revealed results of which the more important run somewhat thus: The baneful gas known as carbonic acid, present in minute quantities everywhere, was found to be more abundant in towns, but only to an extent that was almost inappreciable. It pervaded the open country in slightly less quantity, but on the free and purest mountain side it was found to be actually somewhat more abundant than on the plain. Next, coming to the life-giving constituent, oxygen, it was presently established that its proportionate difference in quantity, as measured within the streets of a not remarkably wholesome Continental town, and as measured in the open country, did not amount to one per cent. These bygone experiments have since been verified by numberless investigations made in various towns in England; in those which are health resorts; in London itself; in towns in the Black Country, and so forth. To account for the enormous physiological difference resulting from inhaling air that shows such small difference in the chemist's balance, a leading expert has stated the case from his own point of view. A little more or less oxygen, he says, might not affect us, but supposing its place occupied by hurtful matter we must no longer look on the amount as too small. Then he puts a practical case. If there were introduced into a gallon of water only a few grains of an organic impurity, we should pronounce that water ex-

tremely tainted. It would be considered unwholesome, even though a person might consume but a small portion of a gallon a day. But when it is remembered that of air more than a thousand gallons is inhaled by each of us daily, then the effect of robbing it ever so little of its normal purity at once appeals to us.

Let us pass on from invisible constituents of the air to those which are in evidence to the sense of sight. Many crucial, and at the same time most fascinating, experiments have been carried out, which show us a little more of what our aerial ocean holds within it. By various expedients air has been sifted, and the siftings closely scrutinized. In some cases it has been simply washed with water, and the water evaporated and placed under the microscope. Again, nature's own air washings, or in other words rain, has been examined in the same way. Snow also has had its own special tale to tell. Falling slowly from great heights it necessarily picks up on its way, entangled within its feathery crystals, such foreign matter as may be floating in the air we breathe. A chemist can investigate these air siftings and display his analysis in a formidable array of decimals; but even here a readier, though mayhap scarcely rougher, test often presents itself which needs no expert for its use—namely, the test already insisted on and made merely by inhaling air through the organ which nature herself has provided. A mineral, when breathed on will, by what at least is akin to smell, betray to a mineralogist its own nature. So undoubtedly with what is within our own moist atmosphere. Almost unconsciously the sense that waits on the more automatic effort of breathing commonly conveys intelligence, as valuable and trustworthy as it is refined, of the unseen breath that is stirring round us. It is scarcely necessary to

point out, however, that certain conditions are needful to make this test of value. The sense must not be allowed to become blunted. The occupants of a close room or railway carriage quickly fail duly to appreciate the stuffiness of the air within, which, however, is forcibly impressed upon any one who enters from the fresh air without.

It has fallen to my lot to be able to contribute a few facts which may find a place here, gleaned while investigating the atmosphere by other paths—those that lie open to the aeronaut. Many opportunities have presented themselves of determining the amount of matter in the form of palpable dust present in the air at various heights, as well as on the ground, and it may be of interest to record a series of experiments carried out at the time when the recent Sicilian dust clouds were claiming attention on the Continent.

I am familiar with the use of Mr. Aitken's dust counter, but for the experiments lately taken in hand I preferred another method, that of aspirating a large volume (and in every case the same volume) of air through a measured quantity of spirit carefully freed from all floating particles; the pump used being such that neither tubes nor valves would be capable of retaining or harboring dust. The experiments included a visit to the Scilly Isles, where, from whatever quarter the wind blew, it could be analyzed before it reached land. Various parts of London and the open country were also tested. In these experiments some remarkable results were obtained on the platform of the Metropolitan Railway, where the relative proportion of dust particles was found to be small, even when the air was oppressive to breathe. Indeed, no clearer sample of air was secured in the whole series than at Aldersgate-street Station, at 10 A.M. on the second of May last, at that end of the platform which is open to the

sky. This was after some days of northeast wind, without rain. The dust collected the evening before in a balloon, sailing in hazy air, 2,000 feet above Kingston-on-Thames, was incomparably greater. In fact this was one of the most densely-laden samples taken, only surpassed, so far as London is concerned, by that secured from the top of a 'bus in the pure air of Highbury, when, however, the breeze was palpably laden with dust from off the broad thoroughfare. The samples taken from Tower Bridge, with a gentle west wind following the stream, were very dust free, as also were those which blew stiffly against the granite rocks of Scilly from out of the open Atlantic. On the other hand the dustiest sample of all the series was also gathered on the rock front of St. Mary's, Scilly, when a fresh breeze was blowing off St. Agnes, an island only a mile across and more than a mile distant, but at the time entirely carpeted with flowering bulbs, whose pollen loaded and positively stained the spirit in the test bottle. I would remark that a peculiar characteristic of the lofty dust canopy over Kingston consisted in the large size of many of the floating particles, some resembling small fragments of straw or chaff, which were fluttering aloft just as thistle down will be seen by the balloonist hovering in lofty strata of air in late summer.

Mr. Aitken, using his own well-known dust counter, has recorded some striking differences in air tested at low levels, and again in the region of clouds. On the top of the Rigi, during a period of broken May weather, he noticed that when surrounded by cloud the number of dust particles varied greatly at short intervals of time. Near the lower limits of the cloud the difference between the amount of dust in the clear air underneath and in the cloud itself was quite marked, there

being about twice as many particles in the cloud as in clear air at a time when the clouds were clearing, and therefore a good deal of mixing of cloudy and clear air was going on. A greater difference was noticed on other occasions. The observations referred to were all made in cumulus clouds. During observations conducted one morning it seemed that the upper air had about 500 particles per c. c., while the lower air, which was rising and forming the clouds, may have had somewhere about ten times that number. Mr. Aitken clearly indicates that floating particles are readily and in quantity conveyed by vertical currents of the atmosphere. His experiments suggested a further most interesting line of research, namely, to discover by actual aerial exploration any additional facts that could be gathered relating not only to vertical but also to the horizontal currents that course at different heights overhead.

Before starting on such voyages of discovery, however, certain simple experimental facts claim to be remembered. Let us look at just a few. Take a drop of milk or ink, or of any colored fluid, and let it gently touch the surface of clear water. What follows? The drop refuses to enter the water as a whole, but breaks up into mere threads which start away on wandering courses, though the water be kept never so still, twisting aimlessly about, and tying themselves into knots, but otherwise little affecting the chief mass of water until this is agitated, or until considerable time has elapsed. Again, photograph lightning in miniature as produced by an electrical machine. Which way go the flashes? Certainly not in a direct line, but in wandering trails that ramify mysteriously through the air, as though the ways they search out were essentially ways which could not be predicted. Once more, blow out an unsnuffed candle in

a room in which there is some little draught. What happens with the smoke? Here we get streams of gas wandering through the air in a manner very closely allied to that of the course of the ink drop through water. It is at this point that certain aerial exploits of my own that have not been without results will find a place. A few months ago, on a day of lightest summer breezes, and when no clouds gave indication of disturbance overhead, I started on a voyage of discovery, my purpose being to sound the ocean of air up to a height of a mile or more and trace, if I might, some of the less apparent channels by which the more subtle air currents move through the free heaven. Fortune had determined on giving me a rare and valuable opportunity. Not only was the day calm, as already stated, but the weather had been settled and practically unvarying for many hours, and, above all, our course was destined to lie over that patch of country which is probably the most uniform, as it is certainly the most open, within a hundred miles of the place of departure. To be precise, our route was to lie across the heart of Salisbury Plain.

The equipment needed was exceedingly simple and readily come by. Merely a gross of addressed postcards attached to floating parachutes and bearing instructions to finders that they should have details of the spots where they alighted written on them, and be dropped in the nearest letter-boxes. Then waiting till after the sun had reached the meridian, and until the dead quiet of the summer afternoon had been established, we leisurely sallied away. And soon an unusual state of things declared itself. For up to half a mile in the sky the air remained as calm and unruffled as it was below, and for a period extending considerably over an hour the balloon,

even at that comparatively low altitude, never got out of sight of the starting ground. But though the main body of this lower aerial ocean was scarcely in motion there were little streams or rivulets that were traversing it in devious courses. This the slowly falling parachutes declared in a manner not to be questioned. Commonly they would keep attendance on the balloon for a little while, sometimes remaining on a level, sometimes dropping away beneath, sometimes, again, apparently soaring aloft as though they had transformed themselves into kites, the real fact in this last case being that the balloon itself had lost gas and had descended below them. But almost always in a few minutes after first keeping the balloon company, these little bodies would get into the drift of some such minor air streams as I have described, and at once break away at such a wide angle from the balloon's course as to suggest that we had arrived at aerial cross roads, and that our companions had taken one of the side turnings.

Then a fresh experiment was tried, and casting away a quantity of sand, we climbed higher into the sky. Immediately on this we ourselves found new wings, tacking off in quite a fresh direction, and vastly increasing our speed. In other words, we were now in a swift general upper current, and so remained as long as we kept the higher level. One result of this may be anticipated. The parachutes no longer struck off from us at a tangent, being influenced wholly by a dominant wind which carried all before it. None the less, however, these parachutes, tending downwards, presently reached the lower sluggish drift, and then once again took to their erratic independent courses. Here, at least, was evidence of a clear and definite character which rendered it possible to form a conception of the way in which one current of

air will course through another or else merge and mingle with it, and again, how on a day which in our meteorological reports had to be entered "calm," there was a wide over-mastering air stream holding sway at less than a mile above the earth.

Thus we may fairly take it for granted that always and everywhere overhead, probably even high above us, and where the atmosphere grows thin, there is aerial flotsam and jetsam of many kinds being constantly carried and sometimes very far afield. Dust storms, when they can be traced, always give proof of this. It is no uncommon experience at sea to find fogs become thick with microscopic matter which has come from a distant strand, and ship's sails will glow red on our side of the Atlantic with an impalpable dust that has sailed on upper currents from far Brazil. No one doubts, too, that actual matter in fine division may hail from regions practically infinitely remote, and the dust mote which intrudes itself into our eyes may perchance quite possibly be a grain of cosmic matter which has come from the limits of outer space.

Could we, then, actually see the grosser constituents of the air, they would doubtless appear as forming veritable dust clouds as varied, possibly, in extent and character as the visible clouds of heaven—riding, too, as these do, sometimes far aloft on swift upper currents, sometimes circulating nearer earth, and often brooding in dense patches over certain localities. Further, the very mode in which the particles mount aloft must almost resemble the subtle insensible rise of vapor off the earth's surface. We see the initial stage of their ascent in every dust-eddy on the ground. In lands where the atmospheric commotions are vaster than in our own, the whirling up of dust is on a proportionate scale; we must, however, picture the manner

of rising currents in our own isles as different at least in degree.

I have never known what may be properly regarded as rising air currents in any hour of the day or night, or in any month of the year, to manifestly affect a balloon; yet a free balloon is an example of a most delicate balance. It is true that a balloon may be sucked down the lee side of a hill, but this is not a case of a vertical current properly so called. On the other hand, light floating particles—as down or winged seeds—will flit upwards on slender air streams that are capable of toying with their slight mass. Thus the dust-cloud would seem to gather insensibly, and, we may imagine, after the manner in which, as we have seen, ink-drops ramify through water until ultimately they pervade the whole. It is in the self-same manner that multitudes of smoke wreaths may presently merge in a uniform universal London fog.

And thus we may, in imagination, be led to picture what takes place also with the air's subtler constituents which elude the sight. After all, we must remember that smoke is but the smallest output of every active chimney. Its invisible gases go to form the greater and more harmful, though unseen, fog, which, failing to escape, becomes the most serious burden of the air—the acid and erosive principles which, penetrating everywhere, inflame our eyes and lungs and destroy the very stonework of our buildings, albeit that in actual quantity they may be comparatively inconsiderable.

Going one degree further into the infinitesimal, we may learn, as we have already seen, by the refined sense of smell, what becomes of matter in the atmosphere when it is so attenuated as fairly to baffle conception. We have abundant evidence of this. The acuteness of the sense of smell among savage tribes is proverbial; but under exceptional circumstances the same sense

may become extraordinarily developed in civilized man also. There is a case cited in the "Phil. Trans." of an English lady, who, having from an attack of small-pox become not only blind but also deaf and dumb, conceived a strong aversion to being seen by strangers. It happened that once a friend called, and begged her (by means of a finger alphabet) to come and sit with the rest of the family, assuring her that no strangers were present. Accordingly the afflicted lady entered the sitting-room, but instantly started back and retreated, subsequently declaring—what was indeed the case—that some stranger had just entered the room before her. She had detected this by the sense of smell alone.

In many animals this sense, of course, is greatly more accentuated. Far more astonishing than the case of the English horse detecting the proximity of a lion—which, after all, was chiefly remarkable for the display of instinct—we have the familiar instance of the dog scenting its quarry at a long distance, while, on the other hand, the hunted animal, endowed with still greater powers, may scent its pursuers across an interval of miles. In this fact we are forced to admit the supposition that the acuteness of the sense of scent can sift from the air traces of matter which could not be detected by any chemical reaction, possibly not even by spectrum analysis.

Perhaps there can be found no more refined optical demonstration of the existence of the infinitesimal in the air than in the following beautiful experiment, due to Mr. C. T. R. Wilson. If light from an arc lamp be brought to a focus by a quartz lens within a vessel containing moist dust-free air, a bluish fog becomes visible along the path of the light. This cloud remains visible and *suspended for hours*, after the light is cut off.

John M. Bacon.

TWIN BROTHERS.

A soft and gentle voice spoke to my heart—
"I am so small and tender; let me in,
I will not harm thee. Sure it were a sin
From one so bright and innocent to part."
And my heart echoing "It were sin," I rose
And opened wide the portals of my breast,
Saying "This love shall be my honored guest,
My choice and sweet companion till life's close."
But soon, meek love became a tyrannous thing,
And from my heart he cast out all beside,
Ambitions, hopes and fears, desires and pride.
For in my bosom he would be sole king.
One inmate only might with him remain,
And share his kingdom—Love's twin brother—Pain.

Temple Bar.

H. J. S.

IN MODERN SPAIN.

It is probable that, beyond dim associations with Greek drama, the word "Electra" conveys no definite impression to the English reader. Yet, throughout Spain during the present year this word has been the battle-cry around which opposing parties have fought, a word highly charged with social and religious issues of momentous character.

"Electra" is a play produced at the Theatre Español in Madrid on January 30 last, and is the latest work of the popular and prolific novelist and dramatist Benito Perez Galdos. Though still in the prime of life, Galdos, who is a native of the Canary Islands, has long occupied a very prominent position in the Spanish world of letters. It can, indeed, scarcely be said that he appeals, like Valera, to the lover of fine literature and delicate observation of life. But if Valera is, on a smaller scale, the George Meredith or the Thomas Hardy of contemporary Spain,

Galdos is at once its Mrs. Humphry Ward and its Sir Walter Besant, and at the same time something more than that, for he not only voices the aspirations of religious liberalism and social progress, but is at the same time the exponent of the national and patriotic spirit of his country. He is a writer whose sympathies, though always on the side of advance, never carry him to extremes—a somewhat rare gift in Spain—so that he has usually been able to avoid injuring dangerous susceptibilities while placing himself in the vanguard of forward movements. Never before, however, has Galdos so conspicuously become the banner-bearer in a great popular movement. The times, indeed, were ripe; the battle which raged last year around the confinement of Adela de Ubao in a convent had convulsed Spain and threatened to become a kind of Spanish Dreyfus affair. Galdos states, and with truth, that he has concentrated

into "Electra" the ideas that have animated the whole of his career, but the public at once identified Electra with Adela de Ubaio, and the whole discussion was thus transferred to the field of art, where it could receive at once more poignant and more generalized expression. In the course of a few months 25,000 copies of "Electra" were sold—for Spain an enormous number—and its author has become a popular hero. "Electra" is the symbol of progress and of revolt against clericalism and Jesuitism, and at the present time at least two or three different periodicals are published bearing the name of the play.

On the other side all the forces of the Church are drawn up in array against "Electra." Bishops have everywhere fulminated vigorously, and have forbidden the faithful to attend the performances. They have sometimes appealed (as the Bishop of Gerona has lately done) to the secular authorities to prohibit the representations, but always in vain, for there is not a word in the play which can possibly be construed into an offence against the law, or even against the canons of good taste. So, although Spain is popularly supposed to be a "priest-ridden" country, the anathemas of the Church have been launched in vain; "Electra" has been played throughout Spain to crowded audiences of both sexes, who have received it with immense enthusiasm, singing the "Marseillaise" and Riego's hymn, which is the Spanish equivalent of the French anthem. Scarcely before in modern times, not even when "Hernani" was produced in Paris, has a play aroused such enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of a country.

It certainly cannot be said that Galdos has initiated a literary or dramatic revolution. He is neither a Victor Hugo nor an Ibsen. "Electra" is an interesting and well-written play,

but its methods are a little old-fashioned; it even resorts to the supernatural; certainly it could have aroused no excitement, even in Spain, at any less favorable moment. Its importance lies solely in the fact that it has given expression to the latent progressive and anti-clerical feelings throughout a country which has hitherto been regarded as of all the chief European countries the least progressive and the most hopelessly bound to the Church.

Electra is a young girl of eighteen, the daughter of a mother who has disgraced herself by running away from home; her father is unknown, and she has been adopted by a very wealthy and pious aunt in Madrid, Doña Evarista, the wife of Don Urbano García Yuste, an easy, good-natured man, who falls in with his wife's devout practices and extensive schemes of charity, with the vague idea that men are regenerated by their wives, and that a woman's piety will compensate for her husband's laxity. Doña Evarista's spiritual director is Don Pantoja; she is entirely in his hands, so that the whole García Yuste household is absolutely controlled by Pantoja, who is described as a sort of honest Tartufo. Pantoja has set himself, with all the energy of his domineering nature, to gain spiritual possession of Electra, and to induce her to enter a convent, and he feels justified in shrinking from no means which may enable him to gain his end. She has no vocation to a religious life. She is a wayward, charming, capricious child, slightly neurotic, indeed, but entirely innocent, only desiring to be left alone, to amuse herself with children, flowers, even dolls, an unconscious maternal instinct being thus suggested. She embodies Galdos's ideas of pure and natural girlhood, left, as it should be, to follow its own impulses. Electra associates much with her cousin Maxi-mo, a young widower, who is engaged

working out chemical problems of great importance, and is known in the family as the Magician, *el magico prodigioso*, but is regarded by the author as the representative of the modern spirit, the "breath of fresh air" in a stifling atmosphere. She acquires skill in assisting him in his laboratory, watches over his domestic life, becomes attached to his children, at last falls in love with him. The affection is mutual, and is detected in its earliest stages by Pantoja, who, finding all other methods fail, at last brings forward—whether in good faith or in bad remains obscure—the unfounded suggestion that she is quite right to love Maximo, that it is indeed her sacred duty to do so because he is really her half-brother. This idea for the moment turns Electra's brain, and she is led away to the convent. Now, however, Maximo is fully roused; he pours a torrent of indignant invective on the head of Pantoja—who, however, is treated by the dramatist with considerable tenderness, and always retains his dignity and self-possession—and with the aid of an old friend of the family, the Marques de Ronda, and the connivance of Sor Dorotea, the nun who has been placed in charge of Electra, he enters the convent garden at night and rescues her under Pantoja's eyes. "Are you fleeing from me, my daughter?" asks Pantoja. "No, she is not fleeing; she is coming to life," answers Maximo; "resucita." That word, with which the play ends, has been seized upon with enthusiasm, as the key to the whole situation. Spain "is coming to life."

"Electra" has become the watchword of many belonging to the most extreme anti-religious, free-thinking and revolutionary parties in Spain. Galdos himself, however, is still by no means an extremist; as he has shown in previous books, he is fully able to sympathize with all that is best

and freest in the mystical, religious temper of his countrymen. He has lately taken an opportunity of explaining his position. He is not opposed to the Church, he tells us; on the contrary, he thinks the Church should be preserved, but he wishes to check the growth of monasticism, which has, he believes, attained alarming dimensions during the past century, and to restrain the undue influence of the Church on secular life. "Do not touch the secular clergy!" he exclaims, and even among the monastic orders he is willing to uphold those which, like the Augustinians and the Carmelites, retain an atmosphere of poetry, reserving his indignation for those, more especially the Jesuits, who preach a barren ideal of gloomy virtue and whose "diabolical inspiration" tends to dry up the fountains of life. It is a studiously moderate program, though not one likely to be quite satisfactory to either party, certainly not to the Church, whose practical influence would thus be minimized, and which might not unfairly contend that Galdos would only reserve to it the rôle which Don Urbano left to his wife, the privilege of strenuously working for the regeneration of a world which is yet to be allowed to preserve its own comfortable laxity. Galdos remains a man of letters, too sympathetic and many-sided to take up an extreme position; and while it is doubtless his ambition to be at the head of a great popular movement of moderate reform, he is scarcely the stuff of which leaders are made.

It may be doubted, indeed, whether Spain is a land in which moderate reforms of any kind are easily possible. Endless as have been its merely superficial political revolutions, there has never been a social revolution in Spain; and it is difficult to see how such a revolution could be other than disastrous to some vital element of the na-

tional life. Sober and temperate as the Spaniards are in most respects, their convictions in spiritual matters have ever tended to run to extremes. In this they are like their own climate, for they live in a land which is never temperate, but always subject to the contending clash of heat and cold, of blazing sun and icy blast. The first Christian persecutors and the first Christian martyrs who suffered at Christian hands were alike Spaniards; and gentle and long-suffering as the Spaniards are in the practical affairs of everyday life, the course of the ages has not abated this fervor of conviction in matters of the highest import. It is a feature of the Spanish character which stands in the way of any easy optimism concerning the immediate future of Spain.

The conflict of extreme views in Spain is emphasized by the existence of slight racial differences among the population of the country, and more especially by the existence of Catalonia and its great capital. Barcelona is the richest city in Spain, the most energetic, now perhaps the largest. Madrid is the official and administrative capital, but Barcelona is the brain and the arm of Spain; it is the one city which possesses initiative and the executive energy to carry out its ideas. In the rest of Spain it is difficult not to believe that every Spaniard one meets is either a Don Quixote or a Sancho Panza, or some combination or variation of those great types. Everywhere one sees grave, long, dreamy, handsome faces, or rotund, wrinkled humorous, good-natured faces—the faces of those who are altogether inapt for practical life and the faces of those who have spent themselves in meeting its petty details, both alike unfitted for the task of truly organizing the world around them. It is remarkable that one seldom hears the voice of indignation in Spain. The

conventional accounts of the Spanish character tell us, indeed, that the Spaniard is quickly moved to anger and readily uses the knife. No doubt, to avenge real or fancied wrongs he uses the knife, but he is not inclined to expend his anger in stimulating himself or others to right wrongs; if his emotions easily found that vent probably he would use the knife less. In the course of my last visit to Spain, during six weeks I never heard the voice of indignation nor saw signs of impatience, save only twice; once I came across a French commercial traveller who became a volcano of more or less serious indignation, expressed in bad Spanish, in the face of the inconveniences of Spanish travelling, and once more, I found an eminent publicist, again French, in the room next to mine in an hotel in Seville—where he had settled himself in order to study and write about the manners and customs of Andalusia—grow impatient when repeated requests for morning coffee failed to produce a luxury which in purely Spanish hotels a guest is usually supposed to seek at a café. But as soon as I had passed the borders of Catalonia I came upon a foreman expostulating vigorously with his gang of navvies, and it seemed a new and strange circumstance, something that I had not seen for a very long time. The Catalans are not usually handsome, and are of very mixed type, but they are clear-eyed, vigorous, independent, of coarser fibre indeed, and less fine perceptions than the true Spaniard, and better adapted to make their way in the practical modern world.

We may realize something of the difference between the Catalan and the Spaniard by merely observing the difference in their water-pots—not a minor matter in a land where water and the carrying of water play so conspicuous a part. The water-pots differ slightly in every province of Spain;

in Valencia, which borders on Catalonia and is inhabited by a race of artists, the pitcher in common use is a very beautiful and uncolored variety of the ancient classic double handled amphora; it is the most graceful of all the Spanish water-pots, a delightful survival of Greek antiquity, though not specially adapted to practical modern needs. But as soon as we pass into the land of the Catalans and reach Tarragona we find quite a different water-pot, with a large spout for the water to enter, and a small spout for it to be poured out, as well as a handle across the top, by which it may be carried as a basket is carried. It is a thoroughly practical but not specially beautiful pitcher, and at Tarragona they seek to give it a touch of beauty by a wash of green glaze over the upper third. When at last we reach Barcelona even this touch of color has gone, and a coat of greasy-looking grayish-black, doubtless a useful tint, but certainly unpleasant, is uniformly laid over the water-pots. Even this detail of daily life reveals the Catalan.¹

Whatever the defects of their qualities may be, the Catalans are able both to think and to act. Every progressive movement, either in ideas or in practice, finds its centre in Barcelona, and it is in Barcelona that the cry of "Electra" has its chief focus of propaganda. Barcelona, moreover, is not only a centre alike of commerce and ideas; the Catalans possess an instinct of political freedom, and are in a state of constant friction with Madrid, the maladministration of officials

perpetually leading to difficulties which the central Government can only settle by the easy method of resorting to force. The rooted love of the Catalan for self-government, and his feeling that Spain is a land outside Catalonia, have, indeed, lately reached an unprecedented pitch, and the cry of "Down with Spain!" which was heard in the streets of Barcelona during the disorders accompanying the recent prolonged tramway strike, produced a certain amount of consternation in Spain. General Weyler, the Minister of War, who once governed in Barcelona, is credited with a desire for the reform of the administration of Catalonia. But in the meanwhile (at the moment that I chanced to reach the city in May last), and directly after a series of sanguinary collisions in the streets, a "state of war" was officially declared, the military authorities took over the control of affairs, troops were poured in and posted at every "strategic position," the newspapers were placed under military censure and forbidden to publish any news concerning the events in progress, and at last the trams began to run again down the long Rambla, under the guard of mounted soldiers with drawn sabres, while crowds gazed in silence. Peace once more reigned in Barcelona. But it was easy enough to see that a peace thus attained was worth little. A free, prosperous and independent people cannot permanently be coerced by the cheap method of resorting to force, and it is likely enough that the cry of "Down with Spain!" has only been stifled for the present to arise more

¹ The same tendency may be noted in the native language of the Catalans, which they carefully cherish. It is closely related to Provençal; but while Provençal is one of the most charming and musical tongues, the Catalans have, so far as possible, contracted their language into a series of unpleasantly sibilant and dental monosyllables which might have been invented by a people whose mouths were habitually full. At

the same time I do not wish to assert that the Catalans are without art instincts; though they have produced few great painters, the finest and most genuinely national architecture in Spain belongs to this region. Barcelona and its people drew from Cervantes an oft-quoted eulogy, and at the present day few cities in Spain are pleasanter to live in.

loudly than ever when a fitting season occurs.

The independent and progressive spirit of Catalonia, with its marked tendency to anarchism—which everywhere finds more adherents in Spain than socialism—is an element of danger for the future of the country, because it is doubtful how far Spain can be brought into line with Catalonia. When we enter Spain by Barcelona we are struck by its Spanish character, but when we enter elsewhere and leave by Barcelona we realize how unlike it is to Spain, in race and in traditions, and that these alert, business-like, rather coarse-fibred people are different from the true Spaniards. It is possible to imagine the present situation if we suppose Ulster governed from Dublin by a Cabinet in which Mr. Redmond or Mr. Dillon was Prime Minister. We should have the same conflict of instincts and methods between the progressive, commercial spirit of Belfast and the Celtic, conservative spirit of Ireland. Such a situation is by no means necessarily dangerous, but it is difficult. We can but hope that on the one hand Catalonia will have full freedom of development, and that on the other hand its development will not destroy all that is beautiful and characteristic in the rest of Spain.

The Argosy.

No doubt Spain, like Italy, will have her revival. The fundamental vitality of the people and the great natural wealth of their land, the rapid growth of the population, the spread of new and progressive ideas, of which "Electra" is so significant a sign, all point to such a revival. Even the war with the United States has had a healthy and stimulating influence, and has been met by Spaniards with their ancient and customary fortitude. The more thoughtful regard the loss of the colonies as a necessary though unpleasant surgical operation; all resentment seems to have died out; the newspapers chronicle the difficulties of the Americans in the Philippines without acrimony and without glee; they are even able to make their loss the point of a jest, and a comic paper lately represented a Spaniard pensively remarking to himself: "If we could only lose our monks as easily as our colonies!" Such a revival is doubtless inevitable, and those of us who have learnt to love Spain because she takes us so far away from the ugliness and unrest of "progress," can but hope that the profoundly conservative instincts of the people will guide them aright in choosing the good and refusing the evil of modern civilization.

Havelock Ellis.

A VAGABOND'S WOOING.

I.

Few persons will now remember the loss of the steamship *Kordofan* upon the southern shore of the Isle of Wight, although the narrative of the solitary survivor, which was published in

"The Times" some years ago, then caused a bewildering sensation. This story, set out with a wealth of grave detail, compelled belief in the writer's sincerity, but at the same time it caused many to question the sanity of her judgment. All discussion upon the

point was, however, a vain waste of words, since she held the field as the sole existing witness.

In the early autumn of 188— Mr. Richard Eades, the vagabond "liner" to as many newspapers as could be brought to pay the essential three-half-pence a line for his copy, went down to Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, for a short holiday. Most of those who knew the man wondered how the possessor of so much knowledge and ingenious energy came to live by so sorry a trade. He had been at Cambridge; he had been a schoolmaster; he had no vices of intemperance or extravagance. Though rich as liners reckon wealth, he was still poor. He might more than once have taken regular pay and regular work at the hands of some of the newspaper proprietors from whom flowed his uncertain stream of half-pence. Yet he would not. The reason is simple. Richard Eades, though sprung from a country rectory and dragooned into respectability at school and college, was a born vagabond. And the joys of bachelor vagabondage, irresponsible, ill-clothed, ill-paid vagabondage are to the true native what servants and carriages and crests and titles are to the normal Briton. Yet Eades, like many of his kind, turned aside from the love of his youth and followed after a strange woman. He fell, and this story tells the manner of his falling.

On October 15, 1888, a heavy south-westerly gale raged in the English Channel. Between St. Catherine's Point and Dunnose the long ridge of rocks which pushes out to sea below the Undercliff was roaring under tumbling breakers. Mr. Eades, sitting in his cottage-room close to the beach at Bonchurch, heard through the roar the sharp dash of spray against his windows and scented news. To the mind of the liner events occur in order that

they may be reported. Tragedies which are seen cease to be tragical when they are made to represent so many lines of saleable news. It is the unwitnessed and wasted tragedy which wrings the reporter's heart.

"I might do a bit in gale and wrecks to-night," thought Eades; and he manfully put aside comfort and wrestled with the storm.

In the village street a man, surrounded by many of his friends, was striving to be articulate. "I tell you it was a steamer; I saw her lights," cried he. "Then why didn't you stop and watch what happened to her?" said another contemptuously. "I tell you I saw her lights," angrily repeated the first. "But I wasn't so darned curious as to sit out on a wet cliff just for to watch her."

"What is it?" put in Eades.

"John Jolliffe here swears he saw a big steamer just now running down on Dunnose Point. She was close in, as if it was calm weather with no sou'-wester blowing. John, I shall tell your wife to lock up the brandy till after tea-time."

The discredited witness raised his voice once more: "I saw her lights. She was a passenger boat lit up like a railway train. She wasn't a mile away when I saw her."

It was plain that none of his fellows believed him, yet he seemed to Eades to speak truth.

"Dunnose?" said Eades. "One can overlook that from the landslip. I am going there."

He started on the instant to run, but no one had the curiosity to follow him. Eades raced along the dark road which skirts the little old church, and presently was out on the sodden landslip. He stumbled towards the shelving edge and overlooked the sea. His eyes roamed over the tossing waste of water for some minutes, seeing nothing of a ship, and he was about to go

away when, chancing to look down, he saw the lights of a great steamer almost at his feet. She was perhaps half a mile distant, but half a mile of water viewed from above appears as a short stone's throw.

The rows of shining white scuttles glittered against the background, and up above a yellow masthead lantern dipped and rose with the plunges of the vessel. Eades stood appalled. The steamer was racing in on a flowing tide, and with the fierce wind urging her forward destruction lay a few moments from her bows. Even as the solitary watcher shrank fearfully back the ship struck, and her electric lights went out.

Then the frightful tumult which raged at his feet stunned his senses and Eades stood passive, almost indifferent, waiting for the end. He could see nothing except the one masthead lantern which still twinkled through the rush of screaming steam. Steam and wind and the roar of many voices were all mingled together in a rolling mass of sound, cut through now and again by the sharp smack, smack of revolver shots.

"I suppose the crew are rushing the boats," murmured Eades.

His eyes were held by the masthead light, which alone showed that the vessel still lived. He watched it swing to and fro and then shoot forward in a long slow curve. Suddenly the movement of the light changed and it sank down.

"She's sinking by the head," said Eades, stricken callous by a horror too vast for emotion.

The light sank down. Then the splintering crash of an explosion tore all other sounds into noiseless fragments, and the light went out.

"She's gone!" observed Eades, and drawing out his handkerchief he tried to clear his face of the water and soot which the bursting boilers had flung

over him. For some moments he stood idly mopping at his face and groaning over the evil-smelling mess in which his clothes were smothered. Then the instinct of the journalist awoke and spurned aside the trifling woes of the man. He realized that he, Richard Eades, was probably the single witness of a great catastrophe, and for him alone was reserved the means to profit by it.

"Heavens, what a scoop!" he cried, and strode away towards the telegraph office at Ventnor.

The temptation to say nothing in Bonchurch rent his soul, for, though a journalist, he cherished the relics of a common conscience. He felt, in bitterness of spirit, that the claims of drowning fellow-creatures were beyond even those of "scoops." So he let slip the fact of the vessel's loss and set the village folk pouring towards the scene of the wreck.

"I couldn't let them drown," he groaned as he panted on towards Ventnor; "but this excessive humanity will be my ruin. The regular correspondents will get on the track, and I shall be cut out. However, nobody else will have actually seen the thing happen."

Thus partially comforted, Eades reached the Ventnor post office. Though the doors were about to close he demanded time in which to send five thousand words at Press rates.

"To whom are you wiring?" asked the postmaster.

"To every morning paper in London," returned Eades grandly. For he had determined to plunge and back his scoop substantially by the cost of ten separate messages.

"First for the name of the ship," murmured Eades, and he scribbled a telegram to the Lloyd's station at Niton, near St. Catherine's Point: "Please wire name and owners of passenger vessel which passed about an hour and a half ago."

Soon the answer was ticked back, "*Kordofan*; 6,000 tons, South Africa Steam Transport Company, Cape to London."

"Good," said Eades; "new let us fill up the gaps." Then turning to the telegraph clerks who watched him with eager respect: "Wire this to the South Africa Steam Transport Company, London, and mark it for special delivery:—'*Kordofan* lost. Deliver at once list of passengers and crew at offices of all the morning papers. Papers will pay messenger.' There is sure to be a caretaker at the company's headquarters." Eades now addressed himself to his principal message and described how he, perhaps the one living eye-witness, had seen the *Kordofan* run ashore and sink. "I have obtained the name of the ship from Lloyd's," he explained in separate private telegrams, "and have wired to the steamship company to deliver to you lists of passengers and crew. Please pay the messenger."

As he wrote he cast the slips to the clerks, and all the available machines rapidly began to spell out the story. When Eades had done his part he turned to the postmaster.

"Kindly keep the office open for another hour. I must see if there are any survivors. After an hour shut up and go resolutely to bed. I don't want any other reporter to get a wire through to-night."

The postmaster laughed, and Eades hurried to a cab.

"I am spending money like water," thought he, "but I stand to get it all back, and to clear twenty pounds out of to-night's job. Even the meanest papers will credit me with lineage for the steamship company's lists, and will repay me for my telegrams."

He was eagerly vigilant until midnight, and satisfied himself that up to that hour no living person had been brought to shore. Then he struck

work and triumphantly took to his bed.

II.

The next morning found him comparatively listless. His human interest in the wreck remained, but the professional fire had burned out. "All the local correspondents will be on the ground to-day," said Eades, "and I shall be once more a mere outside gleaner, a picker-up of their majesties' leavings. No, I am hanged if I will! I am determined to enjoy my holiday in idleness."

Firmly set upon professional neutrality, Eades strolled out after breakfast towards the beach near his cottage, and sat down to smoke and to watch the flock of boats which in the distance hovered over the sunken steamer. The tide had risen to its height and ebbed again since the previous evening. It was now low water, and Eades could see the masts of the vessel and the rocks on which she had splintered her iron bones.

He was placidly enjoying the warm October morning, without a thought of business, when his eye fell upon a strange, shapeless heap which lay on one of the many groynes which there ran out seawards.

"Upon my word," murmured he, "that looks uncommonly like a body."

Though, as he put it in his coarse vernacular, "dead meat"—meaning fatal accidents and inquests—"formed the staple of his business," Eades had never overcome his constitutional horror of the form of death. He now rose and walked towards the heap, with his skin twitching in revolt against the tyranny of his mind.

It was a woman and she lay face downwards, her forehead resting on her folded arms. She was dressed in rough blue serge, and over her chest and back were strapped a large cork

jacket. Eades stood over her for a while, then he set his teeth, and stooping turned the body on its back. The arms and the long wet hair drooped aside, and Eades looked upon the white, cold face of a comely young woman. He had seen many dead girls' faces, but never such a one as this.

"Poor thing!" he murmured sadly, "she might be asleep."

She lay upon her back with the sun pouring on her closed eyes, and lighting up the brown tresses of her shining hair. The girl was wholesome and capable in face, rather than beautiful, yet Eades, doubtless deeply moved by pity, felt that he had never gazed upon so sweet and fair a maid.

The glory of the sunlight shone upon her pale cheeks and seemed to tinge them into life. Her white teeth glistened between the slightly parted lips which, though sadly faded, had nothing of the gray repulsive hue of death.

"I don't believe she's dead at all," cried Eades.

Even as he spoke the girl's eyes opened. She blinked as the sunlight blinded her, and feebly turned her face from the glare.

Eades instantly formed a shade with his body and fell on his knees beside her. In his pocket was a small flask containing some whisky. Quickly twisting off the top, he deliberately poured the raw spirit down the girl's throat.

She gasped, choked, coughed, and then to Eades's amazement sat up. A pair of calm brown eyes, close to his own, searched his plain, honest face, and a clear-toned voice asked imperiously:

"What are you doing in my cabin, sir?"

Eades, a modest man, gave ground before the girl's assault.

"You are not in your cabin," said he with the air of a convicted rascal. "You are cast ashore on the Isle of Wight."

"Who are you? I have never seen you among the passengers."

"I am Richard Eades, and no passenger. I found you by chance."

"Oh!" returned she indifferently. Then she lay back and closed her eyes.

Eades was not a knight errant. He had little experience of damsels in distress, yet he strongly felt that the specimen before him was needlessly curt and unresponsive. He did not ask for gratitude, but he laid some claim to civility. It was therefore in rather a testy voice that he plucked the young woman back from the threshold of slumber.

"Madam," said he, "if, as I suppose, you were wrecked in the *Kordofan*, you have been in the sea for several hours. Is it wise to go on lying here and to catch your death of cold?"

She sat up once more.

"The *Kordofan*? Why, so I was. I had forgotten all about it. Perhaps I had better get under some cover and go to sleep."

"Perhaps you had," said Eades drily. "If you can walk a little I might help you to my cottage. My landlady"—he emphasized the word—"my landlady will, perhaps, look after you."

"I will," she said, and struggled to her feet. Eades, blushing with real embarrassment, put his hands under her shoulders and held her firmly. "Would you mind taking off this thing?" said she, indicating the cork jacket. He loosed the buckles with one hand, stripped it off and cast it on the sand.

"Now I am ready," cried the rescued damsel, and assisted on one side by Eades she walked slowly towards his cottage. She was, of course, feeble, but Eades was amazed at her stores of bodily vigor, which were still unexhausted after a long night of exposure. He was even more astonished at the serene strength of mind which treated wrecks as incidents of no ac-

count, and rescuers scarce worthy of thanks. She irritated him and at the same time compelled his admiration.

The strange pair reached Eades's cottage and met his landlady at the door.

"Mrs. Day," said he, seeing misconstruction written large on the good woman's face, "this lady has been out in the storm all night and is ill. I have recommended your house to her, and assured her of comfort and attention."

This diplomatic effort did not fail of effect, and in a few minutes Mrs. Day had led the girl to a room, lighted a fire, and put her to bed with her own hands.

In the meantime Eades strolled over the cliffs to the bay in which the *Kordofan* had been wrecked. He had tried to thrust the disaster from his mind, and destiny, not to be so treated, had cast up an interesting reminder at his feet. "It is plain," said Eades to himself, "that the *Kordofan* is a true female and cannot endure neglect. Very well, my dear, have it your own way. I will oblige your ladyship." He clambered down to where a group of fishermen and coastguards clustered on the shore.

"Got any survivors?" he inquired briskly in the tones of one asking, "Any sport?"

"No, sir, not one," said a big coastguard gravely. "The boats have picked up forty-two bodies, but not one living soul. No man could have swum in last night's sea, and the ship's boats went down with her. There won't be nobody saved now."

"Oh, won't there?" said Eades. He had opened his mouth to confound the coastguard when a swift thought struck him speechless. Until that moment he had not known what a prize lay sleeping under his roof. If his ungrateful young discovery of that morn-

ing really proved to be the sole survivor of the wreck she had a literally golden story to tell. And to Eades fairly belonged the gold.

Shivering with anxiety the journalist hastened back to his cottage. "If I had suspected what a scoop she was," he muttered inhumanly, "I'd have interviewed her right there on the groyne."

Short as had been the time since he had set out, he greatly feared lest Mrs. Day had already gratified her feminine instinct by giving away his precious and exclusive news.

The landlady came quickly to his bell.

"How is the young lady?" asked he. His voice shook and Mrs. Day at once put her own interpretation upon his anxiety.

"She is sleeping nicely, sir. Such a bonny lamb as she looks too. But really, sir, you ought to have told me she was coming."

"How was I to know?" He had not yet taken in the importance of her words.

"I don't know who should if you didn't."

Then he understood. This incomparable Mrs. Day had no suspicion whatever that the girl had come from the wreck. She had formed her own short-sighted theory, and Eades was far too pleased at her lack of perception to trouble about her indifferent faith in his morals. There was plenty of time coming in which to display the beautiful whiteness of his character.

"Don't be absurd," he said complacently, "I met the young woman by accident, and recommended your rooms out of passing kindness."

"Yes, sir," she said, and went away unconvinced.

All that day Eades did sentry duty in the little garden of his cottage, jealously watching over his unconscious treasure. He entertained himself by

reading all the newspapers which had printed his telegrams of the night before, and by converting the hundreds of halfpence into pounds sterling. In the evening the girl was still asleep, and Eades ventured to make a reconnaissance into the village. Here he learned that no rival survivor had been recovered, and if he pretended no sorrow let him not be written down a heartless brute. There are limits even to the pretence of virtue.

The next morning Eades addressed himself to his landlady.

"Is the young woman still in bed?" he asked.

"No, sir. She got up, though she is but poorly. She is lying on a sofa in her room."

"Please give her my compliments, and ask her if she will see me upon business of urgent importance."

"She says you may come up," said Mrs. Day, returning. "But she seems queer. All she said was, 'Who is Mr. Eades? Is he a passenger? Send him along.'"

"Now, Mrs. Day," cried Eades, looking round for his notebook and pencil, "please come upstairs. I want you to chaperone me, for I am a modest man. It will be worth your while."

Then the need for secrecy having become less pressing, he explained the situation to the woman and promised her an all-compelling sovereign if she would keep silence until the morrow.

"I can't do it, sir, unless I stop in all day and see nobody. Flesh and blood ain't equal to it."

"Then stop in all day," returned the indomitable journalist.

Eades entered the fair survivor's room in the discreet wake of his landlady. She was lying propped up on a sofa, and her eyes were closed. Eades handed Mrs. Day to a chair, sat down himself, and opened his notebook.

"Madam," he cried, "may I ask your name?"

"Laura Courtenay," murmured the girl, without opening her eyes, "Laura Courtenay, spinster, aged twenty-three, chief stewardess in the steamship *Kordofan*, 6,000 tons, registered 100 A 1 at Lloyd's."

"The poor dear!" gasped the sympathetic landlady, "the poor dear! And I thought all sorts of horrid things about her."

"Miss Courtenay," said Eades, "I will ask you some questions, and you will do me a great service by answering them."

She lay silent.

"How was the *Kordofan* lost?"

She turned her eyes, heavy with sleep, and looked at him without sign of recognition. Then she closed them again and began to speak. He interrupted once or twice at first to ask a question, but soon the pace grew too hot, and all his skill was called for to set down her exact words on paper. He remembered afterwards, though he had no leisure for reflection at the time, that she seemed to be a mere human phonograph, giving out without a sign of interest a story with which she was charged.

When at last she stopped Eades arose, closed his book, and went away.

III.

For the full story of how the *Kordofan* was lost inquirers must please look to "The Times" of October, 188—. I have not space to reprint the whole narrative which Eades constructed from his notes—even if I were free of the possible penalties of outraged copyright. Nevertheless, those most interesting portions with which my story is concerned are here set forth.

"The *Kordofan*, Captain Ephraim Stocks," began Miss Courtenay, "cleared out of Cape Town harbor on September 25. She carried a full crew and upwards of 800 passengers, of

whom 123 were in the first saloon. On the third day out the second officer, who was my mother's cousin, came to speak to me. 'How do you like your new job, Laura?' said he. It was my first voyage as chief stewardess.

"Very well, indeed," I said. The women are beginning to recover from the shock of my youth. They suspected also that I was too much of a lady until they were taken ill and learned how nicely I could look after them.'

"He smiled and, after chatting in a friendly way for a minute or two, said, 'Between you and me, Laura, there is something up with the skipper.'

"Seasick?" I asked laughing; for Captain Stocks always shut himself up on the first day of a voyage and was believed to be regularly ill. 'No; something more serious. He has written long prayers in the log.' I laughed again, for the Captain was a powerfully religious Baptist, and I imagined the owners' faces when they got a written taste of his pious quality.

"Jim did not laugh at all.

"Don't make game of it, Laura. Prayers are mighty serious things, and it goes against my conscience to see them sandwiched in between the weather and the day's run.'

"Then he went away and I did not see him again for about a week.

"When he next spoke to me, he said, 'Did you bring your cork jacket this trip?'

"Yes," said I, 'I always bring it. My dad used to say that air-belts and india-rubber floats were all fancy rubbish. So I bought a good cork jacket when I took to the sea, and always keep it by me.'

"Good," said he; 'you may come to need it.'

"I didn't pay overmuch heed to Jim. I had my passengers to see after, and one must take one's risks quietly at sea. One cannot get out and walk.

"Jim hung about me pretty constant-

ly during the next few days, though he didn't say anything of much account. He had clearly something on his mind, and as I was too busy to be curious I let it ooze out by itself. At last my indifference to obscure hints drove him savage, and he blurted out: 'Laura, I believe that our skipper has gone cracked.'

"Sh!" I said. 'You mustn't say that. It is near mutiny to suggest such a thing.'

"That brought him up quick, and he turned white.

"I only said it in confidence between friends," he whispered.

"Ay, but we're officers of the ship, Jim. We mustn't say what we think even in confidence.'

"You're right, Laura," said he. 'I won't pass any opinions on the skipper. Still I must tell you one or two queer things which he has done. He goes on writing prayers in the log, and worse than prayers—curses, Laura. Black curses on ships and all that sail in them. At first our log was a mixture of seamanship and piety, while now the seamanship is pretty well crushed out and the piety is fast losing ground. The logbook will be a regular Commination Service soon. It is true that the skipper takes sights every day and marks off the vessel's place on the chart, but he hasn't laid down the course for a week past. We know more or less where we are each day at noon, but between whiles we're just cruising blindfold. We don't know our speed or our leeway or anything. Though it may not matter much here, where there's plenty of room, how about Madeira and the narrows beyond Ushant?'

"Are you sure, Jim? Take time and make certain.'

"I'm certain sure, Laura. This vessel isn't being navigated. She's just zigzagging from noon to noon, and running the devil's own course in be-

tween. And, to make things worse, the old man looks as grave and dependable as a British admiral. If he broke out and killed a passenger or two, we might get the pull against him. As it is we are just helpless.'

"What does the first officer say?"

"Even he is beginning to take notice. At least I guess so, for he said today. 'I suppose the old man is keeping a private log.'"

"Doesn't he think the prayers and things odd?"

"Bless you, no. He's a Scot, and piety comes as natural to him as whisky. What we call cursing, he calls 'the solemn reproof of the ungodly.'"

"And my poor passengers have to take their chance?"

"Just so. A precious thin chance too, I call it."

"Jim, I said earnestly, 'give your mind to those poor things singing yonder in the saloon, and try to shape out a way to pull them through.'

"I will, Laura,' he said, and went away to his duty.

"The next day he came back to me.

"We have passed Madeira,' he said. 'And upon my word I'm surprised. I expected to knock up against it in the night.'

"Come, that's better. Perhaps you are making too much of the skipper's queer freaks.'

"Not a bit. The sea's a mighty big thing, and Madeira is by comparison a very small thing. That's why we missed hitting it. There's little merit in that kind of marksmanship. Just you wait until we get into the Channel, my dear.'

"Have you thought of anything for us to do?"

"We can't do anything at all.'

"Why not?"

"Because Captain Stocks is the master of this vessel, and there is no authority afloat which can interfere with

him. If he would break out raving mad, it's just possible that the doctor would take the responsibility of locking him up. Then the first officer would succeed to the command. But the skipper would have to be powerful bad—so bad that he couldn't run us all in for mutiny when he came to shore.'

"So as he is only mad enough to throw away the ship and hundreds of innocent lives, he must be allowed to do it in any way he pleases.'

"I spoke bitterly, for my heart was sore for my passengers.

"That's so. If he would kill one or two, we might perhaps save the rest; as it is we must be content to lose the lot, and our own lives as well.'

"Have you spoken to the doctor?"

"Not direct. Still I've been egging him on to talk to the skipper about religion. I thought that the old man might give himself away and start the doctor's suspicions. It wasn't a bit of good. Our doctor is a young chap just out of hospital, and the skipper is cunning enough to beat the whole College of Physicians. Mind you, I don't blame the doctor. I should be taken in the same myself if I hadn't seen the log, and hadn't known the happy-go-lucky way in which we were tempting the ocean.'

"Is nothing to be done?" I asked in despair. 'Think of all these unsuspecting people and the dear little children. Are all to be left to die because we are afraid of being shot for mutiny?"

"I'm not more afraid of being shot than of being drowned. It isn't that. I'm eager to mutiny right now, for I'm about desperate. But what darned use would it be? The whole ship's company and all the passengers would back the skipper against me. Think what a sober, trustworthy old gentleman Captain Stocks looks, and reckon up my chances of being believed. The old man's reputation for seaman-

ship would swamp my case were it ten times as watertight as it actually is.'

"I was loth to agree with him for I heard my helpless women and children calling out for me to help. As I stood there in my grief and rage I felt that those silent cries would drive me mad unless I did all that I could. And then I began to see a way.

"It came into my mind that I was less tied to rules of discipline than was Jim. While he could be suspended and put in irons, I could suffer no worse risk than the loss of my berth. A woman is worth six men when it comes to plotting, and I determined that I would try my hand at a real mutiny.

"My hope was in the doctor. He alone could pronounce the skipper mad, and no one could resist his professional verdict if once he could be induced to deliver it.

"So I cornered the doctor and put out the full power of my sex and age against him. Though he would never have listened to Jim, I made him hear me to the end. And when I had done he gasped:

"'Miss Courtenay,' said he, 'please do not force me to be rude to you. But I really cannot hear any more.'

"'There's no need, as you have heard all that I have to say. Now, you've got to act.'

"'Impossible! Your suggestion is preposterous.'

"'Is it preposterous to save the lives of 1,200 innocent folk?' I asked hotly.

"'Believe me, you are under a complete illusion. Captain Stocks is the best sailor in the company's service.'

"'Dr. Forbes,' I said, 'the captain is all that when he is well. But you are a doctor, and it isn't for me to tell you that a sailor is just as likely to go off his head as a landsman. It is your plain duty to examine the evidence for yourself.'

"He fretted and fumed, but I stuck to my point.

"'Get a look at the logbook when the captain isn't by, and ask the first and second officers about the way in which this vessel is being navigated. If you don't, and the worst happens, you'll be glad to die yourself to get the women's shrieks out of your ears.'

"'I'll think about it,' said he, plainly reluctant; and with that I had to be content.

"He sought me out next day, and said:

"'I've done what you asked, Miss Courtenay. Are you satisfied now?'

"'I'll be satisfied when this crushing load is off my mind,' I answered, for his look was not hopeful.

"'I will be candid with you, Miss Courtenay. I have seen the log and I don't like the look of it at all. As far as it goes, it affords evidence of religious mania, though evidence of that sort can never be conclusive. The second officer declares that the ship is rushing on destruction, but the first mate declines to take so severe a view. He says that the skipper is a first-class seaman, and must be keeping a private log. We are apparently not much out of the usual course, and the first officer feels in no way alarmed. He is strangely little impressed by the logbook. You see how I am placed. I cannot in the face of the principal officer's expert opinion, take the very grave responsibility of declaring the captain *non compos*.'

"'Thank you, doctor,' said I sadly, 'I understand. You're a gentleman and you have honestly done your best. I can't expect you to feel responsibility for the passengers as I do. They are in my charge, you see, and I'd give my life readily to help save theirs.'

"'They are in the hands of God, Miss Courtenay,' said he.

"'That's so. But I think God would

be better pleased if we lent them a hand ourselves.'

"Jim was right. I knew, and I believed the doctor knew, that all our lives were being played with by a madman; yet because he had cunning enough to murder wholesale instead of by instalments we could do nothing to stop him. He was the master of the ship, and there was no authority afloat which could interfere with him.

"The passengers played and sang and made love, the more eagerly as only a day or two was left of the voyage. I went among them with a cheerful face, and every laugh that I heard wrung a fresh drop of blood from my heart. I was doomed to taste the bitterness of death for each one of them; and yet I laughed too, and said we should soon all be home.

"I did not see the end. God is merciful, and as I was not to die, He did not put upon me more than I could bear. Towards the last, when Jim had whispered to me that the skipper was on the bridge, paying no sort of heed to the shore lights, I got out my cork jacket and buckled it on. Then I tried to persuade my ladies to put on life-belts. 'The wind was high,' I said, 'and the coast dangerous.' It was no use. They spoke to their men folk and the men laughed. 'There is no danger,' said they. 'Is not the captain on the bridge?'

"I went on deck and walked to the bridge ladder. I am strong and I meant to grapple with Captain Stocks and to carry him overboard with me. It was the last chance.

"But I never reached the bridge. A huge sea tore me from the ladder, and lifting me up by the buoyancy of my jacket cast me far to leeward. Then a calm as of death came over me and I fell asleep."

IV.

"This is a great yarn," said Eades,

bending over his shorthand notes. "A magnificent yarn. It is much too good to be frittered away in lineage."

From that moment the destination of Miss Courtenay's story was settled. When a man like Eades has really something first-rate to sell, he goes by instinct to the very best market—he offers it to "The Times." "The sole survivor of the *Kordofan*," telegraphed Eades to the manager of "The Times," "has been rescued by me. I have her most important story in her own words. It runs to about three columns. If you will pay fifteen guineas a column I will send it to-night by railway parcel."

In reply this answer came:—"Your terms are accepted, if the narrative is authentic and absolutely exclusive."

Eades redeemed his promise by catching the 5.30 train to Victoria, but he had to write a thousand words an hour for six hours to do it.

He had just returned after getting his valuable parcel safely off, and was meditating a rest, when Mrs. Day broke in upon him. Miss Courtenay, after sleeping all day, had been taken alarmingly ill. "She's calling out for some one to kill the skipper," said Mrs. Day, "and I'm 'most frightened out of my senses."

"All right," replied Eades cheerfully; "just chain up your wits for half an hour, and I will send you in a doctor and a nurse." And he did so.

"Now," observed the resolute seeker after rest, "I will return to the placid contemplation of my holiday."

Miss Courtenay's illness was happily not serious. The long night of exposure, following upon days and nights of sleepless anxiety, had for a short time got the better of her salt-water constitution. She was delirious for two days, helpless for two more, and then she resolutely arose from bed and demanded to be taken into the garden. Eades was active in his atten-

tions upon her. He moved his favorite armchair on to the little lawn overlooking the sea, and filled it with pillows. Then he guided her steps to it, and remained watching over her.

"You are very kind to me," observed Miss Courtenay, "and I do not even know your name."

"I am Richard Eades," said he surprised. "I picked you up on the groyne yonder. Don't you remember?"

"I remember nothing since I was washed overboard," said she.

She seemed so placidly incurious that Eades turned to her story, as published in "The Times," and re-read it with amazement.

"It cannot be callousness," reflected he, "for her words show the keenest sensibility. It must be sheer power of mind. Heavens! what a woman."

Thenceforward he looked upon her with admiration. It did not occur to Mr. Eades that the girl might for the time have exhausted emotion. The nerves when driven too hard rebel and strike work. Miss Courtenay, though able to move slowly, was very weak, and for several more days she remained in Eades's cottage. The eager journalist was constantly with her, and gradually the supreme comfort of having a sensible woman to talk to revealed itself to him. He talked of himself, and she listened; she talked of herself, and he listened; and the mutual entertainment was perfect. The self-reliant daughter of the sea and the equally self-reliant scavenger of the land found each day new ties of kinship. Eades greatly respected this child of a Navy lieutenant who had turned to her mother ocean for a livelihood in time of need; and Miss Courtenay was drawn as by instinct towards the man whom neither a school nor a university education could shape into a common pattern.

"I am a land vagabond," said Eades one day.

"And I am a sea vagabond," returned the girl, smiling. And perhaps this community in vagabondage gave impetus to the rapidly growing friendship.

All this while nothing was said as to the loss of the *Kordofan*. Miss Courtenay seemed to have thrust her terrible experiences out of her mind, and Eades was reluctant in any way to disturb her quiet happiness. It may be that nothing would have been said between the friends but for the arrival one morning of an official letter addressed to Miss Courtenay, Bonchurch. It was a formal summons to attend the Board of Trade inquiry, which was shortly to be held at Westminster, into the circumstances under which the *Kordofan* was cast away.

Eades was sitting in the garden, and she left her breakfast to join him.

"What is this, Mr. Eades? How did they know I was here?"

"I'm afraid the fault is mine," said he. "I published your story in 'The Times,' and all the world has read it. I made a splendid thing out of that narrative of yours."

"I told you no story," cried she excitedly.

"Pardon me," said Eades; and he brought his copy of "The Times" and spread it out before her. "Please read for yourself. Mrs. Day was present when you told it to me."

She read perhaps half a column; then she dropped the paper and burst into tears.

"Heavens!" cried Eades, "what have I done now?"

"You've done a splendid thing for yourself," she answered through her sobs, "but you've clean ruined me!"

The wretched man groaned. And for the first time in his career it was borne in upon him that a roving journalist may be a power for mischief.

"I interviewed you," he bleated helplessly—"I interviewed you, and you

told me the yarn. A magnificent yarn it was too. I sold it to 'The Times.' It was in the ordinary course of business."

"Yes," she said, "for you; but it means ruin for me. I must have spoken in my sleep, for no journalist born would have got all that out of me had I been awake."

"I don't understand. If the tale is true where is the harm in telling it?"

"Oh! it is true enough—that is the mischief of it. Do you suppose that I, an officer of the *Kordofan*, would have given away the skipper, the mates, the doctor and myself to be the sport of curious landmen if I'd had my senses?"

"Would you not have told the whole truth at the wreck inquiry?" asked Eades, wondering.

"Certainly not," she answered sturdily. "All I said would be true, but I would have kept back everything which might give a bad name to my ship or my owners."

"Hum!" thought Eades. "I am beginning to learn why lawyers declare women to be bad witnesses."

"Who would employ me now?" went on Miss Courtenay. "I stand before the world as a mutineer and a defamer of the dead. There's not a ship afloat that would carry me; there are no officers or men who would sail with me. Why couldn't you leave me alone, Mr. Eades? Why must you interview me and make your interfering copy out of me? What harm had I ever done to you that you should use me so?"

The greatly tried man got up.

"I must go away and think," said he. And she watched him walk away to the groyne, where he had found her, and stand looking out seawards.

When he returned he was grim to look at, and she was smiling.

"Forgive me," she said. "I was too

hard on you. You only followed your trade."

"A meddlesome, mischievous trade it is," replied he savagely.

"Come, come, Mr. Eades. How would your people live without hot news every day?"

"They would manage somehow."

"But think of their misery—day after day without news. One might as well be on a sea voyage."

"Don't laugh at me, Miss Courtenay. I want to speak seriously to you."

"Are you going to interview me again? If so I claim half profits—payable in advance."

"No, I am not," he shouted.

"Well, what is it?"

"Have you no relations?"

"Never a one."

"Have you—excuse me—have you any money?"

"Heaps," she answered serenely. "I can pay my bill here, and there are two whole months' wages due to me."

He ground his teeth. "I want to be of service to you, and you will not give me a chance."

"You are very kind, but I really do not require any of your help."

He walked up and down and his wrath waxed hot. He had come proudly resolved to rescue a fair maid from destitution, and the capricious creature declined to be rescued.

"Miss Courtenay," he said resolutely, "I made forty guineas out of your story."

"An excellent day's work," said she.

"Will you take that money from me? It is fairly yours, for I meanly stole the story from you, and did nothing myself to add to its value. I cannot possibly consent to keep the money. You will relieve me of it, of course?"

"Certainly not," said she.

"Will you share with me? Half is

more than my due."

"Certainly not," said she.

"Miss Courtenay," he cried desper-

ately, "will you take all of it and myself as well? Will you marry me, Miss Courtenay?"

"Most certainly not," she answered with composure.

"Laura," said Eades softly—and his voice was very pleasant—"when I found you yonder on the groyne I thought that I had never seen so sweet and fair a girl. I have gone on thinking so ever since. You are faithful and brave, my dear, and for you I

would joyfully give up my vagabond ways. I would even take a regular job," he gulped, "in a newspaper office. Laura dear, I love you very much, and I am very lonely; won't you take pity on me?"

The girl gave a little sobbing laugh, in which amusement and tears were blended together.

"That's a very different way of putting it," she said, and stretched out her hands towards him.

The Cornhill Magazine.

Bennet Copplestone.

THE COMPLETE AUTHOR.

If you want to be an author and to take the world by storm,
Pay attention whilst I mention rules to which you must conform;

First, of course, you want a heroine—it doesn't matter who—
Plain or pretty, dull or witty, ignoramus or a blue,
Young or middle-aged or ancient, it is really all the same,
Provided you've decided that *Elizabeth's* her name.

You must have a little garden, you must babble by the hour,
Of the lilies, daffodillies, hollyhock and gilly-flower;
Or when vegetables bore you, and you're anxious to relieve
The monotony of botany, you may perhaps achieve
A digression on the slugs and snails that eat your pet rose-trees,
Or the habits of the rabbits, or the squirrels or the bees.

Next, whatever the temptation to behold your name in print,
It is vital that the title-page should have no author in't;
What were Junius himself if his identity were known?
Who would trouble with a bubble that is burst before it's blown?
How can books without a mystery expect to make a fuss?
People grovel to a novel if it is anonymous.

As for form, you must consider what the reading-world expects,
And epistles are the thistles that the public ass affects;
So abolish old-world chapters, and at each new section's head
You had better write your "Letter Number So-and-So" instead;
And you'll quite eclipse the fame of many literary men,
For you're fated to be rated as a man of letters then.

Nor forget to tell creation what a genius you are;
 Set each *daily* singing gaily of the newly-risen star,
 Every page of every paper where a mortal eye may look
 Thus adorning with, "Good-morning! Have you read *Beth's*
Garden Book?"

And assure them it's essential they should have it on their
 shelves—

They might never be so clever as to learn the fact themselves.

Punch.

TEMPORARY STARS.*

In looking at the sky we have to make allowance for a kind of perspective in time as well as in space. The stars differ incalculably in remoteness; their ranks stretch backward without assignable limit, yet they are all projected together upon the imaginary surface of the "sphere;" nor can the slightest hint be gathered from their aspect as to their relative vicinity to the earth. Similarly, they are presented to us without distinction on a single time-plane; we get the effect of a simultaneous view, which is nevertheless illusory, since our survey ranges, in fact, over many centuries, or even millenniums. Thus we perceive Sirius where and as he was nine years ago; our latest intelligence of Vega is forty years old; Arcturus quitted, in the seventeenth century, the spot he appears to us still to occupy; terrestrial information regarding the constellation of the Great Bear dates back to the reign of Queen Anne, regarding the chief brilliants of Orion, to the "spacious times of great Elizabeth." The sidereal heavens belong to the past; their annals are ancient before they are written;

contemporaneous knowledge of the stars is unattainable, because we have no means of instantaneous communication with them. The express messengers they despatch travel quickly, but they have long journeys to make. Light flies at the rate of 186,300 miles in a second, and there are 31 1-2 million seconds in a year, so that nearly six *billions* of miles are comprised in a "light-year." Yet the nearest star lies at a distance measured by between four and five of these prodigious units. The rays now reaching the earth from *α Centauri* were sent out early in 1897; we presume, but have no direct evidence, that things have gone smoothly with its system during the interval.

Now the great majority of the stars are immeasurably remote. The finest instruments can detect no alteration in their places as the earth sweeps round the sun. They are sensibly devoid, that is to say, of annual parallax. This fixity, when viewed from opposite ends of the base-line not far from two-hundred millions of miles in length, implies that they cannot be within seventy or eighty light-years of the earth;

* 1. "Observations on the New Star in Perseus." By Sir Norman Lockyer, K.C.B., F.R.S. *Proceedings Royal Society*, March 7 and 28, 1901.

2. "The New Star of the New Century." By the Rev. Walter Sidgreaves, F.R.A.S. "The Observatory," May, 1901.

3. "Ueber das Spectrum der Nova Persel." Von

H. C. Vogel. "Sitzungsberichte der kon. preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin." 21. Marz, 1901.

4. "The New Star in Auriga." A Discourse by William Huggins, LL.D., F.R.S. Delivered at the Royal Institution, May 15, 1892.

they may be indefinitely farther off; they must be at least thus far. Among the denizens of this abysmal region are temporary stars. None so far submitted to trial show the least sign of optical shifting, and their proper motions are likewise reduced to nullity by distance. It follows that the outbursts represented by them are on a stupendous scale. Our own sun, removed to the profundities where they occur, would probably figure as an insignificant telescopic object, while stellar apparitions have often been of challenging brilliancy. Hipparchus was summoned by a blaze in Scorpio to enroll the celestial host; Tycho's wavering vocation needed to be confirmed by the famous Nova in Cassiopeia. All day, on November 11, 1572, he had been in quest of the philosopher's stone, or of some scarcely less precious alkahest or elixir; but on emerging after nightfall from his laboratory, a sky-portent greeted him. "Ecce," he exclaims amazed, "juxta verticem capiti, insolens quoddam Sidus radianti fulgore lumen vibrare, oculosque percellere."¹ Only Venus at her brightest could be compared with this stranger; it was visible at noon, and its rays often pierced the clouds. Then, after a month, it began to decline, changing from scintillating white to red, and again to livid white as it faded. In March 1574 it finally disappeared to the naked eye, and although a faint fluctuating object near its place may be a survival of Tycho's star, the identity cannot be certified. It would be futile to attempt an estimate of the actual output of light and heat that corresponded to the manifestation. There can, however, be no doubt that during forty or fifty days it amounted to some thousands of times that of the sun.

Three years after Tycho's death, Kepler witnessed a similar display in Ophiuchus, which was followed by a pro-

longed dearth of Novæ. Anthelm's, of 1670, only reached the third magnitude; Hind's, of 1848, was fainter still. Nor, even if they had been numerous and conspicuous, could much insight have been gained into their nature previously to the invention of the spectroscope. Simple telescopic observation was scarcely more effective for the purpose than the unarmed eye itself. Tycho Brahe got as near the secret with his "sighted" quadrant as John Russell Hind with the Regent's Park equatorial. But before Nova Coronæ entered upon the scene fresh methods had been made available. On May 12, 1866, Mr. John Birmingham, of Tuam, in Ireland, riding home after dark, perceived beside Alphacca a second gem of equal magnitude in the Northern Crown. Two hours and a half previously, Schmidt, of Athens, had scanned the same part of the heavens without noticing anything unusual. The development of brightness was thus shown to have been extraordinarily rapid. On May 16, Sir William Huggins directed his spectroscope to the object, and noted the peculiar quality of its light. Brilliant rays stood out against the prismatic background common to all stellar spectra, and of these the most brilliant were distinctive of incandescent hydrogen. The fact was thus acquired to science that Novæ are not "pilgrim-stars," just arrived, so to speak, from some adjacent universe, but genuine "blaze-stars"—orbs kindled into brief magnificence by catastrophes of fierce violence but transitory effect.

Ten years later an opportunity presented itself of verifying this conclusion. Nova Cygni appeared and reproduced the spectral phenomena of the star in the Northern Crown. They were extensively observed, and had a strange sequel. As the star faded, a new ray became visible in its spectrum, and eventually survived all the rest. This was the green ray of "nebulum."

¹ De Nova Stella anni 1572, p. 298.

The Nova was, to outward seeming, replaced by a minute planetary nebula. Some of these objects are distinguishable from stars only by the peculiarity of their light. It is concentrated in the green. They give monochromatic images, just such as Dr. Copeland derived, on September 2, 1877, from the stellar apparition of the previous season. Its transformation was unaccountable, but has proved to be typical. In the last stage of their decay, temporary stars ordinarily assume a nebular disguise. Their assumption of it illustrates curiously the relationships of stars and nebulae. It shows conclusively that two bodies of identical chemical composition may emit totally different kinds of light if their physical condition be different. Spectral varieties are then often, through our defective interpretation of them, misleading guides; they suppress truth, although they cannot suggest falsehood. Nova Cygni had sunk to about the thirteenth magnitude in 1891, when Dr. Roberts took a long-exposure photograph of the region where it had formerly shone.² Mr. Burnham made a corresponding and nearly simultaneous visual observation with the Lick 36-inch refractor;³ and it has not seemed worth while to secure later records of an object on the verge of total extinction.

Meantime, another celestial stranger had caused its nine days' wonder. At the core of the great Andromeda nebula, in the midst of soft, irresolvable haze, a point of light stood out sharply stellar, August 16, 1885. Continuing to brighten, it reached the seventh magnitude August 31, then steadily declined, until, in March 1886, it was invisible with the largest telescopes. No spectroscopic blaze was shown by it. Its dispersed light extended pretty equably from red to blue. Hence, either by

original constitution or in the mode of its kindling, it differed fundamentally from the Novæ of 1866 and 1876. That it was really in the formation it appeared to illuminate was probable in itself; and the probability was, by several attendant circumstances, raised to virtual certainty. The Andromeda nebula is not of the gaseous kind. The subtle element called "nebulum," which is the chief material of the vast structure in Orion, makes no show in it. Its light is, in fact, continuous, and was closely imitated by that of its temporary stellar inmate. The Nova of 1885, then, owed its origin, not to any sudden condensation of a "shining fluid," but to some kind of mutual action among bodies of analogous nature to itself. And if so, it was not simply projected accidentally upon the nebula, but had its proper location there at the centre of its shimmering spires. This inference was supported by the remembrance of a parallel event. On May 18, 1860, Professor Auwers of Berlin perceived, in the most compressed part of a globular cluster in Scorpio, an intruded component of relatively overwhelming brilliancy. To Mr. Pogson it seemed that a star had been actually substituted for the cluster. But the effacing splendor waned and vanished after three weeks, and the cluster remained *in statu quo ante*. Now the likelihood is small of one stellar outburst in space occurring precisely in line with a cluster; but the casual repetition of such a coincidence is, to a sane judgment, impossible. The stars of 1860 and 1885 may, then, safely be said to have belonged physically to the cosmic aggregations with which they were optically associated, and to have become flagrant incidentally to the slow progress of their development. Their appearance gives a significant hint of

² Photographs of Star-clusters and Nebulae, p. 121, 1894.

³ Monthly Notices Royal Astronomical Society, vol. III, p. 457. †

the intense activities at work in the dim nebulous seed-plots of worlds that strew the sidereal heavens.

The sensation produced by the appearance and the transformations of Nova Aurigæ must be still fresh in the memories of most of our readers. Dr. Anderson, of Edinburgh, a modestly provided amateur, noticed a superfluous star in the constellation of the Charlooteer, February 1, 1892. By means of an anonymous post-card he conveyed the intelligence to Dr. Copeland, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, who sent it "east and west, south and north," over the telegraph-wires. The stranger, however, proved to have been waiting some time for recognition. An admirable system of celestial surveying is pursued at Harvard College Observatory, Massachusetts. To a great extent it proceeds automatically. Sentinel telescopes, moving by clockwork, watch the skies; photographic films are the perceptive organs; human agency is reduced to a minimum. An examination of the records thus obtained disclosed the remarkable fact that the Nova had impressed itself upon no fewer than seventeen plates exposed between December 10, 1891, and January 31, 1892. Yet its absence from a photograph taken by Professor Max Wolf at Heidelberg on December 8 left no doubt that it had not then attained the eleventh magnitude; nor was it included in any chart or catalogue, photographic or telescopic, of earlier date. Until it abruptly rose to the fifth magnitude, December 10, 1891, it was then sensibly destitute of light, which is the life of suns. To our apprehension, it was as good as non-existent. Nevertheless, it "carried weight, it rode a race;" being endowed with mass and motion it was capable of vivification. How the vivification came about we do not know, for the luminosity significant of it was of a highly problematic nature.

It was studied spectrophotographically for the first time in the case of an object of the kind. And the advantages of aiding the fugitive impressions of the eye with the permanent and definite records of the sensitive plate were quickly apparent. The photographed spectrum was evidently double. With a strange effect of chiaroscuro, the emission spectrum was coupled with an absorption-spectrum. Each vivid line had a dark companion on its upper or more refrangible side, and all the lines were abnormally broad. It seemed impossible that a single body could be the source of so complex an arrangement, especially since the positions of the dark lines corresponded to a great velocity of approach towards the earth; those of the bright lines, to a rapid movement of recession. Their disposition in pairs was, indeed, a consequence of these opposite displacements, and if opposite displacements implied—as they were held to do—contrary motions in the line of sight, then, plainly, two encountering stars contributed their rays to the outburst of Nova Aurigæ. The relative speed, it is true, which had to be attributed to these hypothetical bodies amounted to at least 550 miles a second. At this tremendous rate a gaseous mass, emitting bright lines, and a stellar globe of the "Orion" type, effected their rush past. But time went on and brought no slackening of velocity. It should, nevertheless, in six weeks have well-nigh disappeared if due to the pull of mutual gravitation. A comet, for instance, may attain a pace of as much as 350 miles a second when quite close to the sun, but this barely lasts for a couple of hours; the same influence which previously accelerated, now, with equal power, retards motion; and the body, losing all that it had acquired, resumes before long its original sluggishness. But the indications of movement derived from the spectrum of Nova Aurigæ

did not change. The component stars continued, as long as they could be observed, to separate with their original celerity. There was no alternative, then, but to suppose it inherent. The conjunction of a pair of "runaway stars" had to be admitted. These are bodies animated by proper motions greatly exceeding the average; they travel too fast—according to Professor Newcomb—for control by sidereal gravity, and must hence be regarded as exiles from some unknown universe, and as aliens to ours. This conclusion, however, although logically inevitable, illustrates the limitations of our knowledge more forcibly than it commends itself to our acceptance. As distinguished "runaways" Arcturus may be cited and "Groombridge, 1830," Argelander's "flying star" in the Great Bear. But a quasi-collision between two members of so restricted a class could be thought of only as a desperate expedient of disconcerted theory. For the chance of their dashing together almost end on from virtual infinitude was absurdly small, and was reduced to evanescence by the further consideration of how nearly the earth must have been the *terminus a quo* of one, the *terminus ad quem* of the other; unless, indeed, their total speed greatly exceeded their enormous radial speed, which was not, on the face of things, likely. Again, the bright and the dark spectra matched in a way scarcely conceivable if they belonged to vagrant, originally unrelated bodies.

These perplexities were not allayed by the march of events. The phenomena of the Nova as they developed were in many respects flatly contradictory of the hypothesis which had at first seemed the most promising mode of accounting for them. The spectral lines underwent subdivisions, which, if interpreted on the adopted principle of motion-shifting, would have implied the interaction of six distinct masses⁴

collected from the ends of creation. The bare mention of such a rendezvous amounted to a *reductio ad absurdum* of the double-star theory. Its adequacy was in any case questionable. A direct collision was out of the question for stars flying apart at express speed; and a grazing collision lay open to many objections. If, indeed, the conflagration had been due to impact in any form, motion must have been sacrificed to meet the expenditure of light and heat; and it was difficult to believe that the exorbitant velocities spectroscopically apparent represented only the balance of the account. Moreover, globes rendered incandescent by impact should necessarily take centuries to cool, while new stars are generally well advanced towards extinction after a few days or weeks. A more plausible form was given to the theory of oppositely rushing stars by Sir William Huggins. For the immediate, he substituted the secondary effects of an encounter. These would be mainly of a tidal nature. Enormous disturbances would ensue; pent-up forces would be let loose, and a luminous display on the observed scale might conceivably result. The assigned cause, it is true, could have acted sensibly only during a very brief time; provided, however, that it sufficed for the overthrow of an unstable internal equilibrium, the rest would follow, since the restoration of tranquillity could only by degrees come to pass after many partial calms alternating with renewed accesses of agitation. But things fell out adversely to this view, as indeed to every other propounded of this wonderful phenomenon.

On April 26, 1892, Nova Aurigæ touched the limit of visibility with the Lick 36-inch refractor. It was estimated to be of the sixteenth magnitude.

⁴ V. Schumann, "Astronomy and Astrophysics," vol. xii, p. 159.

That is to say, just one forty-thousandth part of its evanescent brilliancy survived. Immediately afterwards it was lost in the sun's rays, and remained hidden until August 17, when the astonished observers found, in the place of the all-but-vanished Nova, a nebula some hundreds of times brighter. Its faded radiance had not only revived, but had become transformed in quality.⁵ The spectrum now consisted of nineteen bright lines, all nebular, the most intense being the characteristic trio in the green. Rays of metallic origin had disappeared; not a trace was any longer perceptible of the presence of calcium, magnesium or sodium. The metamorphosis of Nova Cygni was repeated. Yet the transformed object was telescopically stellar. It had no appreciable dimensions. A supposed hazy envelope proved to be of instrumental creation, representing merely some outlying rays thrown out of focus. All could not, in an ordinary achromatic, be collected into one image; and the remainder served to blur that formed by their associates. With a reflector, on the contrary, as Sir William and Lady Huggins promptly ascertained,⁶ Nova Aurigæ still presented the aspect of a star. It changed little for some years, maintaining about tenth-magnitude brightness down to the beginning of 1897.⁷ A further stage of decay was then entered upon which steadily progressed until 1899, when the famous Nova might be said to have definitively quitted the astronomical stage.⁸ The apparition lasted just seven years, and left behind it a theoretical situation of aggravated perplexity.

"Primo avulso, non deficit alter
Aureus, et similis frondescit virga metallo."

⁵ W. W. Campbell, "Astronomy and Astrophysics," vol. xi, p. 715.

⁶ "Astronomy and Astrophysics," vol. xiii, p. 314.

Nova Aurigæ had glimmered out as a star, and was dimly shining as a nebula, when Nova Normæ appeared. It was detected photographically. In examining a plate exposed at Arequipa in July, 1893, Mrs. Fleming, Professor Pickering's able coadjutor at Harvard College, noticed that one among a crowd of spectra imprinted upon it was peculiar. Coupled bright and dark lines were included in it; they were distended and displaced, the emission-set towards the red, the absorption-set towards the blue. In every particular the spectral pattern of Nova Aurigæ was copied. The reproduction, after so brief an interval, of characteristics so uncommon, enforced the lessons learned from them. Clearly, there was nothing accidental about them. The displacements of the lines, their relative situation, the dark ones above the bright, could be due to no chance meeting of two globes endowed with fabulous velocities in the line of sight. The hypothesis of an explosive encounter, already discredited, received its *coup de grâce* through the mute evidence of a single spectrograph.

No more were taken. The outburst had subsided before it was known to have occurred. On February 14, however, Professor Campbell succeeded in visually observing the faded spectrum. Wonderful to relate, it was that of a planetary nebula! The example of Nova Aurigæ was followed from first to last. Under its changed aspect, Nova Normæ survived obscurely for a year and upwards, then totally vanished. Ten years earlier it would have been kindled in vain, at least for the purposes of human instruction. In its neglected situation, far to the south, it must have remained unnoticed but

⁷ Campbell, "Astrophysical Journal," vol. v, p. 239.

⁸ Peek, "Journal British Astronomical Association," vol. ix, p. 280.

for the introduction of the new methods of wholesale photographic registration. Assuredly, then, it had innumerable precursors, which were as though they were not, so far as we are concerned. This inference has been amply verified by recent experience. Since the opening of the photographic era, new stars have succeeded each other almost without intermission.

In the spring of 1895 a star lit up in the constellation Argo. It did not, however, rise—so far as could be known—above the eighth magnitude, and lasted only three months. Nova Carinae was identified six months after date by its photographed spectrum, which Mrs. Fleming perceived to resemble quite closely those of its predecessors.

This was not the only temporary star of 1895. Nova Centauri in the following July similarly announced its presence by the display of an unusual spectrum on the Arequipa plates. But it was unusual after an anomalous fashion. Instead of conforming to the established type, it showed nebular affinities. The Nova, in fact, emitted the distinctive light of the "Great Looped Nebula," which is one of the numerous occupants of the vast sidereal tenebment known as the Magellanic Cloud. The star was, moreover, situated in the immediate neighborhood of a small nebula,⁹ or rather, as was eventually proved, in an outlying portion of it. For as the stellar rays grew dim, the nebulous glow which they had obliterated became discernible to Professor Hussey¹⁰ at Lick, and it continued to shine, undisturbed by their competition, after July, 1896. By that time Nova Centauri was dead out. Its closest relationship was evidently with Nova Andromedæ. Yet much more might have been learned about it had

its discovery been at all nearly contemporaneous with its apparition. At first of the seventh magnitude, it had sunk to the eleventh before signals of its presence were read off; and, with the best appliances in the world, an eleventh magnitude spectrum is reticent of communication. Under the difficult circumstances, however, the outbreak might so easily have been covered by complete oblivion that even fragmentary information about it deserved grateful acknowledgment.

By a still further retrospect a star was announced in 1895—again from Harvard College¹¹—to have been in 1887 temporarily added to the constellation Perseus. A photographed bright-line spectrum told the secret of its nature; but it was dim and imperfectly legible, and the chief interest of the record consisted in its exemplification of the frequency of cataclysmic occurrences in space, which may scarcely or not at all come within our ken.

Nova Sagittarii was of a different order of conspicuousness.¹² Its début was on a Draper Memorial chart-plate, March 8, 1898, when it was of 4.7 magnitude, or fully equal to Nova Aurigæ at maximum. It had, however, unfortunately dropped to 8.2 magnitude a month later, before the first impression of its spectrum was secured. Still the blazing lines of Nova Aurigæ were there, although their dark counterparts were missing; they had probably vanished before they could be registered, since in the regular sequence of fading the effacement of absorption-rays seems to precede that of emission-rays. Nova Sagittarii pursued the beaten track of decay. Under the customary aspect of a planetary nebula, it was observed by Professor Campbell in April, 1899, and the change, as usual, precluded extinction. Nova

⁹ No. 5253 of Dreyer's "New General Catalogue."

¹⁰ Publ. Astr. Pacific Society, vol. viii, p. 220.

¹¹ Harvard Circular, No. 4.

¹² Ibid. No. 42; "Astroph. Journal," vol ix, p. 182.

Aquillæ ran a parallel course.¹³ Detected by Mrs. Fleming on a photograph taken April 21, 1899, it gave the light proper to its class in their early stages, while in October, having sunk from the seventh to the tenth magnitude, it radiated as a nebula. The spectrum when last examined by Professor Campbell, August 27, 1900, could be clearly seen, despite its extreme faintness, to preserve the same character.

Thus, in the course of five years, five temporary stars flamed out and smouldered back into obscurity. The detection of all was due to the vigilance of the camera; four out of the five reproduced the leading phenomena of Nova Aurigæ, including its nebular transformation. The third star, Nova Centauri, showed fewer signs of violent agitation; it pursued a more even tenor of change. Its immersion in a nebula lent a deeper meaning to the similar collection with structures of that class of Nova Scorpil and Nova Andromedæ. But the fact most definitely ascertained by photographic surveys is the frequency of such displays. The five immediate successors of Nova Aurigæ would, there can be little doubt, have escaped direct observation. Their scarcity in the past, then, measured only the inadequacy of our surveillance; in the future it seems that we may count upon an average of one stellar apparition a year. The rate, not indeed of their occurrence, but of their discovery, has within the last half-century been multiplied something like a hundredfold. We recall with surprise that not one Nova was recorded between 1670 and 1848, although during the interval the heavens were kept under watch and ward by Flamsteed, Halley and Bradley, by Lacaille and Lalande, by Piazz, Argelander, Bessel and the Herschels.

To such labors as they carried on, the appearance of strange visitants to the skies has occasionally acted as an incentive; it has rarely diversified their progress. More generally it first attracts the attention of star-gazers at large. This is easily understood. Astronomers by profession concentrate their faculties on the task immediately in hand. Only a narrow section of the heavens is at any one time before them. Their urgent business is to determine, rapidly and precisely, the place or the peculiarities of each object that it contains. The rest have to wait their turn. That men thus intently occupied should disregard the outside chances of stray detections is not to be wondered at; and prizes of the kind commonly fall to the share of those who take measures to secure them. Astronomers of the highest type cannot do this; the cost would be disproportionately great; their moments are too few for dealing with the known contents of the sphere; bankruptcy in time would quickly ensue if they were to spend many in waiting for things new and strange to "swim" into the field of their telescopes. Take the example of Caroline Herschel and her brother. She was a trained assistant, an amateur observer. Yet, in her leisure hours, while "sweeping" for pastime, she picked up eight comets. Sir William Herschel, reviewing the heavens systematically night by night, decade after decade, did not discover one. Nor was his son, whose explorations embraced both hemispheres, more fortunate. So the stars of Tycho Brahe and of Kepler were first caught sight of by less distinguished watchers; the Nova of 1670 primarily attracted the notice, not of Picard or Cassini, but of a Carthusian monk at Dijon; John Birmingham was an Irish country squire; Ludovic Gully, of Rouen, and Isaac Ward, of Belfast, casually anticipated deliberate in-

¹³ Pickering, "*Astr. Nach.*" No. 3051; "*Astroph. Journal*," vol. xii, p. 52.

investigators in the perception of Nova Andromedæ; Dr. Anderson, to whom belongs the unique distinction of having twice announced the advent of a lucid "guest-star," is a retired Congregational minister.

In the early morning of February 22, 1901, he was struck with the unfamiliar aspect of the constellation Perseus. A bright trespasser was there, a little to the northeast of Algol, and almost its equal. Twenty-eight hours previously, Mr. Stanley Williams had taken, at West Brighton, a photograph of that part of the sky showing stars down to the twelfth magnitude. The Nova was not among them. It had, then, sprung up during that brief interval to at least 6,400 times its original radiance. This would be incredible were it less absolutely certain. Confirmatory evidence was, besides, supplied by the Harvard plates. They attested the apparent vacancy down to February 19, of the place later so conspicuously filled. The star continued to increase, and on February 23 outshone Capella; it had then no equal north of the celestial equator. This was its maximum. By the 24th it had entered upon a leisurely and intermittent course of decline. Spasms of recovery, periodical in about three days, very curiously checked its progress for a time; but they soon became less regular, nor could they countervail the irresistible tendency downward to extinction. Sir Robert Ball related, at the April meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, in humorous illustration of these vicissitudes, how he personally conducted a party into the streets of Enniskillen on the night of March 19, for the purpose of showing them "the new star of the new century." It was invisible. Next night he sallied forth again, proposing to demonstrate its disappearance; it

shone in its place with renovated brightness. Still the fading went on, and was accompanied by a marked alteration of color. From lustrous white the Nova had become deep red or purplish. By the end of April it had subsided to the rank of a telescopic object; and was, moreover, too near the sun for convenient observation.

Even more remarkable than these fluctuations in the quantity of its light, were the concomitant changes in its intimate nature. The original spectrum, photographed at Harvard College, February 22, was of the "Orion" type. A vividly continuous background threw into relief thirty-three dark lines, many of them due to absorption by hydrogen and helium. The condition thus indicated lasted forty-eight hours. Decrease of brightness had set in before any strong symptoms of a gaseous flare were perceptible. A blazing atmosphere is, then, rather an immediate consequence than an accompaniment of a stellar outburst. The sudden and tremendous heating of a condensed mass precedes the ignition of the vapors surrounding it. That they are evolved from it as a consequence of catastrophic action, is suggested by Father Sidgreaves, and seems probable in view of the order of succession noted in the spectral phenomena. The emergence of bright lines only as a secondary effect is of great significance. It may fairly be assumed to be an essential, and not merely an accidental trait in the character of new stars. But it had previously escaped record because the critical stage had passed before spectroscopic tests could be applied.

From February 24 onward, Nova Persei showed the spectrum distinctive of its class. Bright and dark lines widened and relatively shifted, were ranged side by side, the absorption-set being, as usual, the more refrangible. They originated, in the main, from

²⁴ The title of an interesting paper by Father Sidgreaves, quoted at the head of this article.

hydrogen, but the recognition-marks of calcium, helium, magnesium and sodium were also stamped on the rainbow-tinted band of photospheric light. The various displacements of these lines offered a profoundly interesting but highly perplexing subject of study. There was no unanimity about them, and their permanence was qualified by exceptions of enigmatical import. Those of the dark hydrogen-rays, if interpreted on Doppler's principle, corresponded to a recession of the body producing them at the rate of a thousand miles a second! The inapplicability to them, however, of Doppler's principle was palpable. The "two-star hypothesis," long undermined, visibly crumpled to its foundations under the added strain put upon it by the newest Nova; and a substitute for it was not easily found. Many false theories, indeed, maintain a fictitious credit on the strength of this difficulty. They obviate the discomfort arising from an avowal of ignorance; and may even serve a useful purpose by providing a temporary framework for collections of facts, which must otherwise fall into hopeless disarray. For, as Bacon says, "truth emerges more readily from error than from confusion."

The abrupt illumination of Nova Persei was, as we have seen, no isolated event. It was only a conspicuous example of the bale-fires often less noticeably kindled in the sky. Whatever its originating cause, it must be one which operates consistently and inevitably when the conditions favorable to its action arise. Clearly, what is true for one temporary star must, in a large sense, be true for all. We cannot have recourse to a fresh expedient of ordering thought on the occasion of each such outburst. Hence the first prelim-

inary to any attempt at explaining their occurrence should be the gathering together into a general view of their dominant features.

To begin with, they are almost confined to the Milky Way. Setting aside the three lodged in nebulae, Nova Coronæ is so far the sole exception to this rule.¹⁵ One requirement for their brief incandescence is thus indicated. It may be described as cosmical crowding. The "fleece-like floor" of the galaxy truly represents—as the telescope avers—cirriform formations of stars. No illusory effects of condensation by perspective are in question, but genuine thronging. The sky is whitened in the Milky Way by ranges of clusters—clusters of suns in closer relations than elsewhere—clusters imperfectly individualized, it is true, and indefinitely organized, but seething with tumultuous possibilities. Vast nebulous tracts intervene. Gaseous nebulae are indeed hardly met with outside the galactic belt. They are of all degrees of luminosity. Some are bright and compact, others dim and diffuse; many can be seen only fragmentarily with the best telescopes, and need the prolonged gaze of the camera to bring them into full view. Now, temporary stars are not merely projected upon the great sidereal zone, they plainly belong to it; they are subject to the influences dominant there; they make an integral part of the stellar aggregations linked together to form it. It follows that they must be at the same average distance from the earth. And this is assuredly enormous. Immeasurable by direct means, it can be estimated from indications supplied by the general mode of stellar distribution. Guided by them we are led to the startling inference that light spends not less than two thousand years in travelling to

¹⁵ The true position of the star of 1012 A. D., described by the monk of St. Gall as *oculus verberans*, was proved by Schonfeld to have been in

Scorpio, not in Aries. ("Astronomische Nachrichten," No. 3034.) And Scorpio is in one of the densest parts of the Milky Way.

our system from the sidereal assemblages in the Milky Way. But the Novæ of our experience are members of those assemblages; they are accordingly of the same prodigious remoteness.

This may in part account for their inconspicuousness antecedently to their one episode of distinction. New stars are literally such. They belonged originally to the submerged multitude. Only one had a traceable history before it attained notoriety. This was again, remarkably enough, Birmingham's star, the solitary Nova lying outside the galactic zone. There is reason to think, however, that the native obscurity of these objects was not wholly due to their great distance. If they had been shining normally to start with, and were nevertheless imperceptible telescopically or photographically, a degree of incandescence exalted beyond conception or comprehension would have been needed to bring them at once into glaring prominence. Nor does the analysis of their light bear out any such assumption. It shows their rays to be of the quality emitted by the ordinary run of helium-stars—by Rigel, Bellatrix and Algol. Far more probable is the alternative supposition that they were intrinsically deficient in luminous power—that the raw material of Novæ is to be found in "dark stars."

Laplace considered that dark stars might be as numerous as bright ones. Yet his acquaintance with them was purely speculative. Modern science, on the other hand, has thrown out tentacles by which to feel them. Attached as companions to lustrous suns, they visibly sway their movements, or form with them pairs so close as to be separable only inferentially, through the study of the spectroscopic line-displacements produced by their revolutions. Multitudes are thus combined into systems, and further multitudes

doubtless roam through space free and unattached. Those that chance to be temporarily kindled can be no more than a small fraction of those that forever remain obscure. For each meteor that flames in our atmosphere, there are millions that pursue their way, unscathed and unseen, through interplanetary space; and, similarly, a new star represents merely a unit from the uncounted ranks of invisible bodies.

These are generally, but perhaps too hastily, identified with effete suns. Suns, it is true, must in the course of nature become effete. Radiation cannot go on indefinitely, unless the loss of energy it entails is somehow supplied; and, so far as we know, the stock to be drawn upon is strictly limited. Our own orb, it is calculated, will sink in the course of some ten million years, to the state of a colossal planet; and his compeers will doubtless, in their several turns, meet a similar fate. But as to how far this process of cooling has advanced throughout the sidereal world, we are absolutely ignorant; and upon this depends the actual proportion of superannuated to efficient suns.

There is no certainty, however, that temporary stars are called up from the retired list. They may never have been on active service. Possibly they are suns that never shone up to the moment of their evanescent splendor. Stars, there is reason to think, differ one from the other very widely in native brilliancy. Many send forth ten, fifty, perhaps a hundred times more light per square mile of surface than our own sun; many more are dim, if not totally obscure. Now these are found in frequent and very close association with enormously bright bodies, such as Algol. They together form systems apparently of recent origin; the bright and dark companions were, in a not inconceivably distant foretime, immersed in the capacious bosom

of a single nebula. It seems, then, unlikely that one member of such pairs should have become extinct by cooling, while the other, not greatly different in size, remained at the acme of splendor. Again, the Milky Way is obviously a region where primitive conditions prevail. It is the especial habitat of gaseous nebulae; stars at an early stage of development seem to be the almost exclusive components of the galactic clouds; bright-line stars, helium stars, planetary nebulae, throng the galactic plane. That curdling zone might be described as the nursery-garden of the universe, where seedlings are raised, possibly, for eventual transplantation to remote plots of sidereal ground. It is, then, just the region of the heavens where we should least expect to meet with effete suns; yet it is the chosen scene of stellar outbreaks. A presumption hence arises that the dark stars describable as *Novæ in posse* are globes of unimpaired vitality, although diversely organized from those destined to serve as lamps in the all but infinite desert of space. For it must be remembered that the shining of suns depends upon complex conditions which may not in all cases be realized. To be an effective light-giver a mass of matter must not only be intensely hot, but must be provided with suitable apparatus for dispensing abroad the energy due to its heat. Gases are very poor radiators; liquids and solids cannot long maintain radiation, for lack of molecular agility. But suns combine the advantages, for this purpose, of each state of matter. Being mainly gaseous, they possess the utmost facilities for internal transport; while their investment with photospheres supplies a supreme faculty of radiation. A photosphere is generally regarded as an incandescent shell of clouds. It forms the visible

surface of a sun, the shield of its inner activities, the immediate source of its light and heat, its most essential organ. Nevertheless, the preliminary requirements for its formation need not be at hand in every condensing nebula. For some the possibility of spinning a radiant cocoon may never arise; they perhaps change unnoticeably from nebulae into "dark stars." These might, then, be regarded as belonging to two categories, the one consisting of extinct, the other of abortive suns. That *Novæ* are taken from among the latter is intimated not only by their situation in the Milky Way, but by the character of their spectra. Their suddenly kindled light has the quality distinctive of an early stage of sidereal existence. It is scarcely credible that semi-solidified bodies should blaze out into helium stars.

What they were, what they are, what they become, are all difficult questions to answer; but the crux of the whole problem concerns the manner of their vivification. A body previously inert is transformed, well-nigh instantaneously, into a radiative centre of immeasurable intensity. How is the change effected? What store of energy is laid under contribution to provide the astounding spectacle? Are pent-up forces suddenly released in the mass itself? Or is it ignited by action from without?

Many years ago, M. Oswald Lohse propounded a "chemical theory" of new stars as exemplified by *Nova Cygni*,¹⁶ and it is still looked on favorably by no less an authority than Dr. Vogel of Potsdam.¹⁷ At a certain stage of cooling, he pointed out, the enormous volumes of oxygen and hydrogen presumably existing in stellar atmospheres would combine with evolution of light and heat, their mutual affinities, until then nullified by ther-

¹⁶ "Monatsberichte," Berlin, 1877, p. 335.

¹⁷ "Astronomische Nachrichten," No. 3701.

mal excitement, at last coming into full play. But hydrogen burning in oxygen gives a continuous spectrum. It was accordingly necessary, in order to account for the brilliant lines of that substance shown by Novæ, to postulate a vast excess of free hydrogen, rendered incandescent by the combustion of the remainder. Now there is no denying that a moment must come in the history of cosmic bodies when water begins to form; yet, by the nature of the case, its production can only take place gradually. For the heat set free by the union of its constituent gases necessarily tends to arrest the process by raising the temperature above that at which chemical association is possible. The formation of one drop of water, in fact, impedes very sensibly the formation of another. Aqueous condensations must then advance with extreme slowness; they can never induce catastrophes. There are other objections to the view; it suffices, however, to have adverted to one that is fundamental and fatal.

Most of the alternative hypotheses have been discredited by the inexorable logic of facts. Each successive apparition offers a fresh defiance to preconceived notions. Thus, the principle of opposite radial velocities has proved manifestly inadequate to explain the singular peculiarities of their spectra; it led to results discordant in themselves, and outrageous to common sense. But, although Novæ cannot be resolved into compound or colliding stars, collisions of a sort may supply the fuel for their conflagrations. The flaring of meteors in our upper air is, not improbably, an analogous phenomenon, although on a relatively infinitesimal scale. That semi-obscure stars may be raised to temporary splendor by the stoppage of their proper motion

in traversing nebulous tracts, is an idea which has presented itself to many minds; M. Seeliger of Munich took occasion from the appearance of Nova Aurigæ to elaborate it into a formal theory¹⁸—a theory which did not, indeed, bear the full strain put upon it. Many recalcitrant circumstances held out against adaptation to it; the spectral displacements, above all, were not successfully rationalized; yet the assumption of a rush through a nebula as the essential cause of these far-seen displays claims our provisional assent. The Milky Way, as we have seen, is composed of star-aggregations intermixed with nebulosity. There are glimmering regions in it suspected, rather than seen, to be replete with phosphorescent materials. Inevitably, then, unless in the ordering of creation, special preventive measures have been taken, some of the swiftly-moving stars thronging the perilous neighborhood must become involved in a resisting medium. The rest should follow in some such order as we perceive it—the vivid incandescence, the powerful atmospheric disturbance attested by abnormal spectroscopic symptoms, the eventual prevalence of nebular affinities. Occasionally, perhaps, a star may pass right through a nebula and escape, as did apparently Nova Coronæ, little the worse for the adventure; but in most cases the capture would seem to be definitive, like that of shooting stars in the earth's atmosphere. The brilliancy of the beacon-fire signifying the nebulous engulfment of a star depends upon the amount of convertible energy at hand. It varies, other things being equal, as the square of the velocity of the body affected. When this is spent, the blaze flickers out, the sympathetic glow of the adjacent nebulous matter surviving for a brief period. Thenceforward the burnt-out star is a *caput mortuum*. It

¹⁸ "Astronomische Nachrichten," Nos. 3118, 3187, 3598.

has not only relapsed into its pristine obscurity, but has lost the capability of ever again emerging from it. A fly in amber it must remain to the end. At this moment Nova Aurigæ probably

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lies at rest in its nebulous grave, and Nova Persel, the wonder of a day, will ere long be similarly reduced to darkness and immobility.

ON A LITTLE MUSIC.

"You know music is enormously over-rated."

Positively we all jumped.

She said it so quietly, too, leaning back in her chair and regarding the fire-light with musing eyes.

"Here is heresy!" Mrs. Newman exclaimed. Miss Allthorpe started.

In our part of the world kind folk are much addicted to the holding of afternoon parties; if it should be the time of year when the darkness soon creeps up and the cold winds whistle round the houses, you are invited to drink tea, usually badly made, pressed to eat horrible little sweet concoctions in the shape of cakes or biscuits, and listen to music. Conversation is a lost art. This has been said before, but let my sufferings give me the mournful privilege of repeating it.

It is apparently impossible to draw ten or twelve persons together who will enjoy an hour's conversation. In summer we exercise our muscles at games. Women who must shortly sign themselves in the census as numbering forty years, ride up, hot, dusty and panting on gleaming bicycles, wave a mallet, bat or golf club before you, and implore you to leave contemplation and run at one game or another. But when, even for these ladies of well-developed muscles, games are not feasible by reason of snow upon the ground,

we are reduced to sit and listen to the curate singing, or to all or any of the young ladies who perform with varying correctness and facility upon the piano.

"We hope to have some Music." I write it with a capital letter, it deserves it.

But when Mrs. Lattimer, sitting quietly before us, gave utterance to such words as, "You know music is enormously over-rated," we were startled.

It was in her own house, in the room Mrs. Newman complained looked more like a library than a drawing-room—the room with quaint book-cases against every wall, and etchings framed and unframed in profusion. The large piano was open, and music-books and songs lay about.

Mrs. Parkes, a friend of Mrs. Lattimer, was staying in the house; she was a lady with a high nose, a good figure, and a predilection for cigarettes; I could see her case now in her hands; probably she thought that, most of the guests having departed, she might be permitted to smoke.

Holland and myself remained.

"Music over-rated!" exclaimed Miss Allthorpe; "dear Mrs. Lattimer, what? 'when music, heavenly maid, began?'"

"Music hath charms to soothe," cried

Holland; and I, not to be excluded from the chorus, added my voice:

"If music be the food of love, play on."

"Peace, peace," said Mrs. Lattimer, raising her hands in mock despair, "praters are ye all; I am not now speaking of that

Music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger struck,
Divinely warbled voice
Answered the stringed noise.

I refer rather to the profession of musical tastes and capabilities for singing by persons who are otherwise absolutely uncultured."

"I do not agree with you at all," said Mrs. Newman; "every one who sings and plays must be cultured. I mean to make Rebecca do both if she has to spend hours practising."

"Poor little maid," replied Mrs. Lattimer gently, "that is just the point I touched on, Mrs. Newman; hours of toil go to this performing on a piano, without advancing the culture of the toiler."

"That peacock song, for instance," agreed Mrs. Parkes, "that was not to your taste I know, Gretchen."

"I thought it a jolly song, and she imitated the peacock's scream capitally, just like a brute of a peacock my brother used to keep," said Holland.

"If music be the food of love, and that music the imitation of a peacock's scream—ye gods!" murmured Mrs. Lattimer.

"I don't know what all you people want," complained Holland—he was not always correct in his English. "Everything is so wire-drawn nowadays; you are all so critical and expect to find everything perfection; I suppose you want classical music, or a something called a fugue in B minor, which no ordinary person can understand."

"No, no, I am really not complaining of the quality of the music, Mr. Holland," replied Mrs. Lattimer. "I could not do that, for I am incapable of telling you whether a note is correct or incorrect."

"That's funny," observed Holland; "do you really mean that you don't know when a fellow sings out of tune?"

Mrs. Lattimer smiled.

"You see I am a very unmusical creature; you are fond of it?"

"Yes, I like music, I must say."

"So you ought," said I, "you have a very nice voice yourself, I enjoyed your song."

"Oh! it was delightful," cried Mrs. Newman.

"You must find it a great comfort to accompany yourself," said Miss Allthorpe. "Sometimes the accompaniment is so badly played when one has to trust to friends. Do you play by ear at all?"

"Oh, yes, I can generally pick out anything I have heard. But really I must hurry away; I am going to dine with the Willoughbys; I had no idea it was so late. Good-bye, Mrs. Lattimer."

"Good-bye," rejoined our hostess. "So you are dining at the Willoughbys. How brave of you, with his lordship there!"

"The bishop? Oh! he's rather a good old boy," replied Holland with his cheerful air, "he knew my dad; they were at college together."

"Yes," I consented, "you are quite in his good books; he told me he was charmed to find a modern young man untouched by the modern atheistical and irreverent tendencies."

Holland blushed and answered simply: "Well, I should hope I am not an atheist. I suppose you and Laugha have been talking to the bishop, and when you and he get together I never do know what you mean. Good-bye, good-

bye." He shook hands and left us.

Mrs. Lattimer lowered the shades on the candles near her and smiled, as if to herself. Mrs. Parkes had been listening to Mrs. Newman's description of some parlor-maid's faults; she now looked up and said: "That's a nice young fellow, Gretchen, a straight-across-country young man."

"Yes, he is very nice, and his music is delightful," interposed Miss Allthorpe.

"Oh! I'm very fond of Jack Holland," cried Mrs. Newman. "I should be quite lost if he went away; he comes to dinner and sings all the evening; it is such a pleasure."

I was musing on the emphasizing of adjectives by some ladies when Mrs. Lattimer said:

"Quite so, his music is delightful, he sings all the evening and is absolutely uncultured."

"Really, Mrs. Lattimer, we can't all be geniuses," complained Mrs. Newman, her voice an exercise on staccato notes.

"Uncultured? I don't understand you," protested Miss Allthorpe, surprised. "He was at Wellington, and his mother has told me he did very well there. Why do you assume that he is uncultured?"

"I have no doubt he did very well at Wellington, my dear," replied Mrs. Lattimer. "I can imagine his prizes, nicely bound in calf, his cups for running and jumping, the book prizes in a case in the drawing-room, and the silver cups and waiters arranged on the dining-room sideboard. I never hinted at his being uneducated; culture implies a depth education may never sound, perhaps."

"Hum, I know," said the lady with the high nose; "going straight across country, and not merely trotting along the highroad, and through open gates."

Mrs. Lattimer laughed, but Mrs. Newman rose from her seat.

"How dreadfully severe you all are," she said; "you quite frighten me. Mrs. Lattimer, you ought to go and live in the House of Commons; then you could be satisfied with all the clever men. Thank you, my carriage is there; good-bye, I've enjoyed myself so much; do let me have the recipe for those delicious cakes soon; only my cook is so stupid she is sure to make them all wrong. Good-bye everybody; don't please move." She nodded at us all, and rustled out of the room. For an instant we were silent, when Mrs. Parkes cried out—

"Now, Gretchen, may I smoke? Mr. Ogden won't mind, and Miss Allthorpe can horrify Mrs. Allthorpe with a description of the dreadful woman smoking at dear Mrs. Lattimer's."

"Do what you like, my dear, except be mousey-minded," responded Mrs. Lattimer.

"What's mousey-minded?" I asked.

"Don't you know many women, Mr. Ogden, who appear to be nothing more than educated mice? Their little gambols are pretty, their eyes are bright, they have quite an elegant taste in cheese; but they will never be anything but mice. What is education in heaps of cases? It leaves the mind often miserably uncultivated. That is why I think musical persons so often come under that head. Music, I mean, does not in itself refine and cultivate the mind."

"The musician's soul is generally believed to be more highly strung than the souls of ordinary men; as a rule, dear lady, he is credited with the poet's sensibility, in addition to his own as a music-maker."

"Your music-makers, yes, I grant you them," said Mrs. Lattimer. "Let us not condemn Apollo, and confound him with the herd of penny whistlers. May I explain my meaning? Go into

any little town, and there you will find that Master Butcher's daughter possesses a piano, Masters Grocer and Fishmonger sing, the young gentlemen at the drapery stores will help to form a quartette, and the shoemaker will play the flute; they gather together in their spare evenings; their music will probably be correct, their singing in good time, and they will greatly appreciate it all. You feel surprised, and say to yourself that the masses are becoming educated and refined; but look at their parlors, listen to their conversation, and your soul will die within you. Offer them a good drawing, they will prefer a chromo-lithograph highly colored; they will tell you that the sun puts out the fire, and no story of sickness or miraculous recovery can be too fabulous for them to believe. At the opera they will applaud the best singers, and appreciate the best music; there, apparently, they are not at fault; how is this?"

"Your speaking of these people," said Mrs. Parkes, "reminds me that my groom has a capital voice, and whistles divinely; he has a splendid eye and hand for a horse, too, but his accomplishments go no further; he thinks a great double dahlia far more beautiful than 'one o' them ragged-looking chrysanthemums.'"

"That is to say that the cultivation of the eye is less common than the cultivation of the ear," I maintained.

"Surely the two advance equally, Mr. Ogden," observed Miss Allthorpe. She was quite concerned about it, as though I had been praising one child to the detraction of another; her forehead crumpled up in creases.

"In nature, I fancy, the two do not advance *pari passu*; a dog will distinguish his master's whistle among ten other whistlers; a bird, a cat, or even a mouse (an uneducated one), will come at the sound of a voice to which they are accustomed; but, if a master

enter a room without speaking, his dog will not recognize him by sight; he will single him out by smell. If you imitate his voice, our friend dog will prick intelligent ears; but if you show a full length portrait of the master, the eyes lack intelligence; the dog will not recognize a thing that has no smell and no sound. Even though we call it a 'speaking' likeness, no animal will look at it twice."

"Decidedly it is only the lower forms of creation that possess cultivated organs of hearing," laughed Mrs. Lattimer. "I love to pat myself on the back in the belief that my lack of what is called ear is a distinction."

"But really music is such an exquisite enjoyment!" pleaded Miss Allthorpe.

"My dear," said Mrs. Lattimer, "I am no heathen; I am not speaking of the compositions of the masters, I am not even hinting at the rapture inspired by a perfectly trained choir, or the glories of an organ symphony, the witcheries of a violin under the hands of a master—those are joys that break life up into golden bars. We are speaking only of penny whistlers, peacock songs and duets played by Jane and Maria. When one gets to a new place, the inhabitants will sometimes say to one, 'It is delightful here, such charming society, so much music, you know; we constantly have concerts, all local talent, and there is a choral society, a this, that and the other; and then after such a recital the heart sinks, and I know that I shall find the good folk for the most part prosaic, uncultivated and narrow-minded.'"

"Gretchen, I sing like a crow; does that prove me open-minded and all that your heart desires?" questioned Mrs. Parkes. She sat in her chair as if she were in the saddle, and helped herself to a new cigarette.

"Mr. Ogden is smiling," answered Mrs. Lattimer, "he thinks I have rid-

den my hobby horse long enough; probably he has been laughing at us all the while in his sleeve."

"I was thinking of my boyhood," I remarked; while I spoke I could not help glancing round the room; what a restful, charming room it was, books everywhere, and what fascinating old friends winked at you through the lettering on the backs; seat yourself in almost any part of the room, some delight between boards lay close at your hand; the soft light and the absence of senseless ornaments were restful also.

"Let us hear more," said Mrs. Lattimer. (I think if I were a poet, her voice would inspire me. I cannot explain to myself the charm of it.)

"I had the ill fate to be brought up by a number of aunts, sisters varying in age from twenty to forty. My grandfather was alive, he and his five daughters were very musical; he built a large music-room to his house, and most of our time was spent there—every evening, at least, I think these five tall, good-looking women, who were spoken of as clever in their own town, were witnesses to the truth of Mrs. Lattimer's theories. I was a young fellow who read everything that came in my way, but I could never speak of any book at home. If I hinted at evolution, they cried out that it was ridiculous rubbish; I might fancy myself an ape, they never should do so; there could be no new lights on history, they had learnt all there was to know when they were girls; Cromwell was a brute who wanted the crown for himself, and the eighth Henry a second Herod; while, as for poetry, poetry was an offence; how could I waste my time reading such stuff? Milton, of course, they were taught Milton in the school-room, and from Shakespeare they learnt selected pieces; but he was vulgar, shockingly vulgar. Then painting—they agreed that it was the proper thing for a na-

tion to possess a National Gallery, but for their own part they felt quite certain that, when any one said that he liked looking at the works of the old masters, he was only posing and pretending to be wiser than his neighbors. It was like being dashed against a rock to hear them. With the most limited ideas imaginable, they were filled with overweening contempt for others. But they could play well—I believe it was called brilliantly, and they could sing well also; one of them, now a very old lady, still plays beautifully."

Miss Allthorpe left her chair when I ceased. "Don't move, please, my cloak is here." She drew near the fire again, fastening it at the throat and speaking with uplifted chin to avoid the clasps. "Perhaps all you say is right, but I am old-fashioned enough to think persons who play well accomplished, and am guilty of envying them to some degree."

"Ugh! that word accomplished," cried Mrs. Lattimer with a laugh; "a smattering of painting in oil, and drawing in water-colors, speaking French and dressing correctly; a woman just polished enough to suit any possible buyer, and frighten none."

"You are a person of exaggerations," said my lady high-nose deliberately. "I know few women more accomplished than yourself; you—" but Mrs. Lattimer stopped her.

"Another word, and you lose my friendship forever," she declared. "No, I cannot play golf, or hockey, or cricket, or ride in bicycle gymkanas; I cannot dance a skirt dance, and I cannot sing little songs; what will become of me?"

The door opened and the servant announced:

"Mr. Laugula."

We were all standing, and I saw Mrs. Lattimer's face flush a little as she advanced.

"May I really come in?" he asked.

"It is a disgracefully late hour; I have been kept all day, and I am so jaded that you would forgive me for coming if you knew how refreshing it is."

But I could not stay to hear any more; Miss Allthorpe was ready, and I would not let her go alone. She does not like me, and I do not like her much; but her life arouses my pity. I watch the lines in her face, they are deepening so rapidly; the two near the

Temple Bar.

mouth I call brother lines, that spend-thrift selfish brother; the wavy lines perpendicularly across her forehead are querulous sisters; and all that fixed net-work round her eyes is "reading-with-a-bad-light-to-mother" lines.

So we left them, and slipped out into the bleak darkness, where the north wind was making a music of its own up among the bare branches and round the corners of the houses.

Arthur Hood.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

De Tocqueville once said of the newspaper in his own country: "Its power is certainly much greater in France than in the United States." Like most generalizations, this one would seem to have been reared upon an insufficient number of instances, although at the time when De Tocqueville penned this appreciation all France was still ringing with the din of the often scurrilous, inevitably blatant, but frequently effectively *spirituelle*, utterances of the polemical writers of the Revolution; whereas in America there was probably not a score of serious journalists, and not a half-dozen capable of continuing the influence of the "Federalist." Moreover, in defence of De Tocqueville's opinion, it should not be forgotten that the greater sensibility of Frenchmen, their accessibility to ideas, their quick-wittedness, and their liking for verbal formulas, their imitative and psittacist gifts in a word, have always rendered the power of the journalist among them one singularly to be dreaded, not merely by the individual, but by the State; so that if it was ever true, as it will be the object of this article to show that in many respects it has been true, that the journalists in France

represent what may be called the *quatrième état*, this is due quite as much to the peculiarity of French social and political organization, and to the fact of the newspaper's appeal to a more credulous and tractable people, as to the real professional superiority of French writers.

The factor of the social and political organization is a constant one, and one of such high significance that there can be no doubt that it is owing often to the failure to keep it well in view that so many precipitate judgments are expressed outside of France as to the nature, the aims and the value of the French press. From Beaumarchais to M. Rochefort, and from Paul Louis Courier and Veilliot to M. Drumont, Paris has been the happy hunting-ground of the pamphleteer, and the *ένεα πτερόεντα* of these polemicists, crackling with imprecation or personality, have flitted beyond the frontiers, carrying with them not merely the proof of the literary gifts of these writers, but also, almost inevitably, an impression too quickly utilized by Englishmen all over the world to confirm them in their pride in the possession of a soberer or more dignified press, and to verify that other

generalization, as false as it is true, that "a people has the press that it deserves."

What has always been obvious, and what is no less evident to-day, is that the French press, studied in such representatives as we have named, is a press which, by English standards, is one of license and not of liberty. But this sort of statement carries us no-whither; the question of license and of liberty, like the questions of democracy or of representative government, not being matters for application as absolute laws true in all cases, or of experimental demonstration in a laboratory, as Rousseau, legislating for the ideal man, would have had us believe, but matters so unremittingly, matters so tragically, relative, that what is liberty in one country is not by any means necessarily liberty in another. It is not, therefore, very luminous or very suggestive in thinking of France in comparison with England, to say that the French press is just the sort of press which France deserves, for there are points of view from which the demonstration would be easy, that it is just that liberty which runs to license which is the best form of social safety-valve in so vast, so complicated, and so beautifully organic a machine as is the French state and nation.

No people in the world has been so long and so consecutively co-ordinating its various functions. In spite of the French Revolution, France has resumed, since the commanding intervention of Napoleon, its steady organic existence of a highly developed, marvelously centralized community according to the Latin ideals of order and inter-subordination. *Raison d'Etat* is not a French invention, but the ideas and state of things to which it corresponds are more characteristically French than those individual eccentric aspirations of emancipation from the condi-

tion of *fonctionnaire*—another peculiarly French word for a very un-Saxon and a very Gallic thing—summed up in the other phrase, *les droits de l'homme*, which, to foreigners, owing to the chronic surface changes in French political life, has always seemed to describe the dreams of a race superficially supposed to be constitutionally fidgety.

Now, if this be true—if Frenchmen as a whole are conservative rather than revolutionary; if the machine of government and of social order has been made to run in spite of appearances with so little friction and so little real wear and tear; if every Frenchman, whose visiting cards bear his marks of servitude, or place in the vast, admirable organization, has but one dream, namely, to form a part of, to play a rôle in, the machine—one can understand better than Europe or America seemed to understand these truths during the Dreyfus case, the greater utility in France of an outspoken, disrespectful press, carrying personal revelations sometimes to the precipitous edge of libel, than in a country or communities where no such theories of organized society have been realized, where individual rights are paramount, where justice sacrifices, if possible, the State to the individual, and where the natural expansiveness of each citizen is as little as possible restrained by his obligations as a member of the great whole. The French press, in those examples of it which most shock the foreigner, accustomed to a violence more tempered and less personal, is often, even when most impudent in its attacks upon public men, fulfilling a real public service in exploding bubble reputations and in abolishing abuses. But for it, that gangrene which is so readily propagated in compact tissues might spread rapidly to the entire organism. The state of things, for instance, revealed

by the famous Panama scandals was, long before it was revealed, a menace to the well-being of all France, and the reactionary opposition in recklessly tearing the veil from the body-politic rendered, whatever its motives, a positive service which, in a community less organically centralized, like that of England or America for instance, no one need have given himself the trouble to have rendered at all. So, likewise, in that famous episode of the Dreyfus affair, journalists in quite another corner of the political world indulged in extravagances of language to secure the liberation of an innocent man and to castigate the party of the representatives of *raison d'état*, which would not have been required in any community where the several parts were less inextricably and admirably bound up together. Even to attract attention, in a country like France, it is necessary to raise the voice. The revelation of a "scandal" is often enough solely the affirmation of a crying abuse which only such violent means can cure. What, therefore, was meant by calling the French press, and this press, indeed, more than any other, a safety-valve must now be clear. Liberty in France is frequently at the price of license.

These somewhat philosophic remarks, in explanation of the violent personalities and the scandalmongering accurately believed to characterize a large portion of the press of France, are not meant to justify the grosser excesses—which only a good libel law can check—indulged in apparently from sheer wantonness or by a phenomenon of moral inertia, the pens once set agoing so precipitately being unable, apparently, to stop. The initial impulses determining the direction of the "campaigns" in which these writers indulge are often enough, if one were to inquire too curiously, not by any means such as in them-

selves to justify the results. We have many and many a time seen, apart from the long-protracted hostility manifested towards England by so many of the most popular journalists, similar demonstrations of ill-will towards other nations, attesting the quite extraordinary power of this press for good or for evil. No one in England, perhaps, can easily understand the facility with which a wave of friendly or hostile sentiment can be propagated across the length and breadth of French soil at the nod or breath of some Neptune of the Paris press. In England, for instance, there exists no such organ of popular appeal as the "Petit Journal." Yet, long before the days of Fashoda, it sufficed for an ambassador hostile to England to make his influence felt in this and other organs for that chronic and latent secular misunderstanding between France and England to be revived in its most menacing form. Instantly every member of the lower middle-class in three-quarters of the villages of France was offered daily plausible reasons for detesting England. Exactly in the same way, in the days of M. Crispien, before the subtle and useful influence of Count Tornielli, backed by that of the French ambassador in Rome, made itself felt both at the French Foreign Office and in French society, it sufficed for a single journalist, now dead, to indulge daily in that amusement of pin-pricking, peculiar to Lilliputian minds, for France and Italy to glare at each other across the Gulf of Lyons with the very glint of vendetta passion in their eyes. In both of these cases the opinion of France was positively determined by artificial pressure. It was a phenomenon like that of suggestion upon an impressionable nature. And if, during a period of two weeks, these writers, who subserved thus their own private ends, had suddenly interrupted their

campaign, subsequently undertaking one diametrically the opposite, insulting those whom they had acclaimed and complimenting those whom they had systematically traduced, it is absolutely certain that their readers would have been thrown automatically into a state of mind just the contrary of that against which England and Italy had so much reason to complain. This is a phenomenon, of course, imitable, more or less, in any country in the world, among those members of society who read only one newspaper, and whose field of consciousness, as the psychologists say, is limited. But it is singularly true in France, where the journalist is a writer, in spite of the aphorism of Emile de Girardin, *le style gâterait le journal*, a remark, by the way, which exasperated another great journalist, Théophile Gautier.

The French journalist is almost always an artist in the arrangement of his thought. In many cases his utterances assume a persuasive, because a rhetorical, form. So only he "make his point," according to the laws of persuasive eloquence or special pleading, he cares not, apparently, what may be the substance of his utterance. And, if this be so, it is because his readers have the cult less of the fact than of the form. A thing well said, an article well composed—for the same reason that when a M. Jaurès or a Comte de Mun is at the tribune of the French Chamber, all parties, whatever their opinion, flock back to their seats—make the success of a writer or a journal. Nor does the Frenchman experience the need of making more than one point, or at most two, because his audience, the most positive audience in the world, see with extraordinary precision of mental vision the two or three ideas which they have inherited, or formed, during their several careers as members of the great machine; and the introduction of all those shadings

and reservations which the pure argumentative research for the truth exacts, would be to clutter their mind with unassimilable matter.

The Frenchman, therefore, who may be said to attain unto clearness by defect of vision—who, that is, sees with extraordinary accuracy the one or two ideas to which he clings—finds himself, owing to his *doctrinaire* and logical temperament, creating, quite as much as the journalist who panders to and cultivates the temperament of his reader, a whole host of organs modelled, not like the American newspaper, which tends to be merely a dépôt of trivial and unco-ordinated "news," nor like the English journal, a carefully controlled medium of publicity for the historical fact, whatever its nature, but modelled on what may be called the theory of a limited-liability self-admiration society.

Each several newspaper in France has thus been almost always the organ of a set. For long years, for instance, the "Figaro" appealed to the prejudice of the aristocracy and the upper middle-class. This was an accident of internal organization that followed hard upon its existence for almost as long a period as a sort of less pornographic "Gil Blas." During the Dreyfus affair it lost a large portion of its readers owing to its defence of the Captain, and thus ever since has been seeking, like a revolving mirror, the machinery of which is a little out of order, to discover what set or class it really can most advantageously reflect. The "Libre Parole" is simply and solely the mouthpiece of the high priests of anti-Semitism, distorting by the particular prism through which the admirers of M. Drumont view all contemporary facts, every element of information which it admits to its columns. The "Aurore" makes a definite appeal to the hatreds and the jealousies of that portion of French society

which is not *fonctionnaire*, not a part of the machine, which, in a word, as being quite "out of it," exaggerates, as might have been expected, that theory of the "rights of man" which, by an error of perspective that I have noted at the start, is wrongfully supposed, outside of France, to be the one characteristic of the French temperament. The "*Gazette de France*," the most venerable journal in Paris, is the ironic organ of all the reactionary lost causes which have ever rallied individual activities on French soil. It represents "Divine Right," and from a remote vantage-ground, securing for it a useful detachment, judges men and things with a freedom and independence that render its perusal not merely engaging but instructive. And so I might go on illustrating from nine-tenths of the contemporary journals in this country—characterizing, for instance, M. Paul de Cassagnac's "*Autorité*," the "*Siècle*" of M. Yves Guyot, the reckless "*Intransigeant*" of M. Rochefort, etc.—the curious tendency of all French newspapers to become the specialized organs of a very definite little body of doctrine, the morning resurrection of a special and limited point of view, a startling document, in a word, as to the nature of French temperament, understood in the way in which I have been attempting to analyze it.

But the interesting thing is that the majority of the papers which make the most stir abroad, and are, no doubt, the most characteristic, are far from being the most important from the point of view of journalism considered purely and simply in itself. It is just because sensational correspondents, no more conscientious than their French contemporaries, or insufficiently acquainted with the relative value of newspapers in France report indiscriminately the most heedless comments from the newspapers of this

class, that generalizations so inaccurate as to French journalism are so readily made abroad. For, in this rapid survey, any reader who has the slightest acquaintance with the best that is, thought and said in France, will have noted the omission of such well-known organs as the "*Temps*," the "*Matin*," the "*Journal des Débats*," or the "*Univers*." Of none of these papers could it be said any more accurately than of the "*Times*," or the "*Daily Telegraph*," or the "*Standard*," that it reflects merely the prejudices of a set. By this I do not mean that on this or that important subject the bias of their prejudices does not become odiously apparent, as, for instance, it all along has been of late in their comments upon the Transvaal War. My meaning is that, taken generally, in comparison with the self-assertive organs of a special class of readers, whose whole theory of journalism is being provided daily solely with such matter as they have been accustomed to digest, they mark a drift away from the traditional, more characteristic French newspaper, and show unmistakably, while revealing the presence of a host of broader-minded Frenchmen, the influence at once of the American and of the English ideals.

The sense of the need of accurately informing the readers is growing in France at the expense of the admirable traditional qualities which once made all French journals good reading, and which still keep the French press the most literary press in the world. The desire first and foremost to get at the fact, rather than to produce brilliant "copy," has during the last decade been creating a veritable revolution in French journalism. We had the most signal proof of this when the "*Matin*," at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, for the first time in the whole history of French newspaper organization,

made special arrangements with the "Times," sending to London M. Stéphane Lauzanne to provide its readers with such of the latest information concentrated at Printing-House Square as could interest Paris. By this initiative it shattered the protective monopoly of the Havas Agency and spurred its contemporaries to imitate it. Two great daily newspapers, the "Echo de Paris" and the "Journal," sent correspondents to London, and English facts and English opinion are now constantly reported in their columns as elaborately, and on the whole as accurately, as is Parisian life in the English newspapers. Before this revolution, what average Frenchmen knew of England was obtained from but two sources, namely, the malicious articles of a newspaper called "La Patrie," inspired by Fenianism, or the admirable information collected by the very competent writers of the "Temps" and the "Débats." For long years the latter journals have possessed in the persons of three or four of the members of their staffs some of the most brilliant publicists in the world, whose competence in English matters may be said almost to outstrip that of writers on the editorial staff of the English press. Some of these men, like M. Edmond de Pressensé, M. Francis Charmes, now the political writer of the "Revue des Deux-Mondes," M. Abel Chevalley and M. Alcide Ebray, not infrequently astonish even Englishmen by the richness of their acquaintance with English facts, and rarely, until the Transvaal question had for a moment seemed to distort their judgment, offended them by immoderate criticism. These writers still hold their own, but the revolution to which I have alluded as tending to differentiate other French organs from the class of the limited self-advertising journal is, happily, slowly but surely diminishing the importance of

the rôle which it has been their honor to play in the cultivation of international comity. The very journal to which I have just alluded, the "Echo de Paris," as having opened the flood-gates to a whole stream of facts to which not three months ago it would never have lifted its dykes, offers today, in spite of its "Nationalistic" Anglophobia, antidotes in its own columns to the poison which it still thinks itself obliged to dispense to its readers.

"Nationalism" and Anglophobia in France go hand in hand, but only provisionally so. The error of Englishmen has been immense in taking recent demonstrations of ill-will too absolutely; they are phenomena purely relative. Opposition organs in France are Anglophobe in proportion as the official world is friendly and correct. The device of all such papers is, "anything to *embêter* the Government." If, suddenly the pontiffs of the "Patrie Française," which is an organization almost overtly directed against the Republic, fancied that the choice of some other Turk's head than that of John Bull would better serve their ends, would more effectively annoy the Government, we should see in a night the tone of their organs evidence a conversion in which insult would give place to amenity. Englishmen accustomed to taking words for what they really mean have certainly exaggerated, owing to the complicity of some of their professional purveyors of information, the rooted hostility of Frenchmen as a whole. Fashoda explains, no doubt, to a large degree the insults of a portion of the French press, although another element is the attitude of England throughout the Dreyfus affair, and these causes are undoubtedly sufficient to account for the reciprocal expressions of ill-will without invoking any general ideas as to the secular misunderstanding between

France and England, systematically cultivated in England by some of her writers and politicians, and in France by the national historian Michelet, who calls England the "hereditary enemy," or lending too superstitious a credulity to the charges of venality made against a certain portion of the French press in response to the seductions of Dr. Leyds.

The attitude of the French press towards Germany was bound to become altered as years went by, but this attitude was necessarily more rapidly fixed by the change of feeling which I have been analyzing, between France and England. And here we see once more the proof of that trait of the French mind inherent in the very clearness with which it holds at any given moment to its one or two ideas. It may confidently be said at present that, as a whole, the French are more amiably disposed towards Germany than towards England, and this in spite of M. Déroulède; and the signs of this transformation are to be seen in the whole "Nationalistic" press, where the proof of French incapacity to hate two nations at once (if they hated in the past Italy and Germany together, it was because these two Powers appealed to their imagination as the factors of an iron-bound unit, the Triple Alliance) was flagrantly and amusingly illustrated. More amusing still is the fact which goes to prove the other point I have been making, namely, that "Nationalism" is a phenomenon that should remain of purely domestic interest and go unheeded by foreigners, its sole meaning being the desire to put spokes in the Government wheels; the fact, to wit, that the "Nationalists" have not hesitated to

compromise the Franco-Russian Alliance by ridiculous exercises of assault and battery upon the Minister of War, General André, whom they would convince the country to be a *persona ingrata* in military circles in Russia. This incident should be taken in England as the touchstone of "Nationalist" sincerity—in spite of the positive causes for ill-feeling—in the attacks upon England.

In general, what I would make clear is this: the French press is becoming more and more worthy of the mission of any press, namely, the accurate information of its readers. And this, I say, in spite of the vitiating rôle of what in French journalism is known as *la réclame*, or paid puff, so chameleonic in its nature, which renders the French press to-day, as M. George Fonsegrive, in his articles on "How to Read the Newspapers," in the "Quinzaine," has shown, a veritable slave while apparently enjoying the largest liberty.¹ A revolution now at its height is rapidly transforming its narrow sectarianism, and rendering less and less baneful the powerful and admirable talents of those of its writers whose most eloquent paradoxes in the past necessarily germed in minds unfertilized by any other influence. This change is being made without any appreciable loss in the quality of the literary style of its writers; and while it is not very illuminating to say that France has the press that it deserves, it is for reasons already sufficiently given, certain that the French press is admirably suited to the conditions of French social and political life, and is the most satisfactory of documents for the historic psychologist, curious as to the French temperament.

The Cornhill Magazine.

¹ I earnestly recommend any reader, eager to complete his inquiries as to the characteristics of the French press, to procure the numbers of this Review of December 16, 1900, and February

16, 1901, where he will find analyzed, with a probity and competence that are exceptional, and with a detail which the limits of my article have interdicted, the internal organisation of this press.

EUROPEAN SYMPATHY WITH AMERICA.

Twice before within living memory have Presidents of the United States died by assassination. Many of us remember how the news of Abraham Lincoln's fate was received in this country, where he had not a few ardent admirers; most of us can recall the long, weary days during which President Garfield was slowly sinking to his grave. But on neither of these occasions was there anything comparable to the public emotion that was caused by the death of Mr. McKinley. It vividly recalled the sorrow which filled our streets last January, on the dark day when we went mourning for our Queen. And whilst in this country the sorrow was as real and wide-spread as though the blow of the assassin had fallen upon us instead of upon a people separated from us by a thousand leagues of stormy sea, on the Continent it was hardly less intense. From every quarter the warmest expressions of sympathy were directed to the bereaved nation. Most noticeable of all was the extent to which the Sovereigns of Europe participated in the general grief. If at a moment like the present the people of the United States can find consolation in such a thought, they can undoubtedly console themselves with the knowledge that the tragedy at Buffalo has drawn from the monarchs of the whole world heart-felt utterances which prove that they recognize in the holder of the American Presidency one who belongs of right to their own order—the ruler of a nation who shares not only the dangers but the dignities of the proudest Sovereigns upon earth. To those of us who are old enough to look back as far as Lincoln's time all this seems strange and wonderful. If, on the one

hand, this world-wide manifestation of sympathy bespeaks the growing solidarity of civilized mankind, on the other hand it proves how fully the Great Republic has taken its place in the ranks of the World Powers. President McKinley's death has given Europe the opportunity of acknowledging the fact that the United States now ranks, not merely in material, wealth and energy, but in political influence and moral force, with the greatest Powers of the Old World.

Mr. McKinley himself was not to be reckoned among the really great ones of the earth. He could not compare with some predecessors of his own in the Presidential chair. Nobody, for example, would place him on the same level as the Titanic hero of the Civil War. But he was strong and shrewd, honest and patriotic. He made many mistakes, but upon them his fellow-countrymen must pass judgment rather than outsiders. That he was stubborn, bold and self-reliant was obvious. That he was almost fanatical in his devotion to Protection as the sheet-anchor of the economic policy of the United States was not to be denied. But in the main he was an opportunist, and even upon Protection he had, as his last speech proved, yielded to the logic of facts. During his tenure of office his country had deliberately abandoned the purely American policy which she had carefully maintained throughout her history, and had entered upon that path of Imperialism which has so strong an attraction for every growing Power. But it may be doubted whether Mr. McKinley was the real author of this new departure. What he did was to recognize that the opportunity had come, that the public—or the party—

demanded that it should be seized, and to yield to what he believed to be the sentiment of the nation. That he sought to make the new departure as little dangerous to American interests as possible, and that he strove constantly to keep up peaceful relations with the European Powers, and, above all, with Great Britain, must be freely

conceded to his credit. His death must be regarded as a great misfortune for the United States, and it may yet prove a misfortune for the world at large; though high hopes are entertained by those who know his successor, Mr. Roosevelt, a President of a type entirely new to the White House,

Wemyss Reid.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

A SONG.

I have loved flowers that fade,
 Within whose magic tents
 Rich hues have marriage made
 With sweet unmemoried scents
 A honeymoon delight,—
 A joy of love at sight,
 That ages in an hour:—
 My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs, that die
 Before their charm is writ
 Along a liquid sky
 Trembling to welcome it.
 Notes, that with pulse of fire
 Proclaim the spirit's desire,
 Then die, and are nowhere:—
 My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
 And wither as a bloom:
 Fear not a flowery death,
 Dread not an airy tomb!
 Fly with delight, fly hence!
 'Twas thine love's tender sense
 To feast; now on thy bier
 Beauty shall shed a tear.

Robert Bridges.

